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THE WAGES OF BIOLOGICAL SIN

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BIOLICAL sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of Nature — a definition achieved by a slight distortion of the meaning of plain sin given in the dictionary. Like theological sin, biological sin falls into two classes: original sin and actual sin. *Original* sin — in a strictly biological sense — is the inherent weakness of the human species accumulated and transmitted through the course of evolution. In our sense *actual* biological sins are those committed either deliberately or ignorantly by man since he has reached a status of intelligence and culture which has permitted him to bungle his own organic evolution.

In this biological sermon, therefore, I shall first expound original anthropological sin, since we must initially acquaint ourselves with the frailties of the human vessel, which is well known to be made of clay but is not always realized to be only half-baked and frequently cracked. We shall then proceed to discuss the actual sins whereby man himself has made a bad matter considerably worse.

Man is an animal organism which has been evolved by the impact of shifting

environments upon a variable hereditary endowment. The intrinsic and extrinsic forces which have been involved in this process are variation, adaptation, and selection. Variation is the result of nature's inability to produce two organisms which are exactly alike, owing to the imprecision of reproductive processes and to the instability of the essential germinal matter which clings to life through fluctuating environments. Adaptation is ~~not~~ mere organic plasticity; it is a process of adjustment which, although unconscious and involuntary, demands something that I call organic initiative — a quality notably displayed by all higher primates. Selection is not an intelligent process; environment does not pick and choose organisms for survival or for extinction. It merely sets up a series of barbed-wire entanglements placed without purpose. The animals or plants which continue to 'get by' achieve survival as a result of their own adaptability, or merely because they possess, by sheer chance, a combination of organic variations which maintains their equilibrium in an environment as long as the latter remains stable. The more highly evolved the organism, the

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more complex and manifold in its parts and functions, the more it has to depend upon its own organic resources in the continual struggle against an impersonal but hostile environment.

It seems probable that evolutionary immortality (if there is such a thing) is more likely to be vouchsafed to very simple organisms, since these proliferate in such vast numbers that the odds are always against total extinction. Moreover, the fewer the parts, the rarer the weak spots, and the less vulnerable is the organism. Yet man seems as little regardful of his evolutionary peril as were those nit-brained, colossal dinosaurs which trailed their ungainly bulks over the Mesozoic landscape until they bogged down into extinction through the organic stupidity of overspecialization upon unessential and gross size. One can hardly expect the man in the street to develop an anxiety neurosis over the prospect of human extinction within the next thousand years. When altruism toward contemporaries is so rare, a vicarious foresightedness on behalf of the *n*th generation is unimaginable. Yet man is such a complicated organism and has built up so intricate a civilization that an evolutionary slump — a deterioration in the quality of the species — immediately upsets the delicate biosociological equilibrium and causes cultural ructions. Whether the present biological depression is the beginning of a fatal evolutionary decline or merely a temporary lapse, it threatens to bring about the downfall of our present civilization and the destruction of many or *most* of its human participants.

II

Sixty million years ago the first primates developed from a group of primitive little mammals much like the present-day tree shrews. These were long-snouted, small-brained quadrupeds that climbed about the trees, eating everything an arboreal life provides and

grasping branches and picking food with their five-digitated hands and feet. The modern lemurs of Madagascar are specialized descendants of these early primates. In the same fossil-bearing strata are found fragmentary remains of other small tree-dwelling primates, whose feet have become specialized for hopping, whose arms have been shortened, whose snouts have receded. These were erect-sitting, hand-feeding tarsioids, relatively unchanged in modern representatives of the Malay Archipelago. They mark an evolutionary advance toward the monkey stage. Many millions of years were required to establish the larger-brained monkeys that possess stereoscopic vision, vastly increased intelligence, and a generally more complex bodily organization. These are still arboreal or ground-living quadrupeds with primitive pentadactyle hands and feet capable of skillful grasping movements, and with digestive systems still suitable for a generalized diet, although showing some tendency toward herbivorous or frugivorous specialization.

The evidence of fossils suggests that the first small anthropoid apes emerged soon after the monkey stage had been reached. Unspecialized ancestors of the long-armed gibbon were probably the first on the scene. These animals may well have moved through the trees by swinging from their arms. Their viscera were probably hitched up in the body cavities so that they would not slump when the animal sat up; the external tail had degenerated and disappeared. The foot was still a grasping organ, after the pattern of all primates except eventual man. Probably not more than fifteen million years ago, in the Middle Miocene period, many primates of gigantic size came into being from small and primitive apes. These large apes ranged from the southern slopes of the Himalayas to Western France and over the whole African continent. Living specialized descendants of some of these families are the African gorillas and

chimpanzees and the Asiatic orangutan. Various genera and species, some of them much more manlike than the great apes of to-day, became extinct. One or more of these groups of generalized anthropoids took to the ground, adopted the erect posture, and attained human status. The development from ground apes to man must have taken place during the Pliocene period, which is estimated to have begun seven million years ago. By the beginning of the Pleistocene or glacial period, perhaps a million years back, the human animal had acquired most of its distinguishing anatomical features and was already making recognizable stone implements.

It is important to realize that the very remote Miocene period witnessed a proliferation of large anthropoid forms, some differentiating in a generally human direction and others toward the more conservative organic patterns found in the present great apes. Most of these succumbed in the struggle for existence. Nature is a prodigal experimenter, a waster of laboratory material.

Man, in surviving these evolutionary vicissitudes, has inherited weakness of every main division of his organism: skeletal framework, musculature, alimentary apparatus, nervous and circulatory systems, endocrines and reproductive organs, sense organs and integument.

III

The human skeleton has been modified from that of the generalized quadrupedal mammal. The most radical alterations have taken place between the hypothetical stage of the arm-swinging, arboreal, protohuman ape and the erect, ground-walking, human biped. We are concerned here only with those which have left the human organism vulnerable to disease and liable to trauma as a result of mechanical defect. These are concentrated in the spine, the pelvis, and the feet. Tilting the animal up on his hinder end has shifted the

entire weight-transmitting and supporting function of the skeleton to these bony parts. The head and the forequarters ride; the posterior half does all the work.

The primitive quadrupedal spine is roughly bow-shaped, with the concavity directed toward the ground and with the neck and tail ends slightly turned up. The spines of the vertebræ converge toward the central keystone of the arch — the anticlinal vertebra. The fore and hind limbs are the supporting pillars of this arch, the elements of which are separated by elastic pads of fibrocartilage, like mortar between stones. This horizontal spinal arch is an admirable mechanical structure until it is tipped up on end. It then becomes S-shaped, because a forward bend just above the pelvis is required for the erection of the trunk. This lumbar curve is a weak point in the column, liable to overflexion under the weight-bearing strain, particularly as a result of faulty posture. The specialization in the use of the right hand for skilled movements causes hypertrophy of that half of the body, with consequent lateral skewing or curvature, which compresses the vertebral disks on one side or the other, and possibly, as osteopaths claim, pinches the spinal nerves as they emerge from the intervertebral foramina. At any rate, the unbraced lumbar column is a legacy of backaches, slipped vertebræ, and a promising prey for attacks of inflammatory disease.

The human pelvis is a makeshift contraption. Its worst feature is the articulation of the triangle of fused vertebræ (called the sacrum) with the lateral parts of the pelvis or haunch bones. In man this central spinal element is like the keystone of an arch, but all the weight of the upper portion of the body bears upon this keystone and transforms it into a wedge which tends to be driven downward through the arch. The human articulation of the sacrum with the pelvic bones is not mortised or interlocked as in the anthropoid apes, but is practically a bevel. Consequently it

slips, with dire results. Appendicitis has yielded to sacroiliac trouble as the fashionable ailment of the day. The lowering of the front wall of the pelvis in man renders the male liable to extrusion of the abdominal viscera, or hernia, while the opening of the pelvic floor in the female, essential for childbearing, also opens the door for slumping of the uterus and for other ailments resulting from the losing battle with gravity.

I need say little of the human feet except that they too are decidedly of clay. Ill-constructed and wobbly arches, vestigial and superfluous toes, the lack of an adequate protecting integument — all these faults raise the question of the evolutionary advisability of warping an organ designed for grasping branches into one ill-suited for support and locomotion. Man has been footsore ever since his forbears took to the ground. Perhaps the real Primate Garden of Eden was up a tree, and the expulsion was the descent therefrom.

As for the muscles of the body, they labor under the disadvantage of frequent shifts of their points of origin and insertion to mechanically disadvantageous positions, necessitated by man's unnatural erect posture. If we accept the conclusions of students of living anthropoid apes, we have to admit that pound for pound our muscles are much weaker than those of our poor relations, and probably less efficient.

The digestive tract of man, inherited ultimately from quadrupedal ancestors that lived upon leaves, shoots, fruits, and nuts, with occasional small additions of animal food, has also been embarrassed by man's assumption of the erect posture. The elongation of the legs, in connection with their increased function, has been accompanied by an abbreviation of the trunk, the pelvis, so to speak, having climbed up the spine. This change, together with the flexion of the backbone in the lumbar region, has shortened the body cavities and cramped the viscera. The enormous lengths of

gut are subject to more snarling and twisting in the abdominal cavity of the erect animal than in the longer-bellied quadrupeds. In the latter they may rest upon the abdominal wall without compression from diaphragmatic breathing or danger of slumping into the cavity of the pelvis and jamming the pelvic organs.

This well-intentioned gut has not kept pace with the evolutionary trend of the human organism as a whole and has remained inconveniently long. It was adapted in our quadrupedal ancestors for passage of large masses of coarse vegetable food which moved through it in a generally horizontal direction, keeping it physiologically well scoured. It is less suitable for the digestion and elimination of a small bulk of concentrated food consisting of meat and processed cereals with little or no roughage. Kinks, adhesions, and inflammations result from a comparative atrophy of function, together with the accumulation and decay of food waste in out-of-the-way corners. Without going further into indelicate detail one may conclude that *Homo flatulens* would be a better name for our species than *Homo sapiens*.

The circulatory system of man also has to work against gravity because of the erect posture. This difficulty naturally affects most seriously the arterial supply to the brain above the heart and the return of venous blood from the regions below the heart. L. J. Henderson has pointed out that the maintenance of the upright posture involves an accumulation of lymph in the legs and a thickening of the blood, so that the military position of rigid attention is unsupportable to the average middle-aged man for as long as fifteen minutes. Hardening of the arteries and dilatation of the veins are almost inevitable consequences of erect posture in the aging human organism. Experiments carried out by the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory demonstrate all too clearly the vast inferiority of man to ordinary domesticated quadrupeds, such as dogs and

burros, in maintaining for protracted periods a moderate level of work without physiological prostration due to cumulative biochemical changes. The factors involved include particularly insufficient intake and transportation of oxygen, loss of water and salts through perspiration, and disturbance of carbon dioxide balance. Thermostatic control of the human organism is also very imperfect.¹

I am informed that the rhesus monkey or macaque is the only mammal of which the reproductive cycle is adequately known and understood by modern science. There exists, then, no sufficient knowledge for comparing man with other animals in regard to the quality of the reproductive system. However, the exaggerated loss of blood which is a feature of the œstrous cycle in the human female of childbearing age is equaled in no other mammal. It is barely perceptible in the great anthropoid apes, and discernible as a purely microscopic phenomenon in some of the monkeys. Surely this fact suggests wastage and lack of efficiency of the human reproductive system. The mechanical difficulties encountered by woman in the course of pregnancy and parturition and the disarrangements which are frequent after-effects of childbearing are partially attributable to the unsatisfactory modifications of the female organism for the erect posture, complicated further by the enormous size of the head of the human foetus. On the whole, however, I should be inclined to judge that the human reproductive system works altogether too well — especially in those who ought not to reproduce at all.

IV

The normal processes of growth, development, and functioning of the human organism are governed by the secretions of the ductless glands or endocrines, and a delicate balance of these several glands is essential to the well-

being of the individual. Something is also known of the dire effects of disease or abnormal functioning of the pituitary, the thyroid, the adrenals, and so on. Morphology, physiology, psychology, total personality, and, ultimately, social behavior are in the individual the resultant in a large measure of the endocrine forces operating within each of us. It seems improbable that anyone knows enough to offer an adequate appraisal of the merits and defects of the endocrine system in the light of comparative physiology. However, to the lay mind of the physical anthropologist, the available evidence suggests that man has altogether too complex and delicate a system of endocrines, which easily gets out of kilter and is likely to go mysteriously and wildly haywire not only in individuals, but possibly in whole groups — whether through hereditary or environmental causes, heaven knows.

There can be no doubt that the development of the central nervous system has dominated the evolution of the primate stock which gave rise to man. The enormous and, occasionally, magnificent brain of the human animal is responsible for man's unique cultural achievement and for his leadership of the parade of living organisms. I cannot enter here into certain unfavorable effects upon the rest of the organism exerted by the dictatorship of a predatory central nervous system. The excessive development of any part of the organism takes place at the expense of other parts. Enlargement or hypertrophy involves the necessity of an increased blood supply, and of heavier drafts upon the store of vital energy which in any organism at any time is strictly limited by the physiological capacity of the animal to ingest food and to convert it into energy. I wish here rather to emphasize as the heaviest evolutionary liability of man his inheritance of a preponderant brain mass which is terrible in its potentiality for malfunction.

Evidently the increase of brain size

¹David B. Dill, *Life, Heat, and Altitude*.

in the protohuman stock was due to the selection of a favorable variational trend which promoted the survival of the species. I think it may be presumed (without taint of Lamarckianism) that this generous cerebral endowment was largely, if not fully, utilized in the struggle of an otherwise physically inferior animal to survive by its wits. Starting from scratch as a tree-dwelling animal which had outgrown the arboreal habitat or had been forced to the ground through some environmental cataclysm, or (most probably) had been impelled by sheer organic initiative to pursue the more abundant opportunities of a terrestrial existence, man simply had to use his brain. 'Dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth' was not achieved by morons carrying a dead weight of atrophied brain mass. Constant cerebration was necessary. However, with the accumulation of material culture and with the development of complicated social orders, the rigors of natural selection were abated and the larger portion of mankind could survive and propagate its kind in the low status of domestic animals, kept and fed for the produce of their unthinking labors. The full effect of this survival of the mentally unfit, this stultification of man's cerebral endowment, was not felt until the advent of the modern industrial, mechanized age.

I must emphasize the fact that an insufficiently exercised brain is not like an unused muscle. It does not merely shrivel and become weak, but either continues its activity in the irrational and unbalanced functioning which is called insanity, or, under the conditioning of vicious propaganda and the stimuli of 'mob psychology,' energizes its possessor to inhuman types of behavior of which lower animals are incapable. However stupid he may be, the human individual can draw upon the cerebral endowment transmitted through the inertia of heredity to reënforce his feeble

muscular strength by a malevolent cunning or ingenuity in misbehavior which makes him infinitely more dangerous than an ape or any other lower animal of superior physical power.

V

Now, when we add together all of man's original or inherited sins, we arrive at a sum total of potentialities for an evolutionary mess which seems a trifle depressing, even to an incorrigible optimist like myself. Evidently the optimum functioning of all of the indifferently constructed parts of the organism is essential for a tolerable state of well-being. There is very small leeway for healthful or 'normal' variation within the limits of the pathological and the defective. If the kinks of the spine are a trifle exaggerated, either through hereditary variation or through bad postural habits, this small defect initiates far-reaching organic disturbances, which almost immediately affect the dominating nervous system and ultimately distort mental processes and pervert behavior. Man's behavior is rational, if ever, only when the entire organism is in tune. Moreover, irrelevant and trivial difficulties of bodily origin, which under primitive cultural conditions affect only the individual, are likely to determine the fates of entire races and peoples under the integrated political and economic systems of modern congested civilizations.

Actual biological sin includes the practices and policies of man which accentuate his original hereditary weakness, or inflict upon his organism a biological régime for which it is not adapted, or, finally, interfere with those natural processes which, in lower animals, eliminate the unfit and prevent them from propagating their kind. We may consider the extent to which modern culture remedies or accentuates the evolutionary defects I have described as our legacy of original biological sin.

First of all, we have that delicately adjusted, upright spine with its dangerous lumbar curve. Even before the infantile vertebræ are completely transformed from cartilage to bone we begin to prop up the babies in a sitting posture which is likely to distort that plastic spine. Soon we thrust them into schools where they sit for hours acquiring rudimentary scholarship and advanced scoliosis, or lateral curvature of the spine. Meanwhile the shoulders are hunched, the chest contracted, and the organs of vision strained by a premature concentration upon the dubious wisdom of the printed word. The mysterious human predisposition to specialized use of the right hand is exaggerated into a physiological abnormality, and bilateral asymmetry advances to the threshold of deformity. The human foot is so radically modified for support and locomotion that it requires optimum physiological utilization if it is to do its work at all. Straightway we encase this delicate organ in rigid, ill-fitting shoes which cramp it, distort the already vestigial toes, and by artificial support destroy the strength of the makeshift arches which have been bestowed by a casual heredity. Then we lay hard and inelastic pavements and floors upon which the imprisoned feet are condemned to stand and walk during the remainder of their unnatural life.

Before the child has cut his first permanent tooth, he is ripe for the ministrations of the orthopedist, because his spinal curves are askew, his foot arches flattened, and the entire muscular tone, essential for proper maintenance of the erect posture and for bipedal progression, has been destroyed. Then we cap the climax by substituting for the ordinary animal method of locomotion the conveyance of a stinking mechanical contraption, which more than any other invention of modern civilization is responsible for bodily and mental atrophy, the breakdown of social organization, and the decay of public

and private morals. It is not strange that unaccustomed strains or sudden movements of the body result in sacroiliac slips and other joint difficulties when the flabby automobile addict attempts to indulge in exercise.

One look into the mouth of the civilized child reveals the havoc wrought by unbalanced diets of manufactured foods. Dental decay usually sets in before the milk teeth have been shed. Mal-erupted teeth and deformed arches are the concomitants of defective nutrition and loss of masticatory function. If we could look into the rest of the alimentary tract, we should probably see similar evidences of pathology and degeneration. In the upper economic levels of American society, mother love may still survive, but mother's milk has vanished. The hapless infant is raised on synthetic substitutes for natural foods. His upbringing is not mammalian but chemical. The earliest tactile experience of the groping baby hand is not the warmth and softness of the maternal breast but the vitreous surface of a fusion of silica with various bases — in short, a glass bottle.

For a long time it has been known that primitive hunters and food gatherers the world over almost invariably have excellent teeth, practically immune from decay. But no one has had the common sense to go and find out why savages have good teeth except Dr. Weston Price of Cleveland. He has been all over the world inspecting mouths and recording diets and he has found the answer. Primitive man is guided by instinct and by experience to seek a sufficient variety of all kinds of food, however coarse and unpalatable, to furnish all of the constituents necessary for bone and tissue building, as well as for the production of energy. The savage generally has to eat everything masticable within reach, and, by hook or by crook, he achieves a balanced diet which keeps his teeth and his entire alimentary tract in healthy working order.

Civilized man, on the contrary, has a wide choice of cheap processed foods which have usually been deprived of vitamins and other essential constituents in the course of manufacture and preservation. He might better, like the prodigal son, fill his belly with the husks the swine eat, rather than stuff himself with these devitaminized, energy-producing foods which build neither bone nor muscle. His teeth decay, his digestive system goes sour, and he literally starves amid plenty. We grovel in admiration at the feet of the medical scientists who keep on discovering new vitamins until the alphabet bids fair to run out, yet it seems possible that the untutored savage who knows not Vitamins A to X, but nevertheless eats all of them, has the better of the bargain. Medical science is principally occupied with uncovering the needless actual biological sins man has committed against his organism by developing an artificial civilization. But civilization moves forward at such a pace that the doctor is always a few laps behind. He chases on foot the ambulance of civilized ailments.

However, man has done a much more thorough job in deteriorating his nervous system and the working of his mind than he has accomplished in any other part of the organism. This statement may seem false and even silly when we consider the time and effort which have been lavished upon education, and the stress laid upon intelligent planning for machines and measures which are supposed to promote material and social progress. Yet it is easy to demonstrate that the vast majorities of the populations of civilized mankind are suffering from cerebral dry rot because they are supported by machines which not only produce for them but actually think for them, and that the small minorities which do cerebrated constructively are so overdeveloped and overstimulated on the nervous side of their organism that they are prevalently neurotic and not infrequently psychotic.

VI

I wish to concentrate upon the imbecility of educational and social policies which are based upon mainly metaphysical conceptions of the nature of man, and completely erroneous evaluations of the importance of culture. The mortal sin which has accelerated the deterioration of the human organism is man's stubborn refusal to recognize that he is an animal which has evolved from simpler forms and is subject to the same natural laws which govern the development and decline of other animal groups. It must have dawned upon human consciousness at a very early stage that man is more intelligent than any other animal and that only by virtue of that excess of intelligence has he achieved mastery of the animal kingdom and ability to shape for his own ends the material resources of nature. This recognition led to the three fundamentally erroneous human beliefs: that human intelligence is fixed and immortal; that man's lofty evolutionary status is permanent; and that the perfecting of human culture will provide a panacea for the ills of mankind.

The most cherished of human beliefs is the separability and immortality of man's soul. Since this belief arises from man's realization of his individual consciousness, it is firmly and naturally established. The transition to a conception that the human soul is a unique divine gift, inalienable and immutable, is easily made. It is unfortunate that our ideas about mind and intelligence have been mixed up with this belief in the immortal soul. From this confusion there arises the conviction that a god-like intelligence is also divinely implanted in each human being, irrespective of the quality of his animal organism, which is recognized to be a frail and corruptible thing. So we have persisted in the ancient error of divorcing mind from body, of perfuming the former with-

out washing the latter. It is true that many schools of magico-religious therapeutics have recognized the inseparability of mind and body, but they have usually gone at the business backwards by attempting to treat the body through the mind.

There is one terribly vital fact which must be grasped by the small fraction of mankind that is concerned about the social present and the biological future, if our species is not to destroy itself. It is merely that the mind of man and his social behavior are essentially functions of his animal organism, although susceptible to considerable environmental modification. Defective anatomical structure and inferior physiological functioning are inseparable from stupidity, lack of educability, insanity, and generally antisocial behavior. This does not mean that an ingrowing toenail necessarily causes an ingrowing disposition, nor that a partial paralysis of the leg inevitably effects a partial paralysis of the mind, but only that enfeebled bodily structure, physiological malfunction, and inferior mentality are the indivisible and unholy trinity of the degenerate organism.

It should be sickeningly obvious to every person who is capable of an intelligent survey of past and present human affairs that no accretions of factual knowledge and no process of ethical education, moral suasion, or religious teaching can permanently improve that human conduct which is the expression of low-grade mentality.

It is discouraging to reflect that, because of this persistent disregard of the animal nature of man, progress in the two noblest fields of human endeavor — humanitarianism and science — has contributed to man's organic delinquency. The idealistic code of humanitarianism is wholly admirable in so far as it insists upon the brotherhood of man, mutual help, and the protection of the weak by the strong. It is wholly vicious when it exalts the sanctity of human life

above the welfare of society and the value of that life to itself, when it insists upon human equality to the extent of according the same rights and privileges to the feeble-minded, the insane, and the criminalistic as to the mentally and physically sound, the economically capable, and the socially-minded. When it prescribes that the resources of those who work and earn should be used to an inordinate extent for the support of those who will not or cannot work, it penalizes human initiative and puts a premium upon inferior human quality.

It is true that, under a capitalistic régime, vast wealth may accumulate in the hands of comparatively few individuals who may be adjudged to have taken toll of the earnings of others without undue effort on their own part. No one denies that some human beings have been exploited by others or that huge unearned increments should be taxed for the public good. But the extreme policies of humanitarianism apparently operate under the theory that human beings earn copiously only by depriving other equally deserving or more deserving human beings of their just share in this world's goods. These errors of humanitarianism are based upon the assumption that it is under-privilege which makes the underdog, and that the potentialities for intellectual and cultural development are essentially equal in all men — in short, upon the delusion that mind and social capacity in man are independent of the organism and that an equalization of opportunity will bring the millennium.

The only alternative explanation of the theory underlying this policy is that the unproductive and inefficient human being either is a desirable member of society or is possessed of some inalienable human right to exist upon the labor of others. This policy results not only in the preservation and multiplication of degenerate human stocks; in a democratic country it also leads to political

and social domination by the inferior elements as soon as their rapid proliferation makes them constitute the majority. But the worst is still to come, since dull and witless human beings are unduly suggestible and quickly become subjected to the rule of fanatics and lunatics of moderate to superior intellectual endowment who have become mentally unbalanced without losing their energy and their capacity for leadership.

The mechanical inventions of a few clever men have made it possible for millions to live comfortably and luxuriously without even understanding the machines which produce for them. The control of nature achieved by the cerebration of a few active minds has created delusions of grandeur in the otiose brains of countless morons. Others, even more numerous, have been dulled and crazed by the monotonous repetition of muscular movements which they must perform incessantly as human adjuncts to machine production. Worst of all, the natural forces which have been harnessed to do the will of man can be utilized for the destruction of human culture and human beings much more effectively than for their benefit. A nation possessed of a somewhat archaic *Oriental culture is able within the space of two generations to borrow the techniques of science which have been developed elsewhere during many centuries and to convert them to devastating purposes of predacity.* Another nation that is peculiarly gifted in mechanical invention repeatedly threatens the ruin of Western civilization, because this nation is composed of organic blends which, for some unknown genetic reasons, combine marvelous understanding of mechanical techniques with utter obtusity in human relations, and which are of a suggestibility so extreme that they are more easily possessed by devils than were the Gadarene swine.

Medicine to-day is an extension of the maternal instinct mixed up with scientific techniques. It operates in an odor

of sanctity and formaldehyde. Any objective criticism of medical science is difficult, merely because every one of us is, or has been, or hopes to be, a grateful patient. My remarks upon medicine do not constitute in any way a repudiation of the personal debt of gratitude which I owe to the profession. However, the real question at issue is not what advantage you or I individually may have enjoyed from medical science, but rather the value of the cumulative effect of medical ministrations upon the entire human species. Medicine has alleviated suffering and prolonged life, but it has, in so doing, also prolonged suffering and nullified the purging effect of natural selection. It has saved hundreds of thousands of debilitated organisms which are adding to the burden of society by reproducing more and worse offspring.

Medical science has committed this sin against the species because its members are not sufficiently enlightened or not courageous enough to declare their independence of the dogma of the sanctity of human life. Although medical men have arrogated to themselves the entire field of human biology, although they pride themselves upon their professional code of ethics and are unremitting in their efforts to elevate the qualifications of their personnel, they seem to have no clear conception of what they are doing to man, of what man is, or of what he ought to be. They have hung back and let others lead whenever unpopular biological measures are necessary. I am not aware that they have taken any united professional stand in favor of birth control, nor in the matter of sterilization of the feeble-minded, the insane, and the criminalistic, nor even in the establishment and enforcement of rigorous medical examinations for persons intending marriage. They have taken almost no interest in the study of the normal anatomical and physiological variations of man which should be the bases for their investigations of pathology. Not only have they

neglected the study of man's biological evolution, but they have contented themselves with a minimum of general biological knowledge which would hardly suffice a practitioner of animal husbandry. While they have accumulated vast files of medical histories, they have not, for the most part, learned the elementary methods and principles of accurate scientific recording and are usually incapable of analyzing massed data from which valid general conclusions may be drawn. Although the social sciences and all other biological sciences have long relied upon mathematical statistics as the only dependable means of elucidating quantitative or qualitative data affected by a multiplicity of causes, medical science stands aloof in obdurate and self-satisfied ignorance. There are, of course, individual exceptions to each one of these strictures, but I do not think that I am unfair when I state that they are only exceptions.

Yet I am the last to deny medical science credit for remarkable achievement in the conquest of disease and for disinterested devotion to human betterment. Actually I think that medicine is doing its job admirably if that job is conceived to be only the care of the human organism, taken 'as is,' and the remission of venial biological sins which are consequent upon civilized man's abuse of his bodily inheritance.

I appeal to medicine because it is the one branch of applied science which might be expected to realize not only that human behavior is a function of the human organism, but that all animal organisms exist and transmit their qualities through the mechanism of heredity. The fundamental principle of organic evolution is improvement or retrogression through the selection of inherited anatomical features and physiological functions. And I reiterate the statement which I have bellowed up and down this country for years, until I am thoroughly sick of it and everyone else is equally

sick of me. Our entire system of education is upside down because it studies only human behavior and not the human organism; we know virtually nothing at all of the most vital factor in human evolution — human heredity.

I ask whether medical science is prepared to accept the responsibility for the reckless deterioration of human stock which it promotes by lavishing its skill and care upon the preservation of the unfit, when it takes no measures whatsoever for beginning the study of human inheritance by which alone permanent improvement of the species can be anticipated. I call upon this profession which is actually directing the course of human evolution downward to reflect upon the wages of biological sin.

Human deterioration can be checked if we tincture our humanitarianism with biological common sense. Human conduct can be corrected through education if only we have sound organisms to develop and to instruct. We can actually improve the quality of the sound human organism if we are willing to devote biological attention and generous medical coöperation to the study of human inheritance through several consecutive generations. We must found institutes for the study of human heredity in which every pathological and normal variation is followed from birth through reproduction and on to death with the purpose of determining the physiological, psychological, and sociological correlates of each of these variations. This is not the task of the physician alone. It will require the services of the geneticist, the psychologist, the sociologist, and even of the anthropologist. It is, in my opinion, the most exigent need of the human species, for upon the acquisition and application of this knowledge of human heredity is staked not only the immediate fate of our probably evanescent civilization, but also the survival or extinction of man himself. 'The wages of biological sin is evolutionary death.'

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE INTO FARMING

BY P. ALSTON WARING

I

WE are farmers in eastern Pennsylvania. Once we lived in cities and worked there. But let me make it clear right away that to me there is no general solution for anyone confronted by the complexities and confusions of our modern society in this movement from the city to the land. Our friends visit us in the spring and see our wide fields where grain is sprouting, and a kind of longing overtakes them for a life which seems impossible in the midst of the high tempo and complicated standards of urban society. But the problem is not as simple as it appears. Beulah and I have lived on our farm for ten years and have put into it not only work but thought. We do not think the answers are easy to give. But there are answers, and they do not lie on the surface of things.

We were young people of the war and post-war years, confused, set adrift from old moorings, undoubtedly matured somewhat by our experiences. She had come from the North, I from the South; she a child of the country, I of the city. Behind us there were years of the army, of civilian relief work with the Friends in France, Germany, and Russia; of business, a strange episode in factory and office; of teaching; and of a journey, a young man's search for himself perhaps, which took him ultimately around the world in the years after the war.

In 1928 we married and chose to farm. And why? Perhaps I can be more articulate now than then. I think the

dislocations of the time in which we had grown up had caused dislocations in ourselves, uncertainties, a desire to find deeper roots. To farm seemed to offer a life, not merely the watertight compartment of earning a living. It had the unassailable economic basis of the production of more than we used of a fundamental necessity, food. And since the confusions of our world seemed rooted in man's disregard of life's basic laws, whatever they were, farming appeared to offer a chance to learn to work with nature and to know her laws rather than to break with them.

Moreover, we wished to do something together, and farming appeared to give the best opportunity. I liked it after a previous short experience, but Beulah had much more the feel of the land, the sense of it, than I, for she was the daughter of a farmer. When we bought our horses it was she who made the bargain, a ticklish business at best. When we planted our orchard it was she who knew the varieties to choose. Certainly it was she who knew best that you just simply did not turn on a water faucet and let it run. Water is precious in the country. I only learned that two years after we started, when our spring went dry in a drought and I was forced to haul all our house water and water for the stock in milk cans from the next farm. We did not by any means begin farming as greenhorns, and I had it very deeply impressed on me that farming is preëminently a job for two persons, a

man and a woman, particularly a woman like Beulah.

Thus we started, and we started with these questions: Can we begin from scratch financially and build a farm business that will be self-supporting? Can we earn a living at farming and have any energy left to make the human adjustments to life? Will there be any of the coveted leisure we seem educated to enjoy? And, without being really class-conscious and superior, we ventured the query: Are our education and experience wasted on a farm where a high-school graduate can and often does do exceedingly well at the work of farmer and housekeeper? Finally, we wanted to know whether we could achieve a unity of living rather than just simplification. This seemed to us the chief need, and we knew the problem rested on finding adequate answers to all the other questions.

To discover anything about life you do not merely try to think your way through to a solution. You have to experiment, to do, in order to grow. 'Thought is not mature until it has passed into action.' Of course there is danger in this kind of pragmatism, danger of wasted energy in futile experimentation. But Beulah's philosophy has always seemed to me to give the idea greater reality. She says: 'I think one should undertake a work as if he were going to do it all the rest of his life. If he finds he must change, let him change.'

II

One of the first things we asked ourselves was whether we could balance work and leisure on a farm. The answer, of course, is that we overworked, especially during the early or pioneering years. Since that time we have tried to stick to a reasonably short working day, except during harvest or planting time. But in the beginning there was too much to do, and too little to do it with in the way of tools and equipment. We

planted an orchard and built our first poultry pen; we cleared some land and put in some corn and a garden; we brooded our first flock of chicks and were more nervous than any old hen ever was; and all the first spring and summer we lived on the second floor of our rather large house in the only weather-tight room there was, to which we had to carry all our water from the spring. There came a drought in late May and we had to bucket water to all the newly planted trees; in mid-June a wet season began and weeds grew much faster than we could possibly pull or cultivate them out of our half acre of strawberries, which we had planted as a cash crop because they required little capital outlay.

I am convinced now that rest on a farm is not sought as city workers seek it — a short working day with leisure afterward, daily throughout the year. The farmer works with nature, through longer summer days and shorter winter days, and must learn to rest with her. This is one of the lessons which can be acquired only by living near to the earth, and one does not learn it easily, especially if he has a Puritan conscience.

The old story that the farmer's work is never done and that he cannot leave it and go home is only partly true in the twentieth century. You naturally don't stop planting a field when five o'clock comes around if you know it is going to rain before morning; and you certainly finish threshing a crop of wheat even if it runs you into the night, when the alternative is to have it spoiled in the field from a coming storm. But you can make eight hours a base to plan on if in the meanwhile you try to follow nature's rather changeable demands on your time. The danger is that those demands are usually severe on the farmer, and when they are coupled with economic pressure to survive he is often led into overwork. The balance of work and leisure is an attribute of civilization, and the effect of overwork — especially when

pioneering, which is a contest with nature — is to decivilize or brutalize.

I can understand better now what happened to the American pioneer of the West, whose struggle cut him adrift from his civilizing inheritance. I can see how he came to lose a whole view of life, how the notion of a complete society, the goal of civilization, was forsaken in his preoccupation with his environment. This same thing can happen to the farmer. To grind, to toil for too long hours, has been the lot of many a man on the land. Beulah and I were convinced that this need not be so for the American farmer in the twentieth century. And so we made our first real attack on the problem when, two years after starting, our farm business began to require an extra worker. The farmer's obligation to those who work with him is no less than a manufacturer's toward his employee in the matter of hours of work. We set an eight-hour day for our fellow worker and agreed with him to stick to this as a base, varying it seasonally, such as in planting and harvest time, or when weather forced us into a longer day. We felt that if we could organize our day around his working hours we should reap the benefit as well as he. And the plan worked surprisingly well.

But the attempt to avoid the evil of overwork leads to an opposite evil. For in seeking relief from drudgery the farmer turns to the worship of things, practical contrivances. After carrying water to my thousand laying hens, which consumed a good part of each day, the electric pump and system which supplied running water to all my pens seemed like the highest achievement of civilization. The standards of our urban, industrial world today would tend to idealize practical contrivances. 'Things are in the saddle,' Emerson said, 'and ride mankind.' And the farmer, merely by virtue of the fact that he does not live in the midst of urban civilization, is not free from this false standard. To be

sure, things are not in themselves mean. It is overemphasis on their value that constitutes a mean life.

In the face of this dual conflict against overwork and false standards the farmer finds his salvation, his chance of ultimately coming through to truer values, in the fact that he is constantly dealing with the basic realities of crops and babies. After ten years, I begin to see that civilization, at least on a farm, is found somewhere between brutalizing overwork and a false emphasis on things, which are really only helpful gadgets and not symbols of culture. And if I have learned anything about going slow, and taking care, and having patience, even just the least bit, it is because I have planted crops, and harvested them, and had babies in my home.

Not all farmers today have to experience quite the pioneering Beulah and I had during our first years. For those early years were not easy. However, they took us down to hardpan, though we found through the effort and waste and achievement a basic adjustment to our new life, a centre from which to grow. We could not buy an expensive place, for we had practically no money and did not want to load ourselves too heavily with a mortgage debt. Our choice was an old farm with a good Pennsylvania stone house upon it, built by Friends in 1755, when this section was almost a frontier of the mother country. It had been idle for years. The fields had grown up in brambles and sumac, and the barn had burned down. But the soil was good, market facilities excellent, the house really a beautiful one, and all in all there seemed much to build upon with our labor.

The farm had eighty-seven acres of gently rolling land with a small wood lot in one corner, and the price was \$3500. This figure was somewhat smaller than the average for the neighborhood because there was no barn, the fields had reverted to the wild, and there was a flooded stream area in one portion which would

have to be conquered. We paid down \$800, a large portion of which we had to borrow, and gave a mortgage for the remaining \$2700. Our equity in the beginning was thus practically zero. But it must be remembered that in building the farm to an operating plant we did have access to some credit, a little from the local bank, more from friends who believed in us; and in 1933, when the Farm Relief Act was passed, we were quick to refinance our privately held mortgage with the Federal Land Bank. It is an important fact that, aside from government credit, we had access to some capital, which is not by any means the case with all farmers. Our experience has taught us the vital importance of available agricultural credit in the survival of America's small farms.

III

The farm developed. After a time we could not do all the work ourselves, and so there arose the problem of work relations, even on our small farm. Work relations on a large farm must inevitably be different and more like the relationships in industrial plants. Today we are a two-man job, and I must have a helper or fellow worker in the fields and in the poultry plant. But I do not want to be the boss of a hired man. Perhaps this is my strong American predilection for equality in a classless society. With the young man who works with us I think we have achieved a very sound relationship. Ralph is married and has his home near by. He knows the farm books, helps plan the work and the farm budget. He knows his share of the gross income and mine. He knows that if we can make the farm earn more he will receive a part of this benefit. We say, Here is a farm from which we and our families must and can earn a livelihood. We contribute differently to the farm's maintenance and operation, and we are not partners from the standpoint of ownership; but in the realm of work relations we are

fellow workers, and together we decide upon a mutually acceptable return for our labor.

Of course, I realize that in the industrial world of larger and more complicated work units than a small farm this example will contribute little to the social and economic problem. However, it does have a very real meaning for us and perhaps for all small units of work, including household work. House servants do not fit into our philosophy of life. The job of operating a household, however, especially on a farm, where the business is so closely attached to the house, quite often gets beyond the capacity of one woman to accomplish. She needs help, and so very naturally a fellow worker comes in by the day and shares our work life in the same manner that Ralph does. This way of working together wipes out all personal and class distinctions while recognizing individual differences, and is a practical application of a belief in sound human relations.

When we started farming we asked ourselves this question: Can a small farm be made to pay its way? And here it might be well to define what we mean by a small farm. It is a family farm business where the home and the business are inseparable. It is usually operated by from one to four workers, and is of an acreage not beyond their capacity to operate with reasonable machine equipment. It is not in any sense like the large grain or fruit farms of the West or the big vegetable gardens of New Jersey or the industrialized cotton plantations of the South, all of which perhaps have their place in American agriculture; nor on the other hand is it the uneconomical ten-acres-and-a-mule or other marginal farm found in every state of the country. A small farm is not just a subsistence farm, for to advocate that would be to advocate peasantry. It must be able to pay its way and maintain a reasonable American standard of living.

We have tried to build such a farm,

and at the end of ten years we can say at least that we have earned our living and, in spite of building up a fairly dangerous capital debt, have paid our overhead and kept off the sheriff. Moreover, we have no longer just eighty-seven acres of land, but a plant with poultry houses and equipment and cleared fields with which to earn. The problem of survival for us lies chiefly in the fact that our overhead costs are too high (a farmer's capital investment is usually in disproportion to his income), and that there is little parity between prices and costs.

The following brief account will indicate how we used our credit to build up the farm and equip it over the last ten years. The figures show our book values of land, stock, and equipment compiled from original cost with normal depreciation. They are not in any case speculative. I think they also show not only that the necessary capital investment is too high for our average net income of \$1500 after operating costs and interest have been met, but that, since a family of six must be supported by that \$1500, there is the grave problem of how the capital debt will be ultimately liquidated.

At the end of the first year we had begun to have a working plant. On that date the assets were \$8435.48. But the debt in mortgage and loans was \$8245.16 and the equity but \$190.32 — plus, we liked to console ourselves, an old Model T Ford a friend had given us and a dog. At the end of the tenth year we have built the assets to \$15,427, the debt to \$10,453.97, and the equity to \$4973.03. One thousand of this equity, however, was not earned; a loan was written off by a friend. The debt is large, for, as I said in the beginning, we started from scratch; and though we are able to earn our living each year with our farm business and pay all our overhead in interest and taxes, the great question remains whether we can in the end earn our way out.

This problem, of course, is shared by

most farmers. But it is not an insurmountable problem. I believe in the small farm, and I believe that its relation to the larger economy can be worked out. I believe this in spite of the fact that I recognize the need of collective organization for the industrial pattern of work. If we are to preserve democratic society it seems to me we must recognize that it is essentially pluralistic in nature, and that it is possible for the decentralized organization of farming and the centralized organization of industry to live side by side.

The insistence of both Communists and Fascists on unification entails force in driving one part of society into an uncongenial pattern of life. The small farm is by nature individualistic in operation. The pattern of work is congenial to this form, and the life which arises out of this pattern is a particular way of life for the farmer, a combination of home and business. I think it is a sound institution, and, without attempting to be a Jeffersonian democrat in the twentieth century, I should like to see this institution of the small farm survive in America. But it cannot survive in isolation. It can survive only if farmers unite to bridge the gap between their small work units and the rest of the economy which is ever moving into greater centralization and collectivization. There must be some integration of these two. This, I take it, is the work of the coöperatives.

While we were still routing out sumac from our long-idle fields and building our first poultry pens and looking out over our land as we pushed back the wilderness, Beulah and I knew that we could not live entirely within our farm boundaries no matter how fascinating it seemed to us. We had to sell what we made and we had to make friends of our neighbors. At first the Farmer's Club, a fine old institution dating from the 1870's, seemed the way to all this. It was nonpolitical, unhampered by the quaint ritual of the Grange, and seemed to us

at first to serve a real purpose in the community. But we found that, like so many old Farmer's Clubs, it had lost its vitality, and refused to tackle the economic problems confronting agriculture. Because it was not aggressive or realistic we turned in 1933, at the bottom of the depression, to the coöperative. There has been our salvation.

The consumer and marketing co-operatives today are going far toward tying the farmer into the general economic structure. In our present economy they serve as instruments of collective bargaining and help the small farm to partake of the advantages of large-scale trading, which it would be impossible to do in isolation. They supplement, strengthen, and preserve the small individual units by providing them with the main necessities of life available to the highly organized industrial part of society.

We are fully aware of this. As poultrymen it would be hard to think of operating our business if it were not for our poultrymen's marketing coöperative. In fact, today we buy all our fertilizers, seeds, and feeds coöperatively, sell all our eggs and poultry coöperatively, and supply our home with most of its needs through the consumers' coöperative we have helped to build in our neighborhood. If farming is a way of life, the coöperatives are an extension of this way. They are indeed an instrument of integration. We have helped build them here and now in our community, and as a result we know we are not isolated individualists. We belong, through our coöperatives.

Many city people think that we farmers are by nature conservative and tend to be individualists. To me there is a basic difference between competitive individualism, on the one hand, and coöperative individualism on the other. In reality the American farmer does not have a self-isolating philosophy of life. He has always coöperated in his neighborhood with his fellow farmer in har-

vests and times of heavy work, especially before our more technical era when machines have supplanted much man labor. The liberalism under which American farmers have lived during the last century has identified individual welfare with freedom of choice. But the old recognition of common needs which farmers have had, coupled with the discovery of modern science that there are other conditions which make people happy than just the right of free choice, is without doubt strengthening a growing rural coöperative movement in which an increasing number of farmers are joining together for mutual benefit. This seems to be the true development of the idea of the old Granger and Farmers' Alliance movements.

IV

If, therefore, there is a distinction between competitive individualism and coöperative individualism in the realm of the farmer's business, especially in the field of distribution, the same distinction carries over into the field of property or land ownership. In fact, the centre of the farmer's problem in our social complex lies in this matter of property. Certainly the private nature of property in present-day economic democracy is under fire from both Communism and Fascism, and those who would have democracy meet the needs of our modern technical society would do well to see that there is a distinction between *private property*, with all the exclusive characteristics it has come to possess, and *individual ownership of property*, where this is recognized as having some social value.

I have no desire to discuss this merely as theory. I am a farmer and own land in America, where the system of what we call 'private' property prevails. My desire to discover a sound work relation with Ralph, my fellow worker, is born of a sense of social obligation, which likewise makes it important to discover the distinction between property confined

to an owner's unit of work and private property which is held for speculation. I feel strongly that *this farm of mine is my work unit*. I do not hold it for speculation. I am definitely under obligation to society to maintain its fertility and so to farm it that the soil will not erode unnecessarily. I am the trustee of this land for those who will use it after me. On it I produce food. On it we as a family work and live our lives. From it we share in the life of the surrounding community. I say: This land has social value; it is not just a commodity to be treated as capital; I have a duty toward society with respect to it.

This is not, I believe, altogether out of line with American thinking, and in this regard I should like to quote a statement made by Benjamin Franklin which Van Wyck Brooks has recently called to our attention: 'All property, except the savage's temporary cabin, his bow, his matchcoat and other little acquisitions, absolutely necessary for his subsistence, seems to me the creature of public convention. Hence, the public has the right of regulating descents, and all other conveyances of property, and even of limiting the quantity and the uses of it. All the property that is necessary to a man, for the conservation of the individual and the propagation of the species, is his natural right, which none may justly deprive him of; but all property superfluous to such purposes is the property of the public, who, by their laws, have created it, and who may therefore, by other laws, dispose of it, whenever the welfare of the public shall demand such disposition. He that does not like civil society on these terms, let him retire and live among savages. He can have no right to the benefit of society, who will not pay his club toward the support of it.'

At one time in my life I decided not to use or accept an inheritance of property from my father. It seemed at that time to jeopardize my whole sense of equality. It put me in a false and privi-

leged position in my human and working relationships. I had done no work on that property; I could use it only as unearned income. Perhaps without fully realizing the social implications of my action at the time, I yet felt the basic discrepancy between the two notions of property. According to the rules, I had the right to sell, dispose of, and speculate with my inherited land and houses for purely private ends without regard to their social value; according to my sense of the true democratic nature of property, this was all wrong — such exclusiveness I could not accept. And so I gave up an inheritance.

But I do own a farm. The facts are not contradictory, for the character of the two forms of property is essentially different. The one belongs to a competitive profit economy, which characterizes ownership as purely personal. The other I am attempting to interpret, by my work upon it and my use of it, as having social as well as private value.

But there arises the question: What is to become of this farm when Beulah and I are gone? The crux of the matter rests in the fact that the process of inheritance, beyond those things which Benjamin Franklin called 'the property that is necessary to a man for the conservation of the individual,' has a very definite public significance. The public, by its laws, may give social significance to land and property, and by its laws may see that they are used for the general good. I should like to see my son use this farm for his work unit. If he does not care to do so, if he wishes to exchange it for another unit of work in a different field, this would be justifiable as performing a social obligation, provided in this case that the government would have the right to take away the speculative aspect of the transaction by regulating the transfer of land, as by taxation.

There is nothing evil in property as such any more than there is in contrivances which tend to clutter our lives.

The evil lies in how we use property or contrivances. I simply am opposed to the exclusive nature of private property, and realize that the problem rests in a more general accessibility to land and in the acceptance of the idea that it has social value. Moreover I feel impelled, not just to think about the pros and cons of a problem which appears to me to be vital, but to act with my best judgment on such matters as inheritance and ownership and to seek to live in those forms which seem to bring with them the greatest liberty and the greatest justice.

V

But hard work, insufficient credit, the problem of ownership and accessibility to land — these are by no means the whole picture of American farming, for, to be sure, there are deep satisfactions in this life on the land. It would be hard to describe what the coming of spring means to a man who ploughs or what he feels on the morning when he first discovers that his wheat has sprouted in long straight green lines down the smooth field upon which he has labored. There are compensations in being surrounded by a quiet, unjangled world, and in living near his farm animals, which are to him like an enlarged family. And it is fun to prune and shape a tree in the orchard and watch its growth year by year into a form which he has helped ever so little to make. It is exciting to experiment with hybrid seed and to try to increase yield per acre.

These are the deep satisfactions, the things which bring peace if one knows how to receive them. We farmers have not all learned to receive them into our lives, and too frequently in fatigue we knock our children about or make life disagreeable for ourselves and the household. When we do this sort of thing — or shortly after, at any rate — we know well that we have not learned the art of living. Yet I believe the chances of

learning it are greater here on the land than in the towns of our time. At any rate, of this much I am sure: we do escape in large part the ugliness and squalor of our industrial civilization and we do receive many of its benefits.

But it would be false to emphasize the better-known and idyllic side of rural life. What I wanted to do was to show that this fine picture was not by any means a whole one, and that persons caught in the struggle of modern living should not hold a distorted vision of rural peace and security before their eyes.

I am sure there is no turning back for society. If an industrial era based on coal and iron has built huge and terrifying cities, there is no reason why this very technology which produced our industries cannot find for us a way out. Professor Hogben says reassuringly, 'We now stand on the threshold of an era of biological inventions with new possibilities of bodily and mental health, if we plan our resources intelligently.' There lies before the American farmer the exciting application of biological discovery which may change the whole nature of his work in the years to come as already technology has changed and is changing the problem of labor by the application of tools. Little by little he is learning to understand nature and not to exploit the land, and through the developments of science his whole life may be revolutionized.

To be a farmer in modern America is not to escape into rural seclusion. Being a farmer nowadays is living in the midst of American life. I do not in the least suggest it as a way of living for anyone seeking an escape from modern social problems. Of course, you can go and hide in the country. But I am not talking about that. I am saying that for the farmer there is no honest turning away from the implications of society, be they economic, political, or social, for all these things impinge upon his life as a citizen.

'GOOD BOY'

BY FLORENCE WHEELER McGEHEE

I

DAY was at morn and the year at the spring, and all along the levee that paralleled the too-low Sacramento violent swirls of dust rose and wrestled with Jesus. A strong north wind had come up in the night to whip the river and the dry fields beyond, where peas and beets and asparagus thirsted. In his bare feet, Jesus scuffled up the white powdery dust, abetting its fury, bucking his head to the wind and rubbing his eyes. They smarted. He rubbed harder and kicked harder in the dirt. Just around the next corner was the little school-house toward which he was making his none-too-eager way, and where 'Ticher' sighed heavily every time she looked at him.

Ticher was small, fair, and firm, and filled with an incredible zeal for action. You no sooner got one task done than she had two others ready for you. Nor would she leave you at peace in the performance thereof. You must hold the chalk in your right hand and you must make one letter (always the first) bigger than any of those that followed. You must write on the lines and you must not chew the end of your pencil. You must not wipe your nose on your sleeve (for this she had pretty little soft pink papers in a box on her desk) and you must not spit on the blackboard even if there wasn't an eraser handy. You must not put down the answers to problems unless you had looked at the other numbers first.

She wanted everything to be just right,

but she still had a little difficulty with his name. When he had come to this school a few months ago, along with Mary and Lupe and Conchita and Salvador and Ramon and Elvira and Concepcion, and had handed her his report card, she had given a little squeal and had said in a voice as if she were afraid, 'Gee-sus! But you can't be called *that!* Why, that's terrible! Why, the idea!'

He had been patient with her as he had had to be with other teachers about this. He had told her over and over again that he was not 'Gee-sus' but 'Hay-soos.' She had considered him levelly through puzzled blue eyes for a long, uncomfortable moment before she said, 'Very well, Hay-soos.'

He was late again — only a little, but still late. The children were gathered in a circle about the flagpole in the yard, with their hands held stiffly at their foreheads in the quaint morning exercise they did first of all every day. He slipped unobtrusively between two of them, whipped off his hat, and clamped it between his legs before he joined them in the chant: 'I pledge a legion to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for Richard Strand; one naked individual with liberty and justice for all.'

There was a Richard Schmaltz in the school. Jesus wondered vaguely who Richard Strand was. He tried to slink past Ticher, who waylaid him in the doorway.

'Good morning, Jesus. I've already said it to all the other boys and girls, but you, of course, are late again. What's the matter with your eyes?'

He had been rubbing the dust out of them again.

'I don't know, Ticher.'

'Look at me. Jesus, you haven't the pink eye, have you? They look awfully red. Tell me this minute, have you the pink eye?'

'Maybe,' he said hopefully. 'Yes, I think so. Always we have lots of pink eyes in our family.'

'You go straight back home,' said Ticher, as excited as she always was. There was no rest in the woman. 'I'll send the school nurse later.'

Jesus sped away with greater alacrity than he had come, albeit his spirit was a bit dampened by the reference to the school nurse. He dawdled the happy day away there on the riverbank, skipping rocks in the water, ambushing a ground squirrel, idly watching the activity of a dredger. At noon he allayed a faint inner gnawing with an orange he had picked up in flight. It had been just sitting there alongside one of the tin buckets in the row on the schoolhouse porch. Nobody had been with it, so it was his by right of discovery.

The school nurse, a large matter-of-fact woman, as calm as Ticher was excitable, was completely unimpressed by his asserting that there were always many pink eyes in his family, and, after examination, ordered him back to school next day.

'But I cannot go, *señorita*. See, I have no shoes. I am barefoot. Nobody else is barefoot. I am ashamed.'

'*Verdad*,' his large soft mother confirmed him. '*No tiene zapatos*.' She laid a loving hand upon her son's head and smiled upon him tenderly, as though his having no shoes were some peculiar virtue of which she was particularly proud. She drew him to her fondly, jostling the babe at her bosom so that it lost its tenacious hold and nuzzled and whim-

pered complainingly. Jesus noted how much whiter was the nipple it released than any other visible part of his parent's body. The rest of her was the dull gray color of the levee. He pulled himself out of her caress.

'No shoes. See, my mother says so!'

But the nurse was prepared for that. He was appalled at her next action. She took a large grocery box filled with shoes from the back of her car and spent an enervating twenty minutes pulling footgear on and off Jesus' unwilling grimy feet. Jesus himself was singularly uninterested in all this. He reclined limply against the doorjamb, quite unable, it seemed, to brace himself or even to stiffen his knee joints against the onslaught. The nurse began to show signs of annoyance.

'Straighten up here, boy,' she commanded.

'I cannot, *señorita*. The pain I suffer in my knee! Think of it!'

At length she was satisfied, and Jesus was the not-too-happy possessor of an almost new pair of plain black shoes.

'There. Now you have shoes. And there's nothing the matter with your eyes, either. You be at school tomorrow — and on time.'

'Good boy,' said his mother sweetly, meaning to commend not her son but the nurse, who was pouring a solution out of a small bottle on to her hands with something of the air of one who was shaking the dust of a place off his feet.

II

At length the woman was gone, and Jesus and his mother contemplated the new shoes through melancholy dark eyes. Came, too, Lupe and Mary and Conchita and Salvador and Ramon and Elvira and Concepcion, who, until now, had stayed at a safe distance lest they, too, be fitted to shoes. Came from somewhere his father and his elder brother Manuel, and they all looked solemnly at

the feet of Jesus, fettered by the hand of authority against the delights of spring-time.

There was no help for it: he and the shoes must go to school. He would carry them, however, until he came within actual sight of the schoolhouse. Stopping to put them on delayed him so that he was a little late. The last of the children, including his own brothers and sisters, had filed into the room, and he was forced to make a lone and conspicuous entry. Ticher leapt upon her prey.

'Jesus, this simply will not do. This is the fourth time you have been late this week. Now why can't you be less shiftless and get up early? Why can't you do as the others do and get here on time?'

Jesus put his hand on his heart.

'It was a little bird, *señorita*.'

'A little bird?'

'It had fallen from its nest and crying so. I had to put it back.'

Ticher's eyes softened behind the dark-rimmed glasses.

'Well — but you should start early enough to allow for emergencies. Take out your reader.'

Jesus took out his reader, a primer devoted to large gay pictures and sprightly though monotonous comment anent the doings of Jackie and Janey. It seemed utterly unimportant to Jesus, big boy that he was, that Jackie and Janey liked to go down the 'slicky slide.' In sheer boredom he cut a large half-moon in the top of his desk. He was relieved when Ticher announced that the time had come for folk dancing. Along with the other big boys, he pretended to scorn this part of the program and had to be dragged from corners to participate, but secretly his soul delighted in the seductive rhythms. As always, he was paired with Reiko Nasamura, because she, of all those present, did not seem to mind being his partner. The phonograph whined its way to top speed and the dance was begun. The spectacle of a

Mexican boy and a Japanese girl solemnly tramping their way through a Swedish polka seemed no more ludicrous to Jesus than it did to Ticher.

Presently there was another dance whose dominant feature was a frequent change of partners. At long last, Jesus came abreast of a pert little golden-haired creature in a stiff pink dress. She looked like the angels in Elvira's book. Jesus had long looked upon her with eyes of devotion. He made a more than usually courtly bow and reached for her hand. She slapped him away with a furious 'Don't you dare touch me, you old — you old — thing, you!'

Ticher interfered here with heavy-handed diplomacy, and the physical-education period was declared over. But the boy's troubles were not. Yet another very clean little girl who sat behind him presently tiptoed to the desk and ostentatiously whispered in Ticher's ear. Ticher looked startled and requested the presence of Jesus in the anteroom. There, with squeamish fingers, she explored his dark, rebellious head. She sent him home.

The school nurse came again that night, to be welcomed with happy anticipation by Jesus' mother, whose dull days were lightened by these frequent visitations. Jesus felt resentment stir in his soul as the woman took firm hold on his head and afterwards on those of Mary and Lupe and Conchita and Salvador and Ramon and Elvira and Concepcion, all of whom had formed a disconsolate home-coming queue behind him that afternoon. What was there about this to cause such a fuss? A few little creatures in the head! They did not hurt anybody — itched a little sometimes, but one or the other or all of the young Aranyos had always had them and been quite comfortable about it.

III

The sensitive soul of Jesus shrank within him. Somehow, he had gained

ill repute with his fellows because of this affair of the head. He would stay at home a few days so that they would miss him.

Evidently they did miss him, for at the end of the third day a neighbor stopped in to say that Ticher had declared she wanted him back at school again and that nothing, *nothing* was to keep him away. He was pleased. They had done wrong and they were sorry. Jesus was not one to harbor a grudge. With him, by-gones were always by-gones.

Carrying his new shoes, he set out next morning for school only a half-hour behind his brothers and sisters and filled anew with loving-kindness. But he was delayed by this and that en route, and when he entered, cringing a little, a group of boys and girls were already at their social studies. Just as he entered, Ticher was saying something about the Aztecs. Her eye pounced upon him.

'Jesus can probably tell us,' she said to the others. 'He may have heard his parents or his grandparents speak of them. Jesus, what do you know about the Aztecs?'

He flinched away from the implied accusation. A moment ago he had been happy; now he was sad again, threatened and suspected.

'Nothing, *señorita*,' he said. 'I do not have them any more now.'

The children shouted with laughter. He crimsoned.

'Oh, Jesus, you don't *have* them,' said Ticher sharply. 'Do you know anything about them? It's people.'

'I do not know them or have anything to do with them.'

Ticher shook her head and said 'Tck, tck,' as she so often did when he answered her questions.

The day, so inauspiciously begun, did not go well. Even Reiko Nasamura avoided him and a cloud fell upon his spirit. At noon he and his brothers and sisters huddled together in an ell of

the building the while other boys and girls in groups of two and three and five ate their luncheons, talking and laughing with mouths too full, gayly swapping sandwiches. The young Aranyos never brought lunch. This was a source of disturbance to Ticher, who liked to know reasons for everything. Often she reproved Jesus and Mary and Lupe and Conchita and Salvador and Ramon and Elvira and Concepcion, who, wounded, backed up against the schoolhouse wall with their flat stomachs, melancholy dark eyes, and apologetic mannerisms. Didn't they know they needed nourishment?

Yes, Ticher.

Did they forget their lunches?

No, Ticher.

Would one of them like this nice ham sandwich? This piece of chocolate cake?

No, thank you, Ticher.

What did their mother have to say for herself about this lunch situation?

Yes, Ticher.

Ticher said she would find out about this. Jesus had no doubt she would. He was wearied of this talk about food every noontime. He would stay at home a few days. Perhaps it would all be forgotten then and again they would be sorry he was gone and send for him to come back.

But that sad day had its happy ending, for when the children arrived at home, hours after leaving the mile-away school building, their mother beckoned them into the one room where all the Aranyos did their collective living, and invited them to behold. Their father was there, and Manuel and the four who were yet too young to go to school. In the centre of the room that was guiltless of other furnishings stood the white, gleaming electric refrigerator they had all talked about for so long — theirs at last. A man came sometimes and gave his father a piece of paper which his father turned into things like flour and

corn meal and gasoline and a guitar. The man said something about 'relief,' and Jesus dimly understood that the Aranyos had a benevolent godfather somewhere who paid his father for not doing things his father would not have done anyhow. The refrigerator was somehow a gift from that man.

They were all admiringly exclamatory. Their mother laughed happily and slammed the door over and over again, and at length brought forth a bowl of frijoles which she set solemnly in the very centre of the lowest shelf. Manuel showed how he had connected the machine to the little wires that had been in the small house when they came there. The man had said that would keep it always cold.

Jesus, for a joke, stuck his head inside and shut the door as far as it would go and said that it *was* cold. They all laughed. His father ran a caressing hand over the gleaming white surface of their new treasure. Jesus did likewise, his hand lingering in pleasure at the smoothness and the coolness of it. All the little ones stroked it tenderly. His mother even unhooked the baby from her bosom to smack its limp dirty little hand upon the pretty thing.

Jesus was sated with happiness. He wandered out into the starlight to sit in the tomato patch, where he thought how fortunate they all were to come into possession of this splendid cold thing. Down in Mexico when he was very little they had never . . . This was a good place. He ate a half-dozen greenish tomatoes and repaired to the house, where he lay down on the floor between Manuel and Mary, pulling a convenient gunny sack around his shoulders as preparation for the night.

IV

They stayed at home next day to admire the new refrigerator. They did not mention this as the reason for not going to school. But when they had all risen

and eaten from the bowl of beans that had chilled all night, and when the upward sweep of the sun heralded the probable hour of departure for school, good little Concepcion discovered a stomach-ache.

'Concepcion must not go to school, then,' said Mary, speaking with the firmness becoming in the eldest daughter. 'And I, too, shall stay at home with her. Maybe, some way, I can help her.'

'And I,' said Jesus. 'I feel a stomach-ache, too. How it aches me! Think of it!'

Salvador and Ramon now discovered twinges, and all the others decided to stay at home to sympathize with those who were afflicted. Their large soft mother approved. This was kindness they were showing to one another. They could always go to school, and tomorrow was another day. She blessed them. They strolled out of doors, where they partook of early tomatoes and lolled in the dirt beside the door bound to one another by ties of love.

Late afternoon brought a new lady, an authoritative lady who did not smile and who wanted to know in clear ringing tones what was the meaning of all this truancy. Manuel and his father had disappeared; his mother beamed and murmured 'Good boy, good boy' repeatedly in welcome to the stranger. Jesus saw that he must take charge.

'My stomach, *señora*,' he began. 'Or no, it was the stomach of my sister Concepcion. Or was it Ramon? Anyhow, we are sick. We have stomach-ache very bad. Think of it!'

'Who has stomach-ache?'

'All of us,' said Jesus, proud of their unity.

'Nonsense,' said the lady. 'You can't *all* have stomach-ache. That is, unless you've eaten something . . . By the way, what did you have to eat today?'

'Frijoles,' said Mary.

'Beans,' corrected Jesus.

'Cold,' supplemented little Conchita.

'Good,' said Concepcion.

The lady said 'Tck, tck,' peered into their new refrigerator, and turned to their mother.

A lively debate then ensued, with the Aranyos taking the affirmative side of the question, that cold beans were of all things the most to be preferred for the building of bodily strength and beauty.

The lady, having got off to a good start on the subject of food, was loath to leave it. She mentioned accusingly the fact that the children brought no lunch to school.

'We have nothing to bring, *señora*,' Jesus defended them. 'Only tortillas. We are poor people. And the other children laugh at tortillas. That makes us ashamed. Think of it! No, we will not bring tortillas to school. We will not have lunch.'

The lady averred that tortillas made a highly desirable luncheon as over against nothing at all. The young Aranyos looked doubtful, even when assured that henceforth the other children would not laugh. When the assurance was passed on to their mother through Jesus, she too looked doubtful. Jesus knew it was a good deal of trouble to put up lunches for so many, and since nobody ever got really hungry at noon, there was no sense in it. He knew how his mother felt about it and he did not blame her. He knew, too, how obdurate she could be. She was going to be that way now. He waited, admiring, for the demonstration.

It came. Mamacita gave forth a regular pyrotechnical display of staccato 'Nos,' calling upon the Virgin to witness that she would never burden her dear children with packages that they must carry all that long way to school! Never!

Jesus interpreted, and the lady was angry.

'Now this has gone far enough. These children have been out of school for

every conceivable reason, good, bad, and indifferent. The law requires them to attend. If they do not attend we shall have to hold the parents responsible. On the occasion of the very next absence we shall have to take Mr. Aranyo into court — maybe into jail. Jail! Do you understand, Jesus? Tell your mother what I say.'

Jesus told his mother. At the end of two minutes of lively oratory he announced to the lady, 'She says "All right."'

'All right! All right what? All right to put your father in jail?'

'Yes, *señora*.'

The lady went away, the very bounce of her car as it leapt into low gear expressing her exasperation.

V

Their father did go to jail, for the community stomach-ache of the young Aranyos continued for another week, and, though the school doctor pronounced it mythical, they felt a vast disinclination for education and clung to their vague symptoms. Señor Aranyo rode away stoically enough with the big man who came for him, resplendent in the bright green shirt that Mary had risen early to iron for the occasion. They watched the car out of sight, each volubly disapproving. They missed their father, of course, but Jesus noticed during this time that his mother wore a relaxed look he had never seen on her face before.

And then in a few days the family was reunited. They had a brave supper of peppers and beans and tomatoes that night and they all sat down at once the while they listened to the wonderful experiences the father recounted. He had met an old friend in the jail, a man he had not seen since happy days in Guadalupe, and they had enjoyed much speaking together. Another fine fellow — detained because he had merely held a hot iron against his wife's cheek because

she lied to him — had lent him a guitar, and their evenings had been pleasant with music. There had been coffee and good stew. As a crowning touch the father had won \$2.60 in a game of chance.

As proof of this, he placed \$1.90 on the table to delight their eyes. Haltingly Jesus, who could count, called attention to the discrepancy between story and cash in hand. But yes, the father had bought a little medicine, of a kind he much liked and often wanted. Reaching into his hip pocket he brought forth a bottle of 'Vegetable Compound.' Each took a long sip and rejoiced with him.

Probably it was not necessary to go to school now. Their father had expiated their sin in staying away by going to jail. The lady had given them their choice: school or jail. They had chosen the latter. Feeling singularly carefree and absolved, Jesus spent a long delicious day idling along the riverbank. He shouted encouragement to the engineers aboard Uncle Sam's dredger, busy deepening the channel. He caught three fish and thought how beautiful they would look all alone in the big refrigerator. He picked an armful of pussywillow for Ticher just in case he ever should go back to school again. He lay on his back watching the clouds until the rhythm of their passing lulled him to sleep.

It was almost dark when he arrived home, and his mother, strangely enough, wanted some kindling wood. It was seldom she cooked, and yet more seldom that she made demands upon her children, but to-night she said the two older boys must chop wood and bring it into the house.

Manuel, lolling in the doorway with a cigarette, declined the menial task, delegating it to Jesus. Jesus, a little chilled and irritable from his long nap in the sand, would have none of it. If it was not a manly task for Manuel, it was not a manly task for him. The

brothers argued about this, their words waxing hotter. Manuel struck Jesus and the two clinched, stumbled, and rolled to the ground, where they bit and clawed and pummeled each other. The younger children stood, an interested semicircle, at a safe distance.

But the mother did not like to see her sons engaged in this unbrotherly conflict. She did have one stout stick of wood, and when she saw Jesus reach for the small hunting knife he always carried she sprang into the fray, the baby at her breast bouncing and wailing at being thus unceremoniously detached from sustenance, and lay about her impartially and with surprising vigor. A sharp whack on the knuckles sent the knife slithering away out of the reach of Jesus. But Manuel fared worse. His mother brought the stick, through which a long nail had been driven, smartly down upon his forehead so that an ugly jagged tear appeared and blood spurted between his eyes.

Through surprise, hurt, and shock, Manuel appeared to have given up the ghost. He rolled over on his side and lay very still, his eyes shut. Jesus gallantly withdrew and stood, panting, over his fallen brother. Their mother remembered to deposit the baby carefully upon a soft pile of manure before she dropped to her knees beside her first-born, weeping loudly and wiping his bloody face with her skirt.

This was the unhappy moment chosen by the fates for a visit from the lady who thought people should go to school or to jail. From the knife (which Jesus had forgotten to retrieve), from the bloody wound, from the loud wails of the mother, she pieced together her own story.

She went away from there quickly, and in less than an hour Jesus found himself in rough masculine hands en route to the Detention Home, while Manuel lay for the first time in his life between sheets in the county hospital.

VI

Jesus stayed a whole week in the Detention Home, during which time he would not remove his hat, excepting just once during those few shocking moments when the big man made him wash himself all over. When they had locked him in at night he slept on the floor, eschewing the white iron bed and its soft covers.

He heard himself described as 'incorrigible,' whatever that might mean. He had knifed his own brother (they said), and he would not go to school. They did not seem to know that it was his mother who, with her stick of wood and amazingly strong arm, had inflicted the damage upon Manuel, and he was not the one to tell them. He admired Mamacita. He would keep silent.

He was outraged at the accusation that he would not go to school. Gregarious, he loved school, but they were so fussy there, insisting upon shoes and lunches, disapproving his gallantry to the girls, suspecting him of being in league with some strange family called the Aztecs when he had never even seen the people, being intolerant about little things in his hair, never liking the numbers he put down for answers even when he filled a whole sheet of paper on both sides. So he would not go to school! Why, he had been sent home more times than he could remember.

For the first time he began now to feel sullen and resentful as he gazed around the room at the half-dozen grave strangers who had come to question or accuse him. His parents were there, his mother not understanding one word but smiling and nodding at intervals, his father not disposed to interfere in what was obviously his son's own affair. Neither spoke a word during the hearing.

Ticher was there, too, looking strangely disturbed and inclined to disagree with all the other people. At length she came and stood beside him, put a hand on his shoulder, and said good words

about him to these others, much better words than she had ever used to him in the schoolroom. She smelled very nice. Suddenly he liked her very much. He did not know that Ticher had got the true story of the affair of the brothers from little loose-tongued Lupe, and that, ever a lover of justice and chivalry, she was according him a new respect. She wanted him to be set free. She said so.

'And furthermore,' the big man was saying, 'unless you take better care of these children, Mrs. Aranyo,' — he shook an admonishing finger at her, — 'I'm greatly afraid someone will come and take some of them away from you!'

'Good boy,' said his mother, aware of nothing but her name and the finger-wagging.

Jesus interpreted, and there ensued a lively bit of oratory.

'What does she say?' the stern man asked at length.

'She says all right. She don't care. She got too many kids anyhow. How many you take?' said Jesus.

Ticher laughed. She looked very pretty with all her white teeth showing and her blue eyes dancing with new lights. Everyone else was stricken dumb. Ticher's laughter was pleasant in that gloomy room. He liked her even more.

Jesus was given over to his parents with orders to behave himself in future. That was easy to promise. He always behaved himself. His father stalked majestically from the room. His mother lingered behind to smile a good-bye on each person present, not bothering to detach the greedily sucking youngest Aranyo from her drooping bosom.

VII

Back at home Manuel, a once-white bandage around his head, grinned welcome to Jesus and offered him a cigarette. It was the first time Jesus had ever got a cigarette from Manuel without prolonged bargaining, though he had been

smoking since he was eight. The brothers leaned against the side of the building and smoked together in silent camaraderie.

It had been a good day. Ticher had laughed and he was free again and here was good tobacco. Reflecting, he rubbed a hand along his jawbone and across his upper lip. Strong black hairs resisted his touch. His heart leapt. Maybe, when they worked in the beets this summer, his father would let him keep enough of his money to buy a razor. Maybe!

He went to school happily next day and was only twenty minutes late. He showed Ticher the black hairs on his lip and she said yes, indeed, that was very nice. She let him pass the wastebasket and at noon said nothing at all about lunch.

Returned home, he found his mother moving listlessly along the rows in the tomato patch. She seemed thoughtful. Waiting for her to speak, he squatted on the ground and bit into a none-too-ripe tomato. At length she wondered, a

shade wistfully, if the big man who had shouted so yesterday would take Tita and Rosa and Miguel and José (who were all too young to pick fruit or top beets anyhow) and keep them for a while as he had suggested. Not for always, she hastened to add, for she loved her children, but just until they got big enough to earn a little money, for it was necessary to feed the body that the soul might live, no?

Jesus, new in wisdom, patted her soft arm. 'The big man does not want the little ones, Mamacita. No, we will keep all of them, and by and by they will go to school with me. School is a nice place now. I passed the wastebasket today, and tomorrow — if I am not late — I will run up the flag on its pole. Everybody will see me do it. Think of it!'

His mother's face relaxed. Pleased that her son had won recognition at last, she tore the baby firmly from her person, deposited it on the ground, and embraced Jesus.

'Good boy,' she said.

BIRTH CONTROL: THE CASE FOR THE STATE

BY DON WHARTON

I

FROM Manteo, on the North Carolina coast, to Murphy, N. C., beyond the Smokies, is 618 miles by highway. Yet only three points on that long road are more than twenty miles from a state-sponsored birth-control clinic. No spot in all the big state is more than fifty miles from such a centre. North Carolina, the first of the forty-eight states to promote birth control officially, is going at the job in earnest.

North Carolina is pioneering because it has a public-health officer who spent twenty-five years as a country doctor, practising among North Carolina's poor. He knows why North Carolina has virtually the nation's worst record on all matters connected with births. Ignorance, poverty, insanitation, disease, poor hospital facilities, little if any prenatal care — all these contribute to infant and maternal mortality rates that are truly appalling.

Of each thousand mothers, twice as many die in North Carolina as in Connecticut. The chances that a North Carolina baby will die in its first year are 66 in 1000, compared with Connecticut's infant mortality rate of 40 and the nation's 54. Some 20,000 North Carolina mothers each year are attended by midwives, most of them untrained and ignorant of asepsis. Abortions and infanticide are rife, especially among the large Negro population. If the nation bred at the North Carolina rate, we

should have a crop of 700,000 more babies a year. That might be wholly desirable — but not if the extra babies are born into indigent, dirty homes where they are not wanted and where their chances of survival are poor.

To improve conditions so that dirt, poverty, and disease will disappear is, of course, the ideal solution. But that, to put it mildly, will take time, involving long-term medical and economic campaigns on a dozen fronts. Birth control, in the meantime, offers immediate help. Its advocates point out that at least the family without much to eat ought to have the choice as to whether it wants to bring another high chair to the table. Birth control, they say, can help to stop the infant and maternal carnage and in the end build a healthier and perhaps even a larger population.

So, too, believed Dr. George M. Cooper, to whom the appalling statistics represent people he knows. Dr. Cooper is a native of the Tarheel State, and during a quarter century of country practice he listened, observed, and sympathized. He knew many a girl wife living in a two-room mountain shack with six children and a tuberculous husband. He had heard women tearfully beg, 'Isn't there something we can do?'

He had seen a Negro couple married seventeen years who had produced twenty children — twelve of them to die

in infancy. Good, hard-working people, desperately poor — bewildered. 'I'm for *any* way that will keep me from having another child,' the mother pleaded. '*Any* way so long as I can keep from losing that man I got.'

When he became director of preventive medicine of the State Board of Health, Dr. Cooper preached to fellow physicians and laymen alike that North Carolina could not climb far toward better health and happiness without birth control for the poor. But his hands were tied. Unlike most states, North Carolina had no law against spreading birth-control information, but there was always the federal law — the old Comstock law, dating from 1873, which frightened every physician in the country into complete silence with its untested but threatening provisions. It was not until the autumn of 1936 that the federal courts ruled the law could not prevent physicians from using contraceptives 'for the purpose of saving life or promoting the well-being of their patients.' That was the battle Margaret Sanger won. It freed the doctors, but it wasn't much immediate help to those who most needed help. There were no funds for birth-control clinics, and Dr. Cooper knew the futility of taking a contraceptive promotion program before a state legislature. The situation seemed hopeless as ever.

Thereupon Fate interposed a finger. Years before, Dr. Cooper had counseled a young woman who wanted to become a nurse, had suggested Roosevelt Hospital, New York, for her training, had kept in touch with her. In 1937 she was nurse in charge of an experimental program, giving birth-control information to the natives of the densely populated little island of Bocagrande, off the Florida Everglades. The work was being financed by Dr. Clarence J. Gamble, an heir of the Procter and Gamble soap fortune, who lived in Philadelphia. Homesick, Roberta Pratt kept talking about North Carolina, and eventually

she got Dr. Gamble interested. One day she was able to send word to Dr. Cooper that the philanthropist was willing to provide the funds for a three months' program in the Tarheel State.

Dr. Cooper looked the gift horse straight in the mouth. He said he would accept a year's financing — not three months — if no strings were attached to the gift. There were long-distance telephone consultations. Dr. Gamble agreed, put a check for \$2250 in the mails for a starter, and on March 15, 1937, Dr. Cooper had the only state health department in the United States at work on birth control.

He realized that he was out on a limb. Although he had the backing of his chief and some important laymen, his program was launched without the formal endorsement of any North Carolina organization. He was warned the limb might break. It hasn't broken.

II

When the North Carolina plan was launched there were only three birth-control clinics in the state. By the end of 1938 the state had created 56, and North Carolina, with less than 3 per cent of the national population, had 13 per cent of the nation's birth-control clinics. It now has a total of 62; only New York has more. They are situated in 58 of the state's 100 counties and, since patients are permitted to jump county lines, provide a state-wide coverage. The 58 counties participating had 50,565 births in 1937 — a figure which is topped by only 18 entire states.

And this coverage was attained quietly and without ballyhoo. When the program was nearly a year old, there was a bare announcement that it had been endorsed by the Federation of Women's Clubs and the powerful Conference for Social Service. That is the only official public mention of contraception the state has made.

In furtherance of this policy, Dr.

Cooper has never tried to force birth control upon any county. Dr. Gamble's funds — he has extended his financing to 1940 — were used to buy contraceptive supplies and to provide a consultant nurse, Miss Pratt. The state made these supplies and services available to any county health officer who wished to set up a contraceptive clinic as a part of his existing county health unit.

County health officers were asked to get the opinions of local physicians — individually rather than at meetings, which might lead to unmanageable debates. Particular caution was used to prevent public controversy. When opposition developed in one county Dr. Cooper called off all activities there, reasoning that it was better to lose a county than to risk losing the whole state. He was like a general employing a deep elastic defense and refusing to let the enemy come to grips with him. His program was in operation for eight months before he even broadcast a general letter telling county health officers he had a program. By that time he and his assistants, Dr. Roy Norton and Miss Pratt, had clinics going in most of the strategic counties.

The prestige of these clinics was adroitly used to persuade other counties to follow the leaders. On one occasion a health officer didn't think his county needed contraception. He was asked to check his vital statistics. When he discovered that the Negroes were accounting for 85 per cent of the births he quickly changed his mind.

But statistics were sometimes useless. One county, with notably horrible maternal and infant mortality records, has no clinic to-day for the reason that the question was put to its county medical society the day it was meeting for a fish fry. The atmosphere was wrong; opposition cropped out which the health officer couldn't handle; once aroused, it solidified.

But time is on Dr. Cooper's side, and he can afford a delaying action. In one

county he ran into a health officer of ancient vintage who condemned birth control as a sin. The issue could have been forced and probably won, but Dr. Cooper bided his time. In eighteen months the county had a new health officer and Dr. Cooper had an extra clinic spotted on his map without having risked his whole war on a minor skirmish.

County autonomy extends to other matters. Each health officer is free to run his clinic as he wishes, to use the simple technique which the state advises for the poor or to lean more heavily upon surer but more expensive individual examinations. In some counties the nurses carry information into the homes, while in others they bring the mothers to the county health office. Some clinics have secured appropriations for materials from the county commissioners; others depend upon donations from individuals and organizations such as the women's club. In Winston-Salem, where young socialites have assumed financial responsibility, a pamphlet giving dates for clinics goes out with every birth certificate. Some of the counties try to make their funds go further by getting patients to pay anything they can — even as little as ten cents. In one county where there is a homestead project, the contraceptive clinic actually has the financial support of the Federal Government. Thus, directly and indirectly, federal, state, county, city, and private funds are all working together.

At the end of the second year of state contraception the clinics had provided instruction and materials for 2000 women. The present year may see this figure doubled. Of course, that is only scratching the surface of the need; North Carolina has more than three quarters of a million persons receiving financial support from governmental agencies. The nurse in charge of one staff told me her centre alone would have 1200 clients if funds were available. But Dr. Cooper's idea has been to build

firmly and then expand. Before the state program was launched, the clinics in North Carolina had only 64 patients. The 2000 women — by now closer to 2500 — are people who cannot pay for medical care, a fact certified in each case by a welfare officer or a private physician. And to each one of these 2500 women a pregnancy would be actually, or nearly, a tragedy.

III

Already the state has files of letters and case histories which constitute a social Magna Charta. Most of the letters are written in pencil on the kind of rough, ruled paper sold in country stores. Some are from women seeking information. Some are from women who have had the service and want to put their thanks on paper — naïve but honest letters. One closes, 'Come out to see us and I will give you some melons. We have some real nice ones.'

But let's run across the state's three sections and glance at a few typical beneficiaries of state birth control: Negro tenant farmers in the flat, piny coastal plains, textile and tobacco workers in the rolling industrial Piedmont, and then the mountaineers themselves. In a cotton county, fifty Negro women appeared at the clinic the morning it was opened. One woman of thirty-nine, married nineteen years, had ten children; her husband didn't make enough to support the family, so she took in laundry.

A cotton farm tenant's wife of twenty-five, married at sixteen, had six children in seven years, four boys and two girls, all delivered by midwives in a small, unscreened shack. Water supply, questionable; sanitary facilities, none. After her fifth pregnancy this woman asked, 'Isn't there something you can do?' and the county nurse — this was before state contraception — had to admit there wasn't. A few months later the nurse found the woman in tears — she

was pregnant again. But her sixth child came at about the time the county set up a birth-control clinic. That was in the fall of 1937, and there have been no more children; this slender little Negro woman is now bright and cheerful; when she gets to town she usually drops by to tell the nurse how well her children are doing.

The Negroes in the industrialized Piedmont towns are also being helped. Here are my notes on one case: husband forty, wife thirty-eight. Husband has cardiac and kidney trouble — unable to work, though he has tried to get jobs. Moved to city from tenant farm. Wife — one of ten children — has had thirteen, four of them born since family became charity case. In 1933, trying futilely to get on relief; that year had tenth child. In 1936, receiving fuel, groceries, and clothing from local charity; that year had eleventh child. Wife had factory work at six to seven dollars a week, but was laid off just before New Year, 1937; that year received food orders, did piecework at home along with children, and had twelfth child. Continued to receive cash, shoes for children, and then had thirteenth child, a seven-months baby who died after one month. Early in 1938 became Case No. — at the newly opened contraceptive clinic.

But most of the Piedmont cases are whites who came to the mills from the red-clay farms. Here, in one cotton-mill centre, is a mother, forty-one years old, married twenty-four years, who has had eleven children; when she came to the clinic her husband had lost his job and she was unable to get work.

A few houses away is a woman who in sixteen years of married life has had ten children; her husband was on WPA when a welfare officer sent her to the clinic. Incidentally, there are no statistics to show what percentage of patients are on relief, but I rarely turned over three cards without seeing one marked WPA.

In the mountains, state contraception seems to reach dramatic heights. The nurses start on their rounds at eight-thirty each morning, pushing back into the hills and hollows and up the forks of the creeks to cabins where human life has never been given a particularly high valuation. But the women are now eager for birth-control information. A nurse went to a schoolhouse to give instructions on making a sickbed; she found fifteen mountain women there in bonnets and faded calico dresses — all wanting to know about birth control. Saturday is the big day for these people to come to town, and on Saturday the mountain clinics do a thriving business.

Frequently a nurse visiting a sick child will notice the mother motioning toward a corner of the room. The nurse knows then that the mother has been listening to a neighbor and wants to get information first-hand.

I saw a sick husband and an overworked wife huddled with their five little children in two filthy rooms with but two beds; and a twenty-nine-year-old mother, married twelve years, with nine children, who was obviously in such physical and mental condition that another pregnancy would endanger not only her life but that of her children.

See these people, and you are forcefully impressed with the need for more money, more clinics, more nurses, and more health officers. The state Maternal Health League is now organizing citizens' committees in each county to give contraceptive clinics additional moral and financial support. These pressure groups will work on county commissioners for appropriations, and eventually they may try to get something in the state budget.

IV

The by-products of the North Carolina program are as significant as the program itself. Two of the largest manufacturing plants in the state have set

up birth-control clinics for their employees. One of the plants has placed printed slips in payroll envelopes telling employees that the firm's physicians and nurses may be consulted. All this has been done quietly, to prevent the possibility of a boycott, but as word seeps out over the state other mills may follow suit.

The state contraceptive program has also had its effect on private physicians, many of whom were formerly asking, 'Is it legal?' To-day they have no fear of being caught on a technicality. The druggists tell me that more and more women are bringing in prescriptions from their family doctor. The older doctors are brushing up on modern knowledge.

At Duke University, Dr. Bayard Carter is carrying on fundamental research with contraceptive cases which were not available until the state made a clinic possible in that county. Dr. Carter may one day emerge with data as significant medically as the program is socially.

South Carolina, after watching its sister state for two years, recently launched a parallel program. Georgia, spurred by resolutions of both its State Medical Society and its Conference of Social Work, is about to make a decision. Arizona has shown lively interest, but has not yet moved into action. It looked for a time as if Tennessee would be first to follow North Carolina's lead, but politics has stalled progress there. Inquiries pour in from all quarters, and the first birth-control paper ever read at a meeting of the American Public Health Association described the North Carolina plan. Other national organizations are asking for similar presentations, and sending observers to make reports.

Important as are the results of the program to North Carolina itself, the greatest importance of its pioneering may well be the example it has set for others to follow.

BIRTH CONTROL: THE CASE FOR THE CATHOLIC

BY FATHER FRANCIS J. CONNELL

I

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, Mr. Eduard C. Lindeman discussed 'The Responsibilities of Birth Control.' While dissenting radically from the views of Mr. Lindeman, the present article is not intended to be a direct rebuttal of his presentation of the case. Its sole purpose is to explain the attitude of the Catholic Church toward what is commonly called 'birth control'—that is, the use of some physical means or method for the purpose of frustrating the reproductive efficacy of sexual intercourse. I shall expound chiefly the *moral* aspect of the subject. This is an aspect with which Mr. Lindeman was not concerned, but which to many persons, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, is a factor of paramount importance. Since numerous points are involved in the question, my treatment must necessarily be summary; but I trust it will be found clear and consistent.

The discussion of this subject as I intend to present it will be fully appreciated only by those who admit that there is a Supreme Being, whom men are obliged to serve and to obey. It is well to remark in passing that the Catholic Church does not expect anyone to accept the existence of a personal God merely on faith or through an unreasoning impulse. It is a factual truth that can be convincingly demonstrated by logical, unemotional argumentation. However, the necessary limitations of this article

compel me to assume that my readers are sufficiently acquainted with at least one argument proving that there is a God whose laws are binding on all mankind.

In common with most Protestants and Jews, Catholics hold that the Almighty has made known to the human race through inspired prophets certain doctrines that transcend man's natural intellectual powers and certain precepts that exceed his natural duties. These truths and commandments constitute *supernatural* revelation. However, we are now concerned, not with superadded obligations imposed by the Creator on mankind, but with obligations which are incumbent on man by the very fact that he is a rational creature, and which are within the scope of his own intelligence. Human beings can discover these obligations by their own reasoning powers, although the Almighty has included many of them in His revelation, such as 'Thou shalt not kill. . . . Thou shalt not steal.' These obligations constitute the *natural* law of morality. The most general norm of right and wrong established by this natural law is that a person's actions are morally good when they are in conformity with God's will, and they are morally bad when they are in opposition to God's will.

Throughout the entire universe the wisdom of God can be perceived, ingeniously adapting means to ends, coördinating causes and effects. This divinely

planned harmony is particularly manifest in the constitution of living beings. Each organ has its proper purpose, each faculty its proper function. Now it is certainly the will of the Creator who adapted these vital powers to definite ends that they should operate toward the attainment of these ends. He Himself directs the activities of irrational creatures by providing them with certain irresistible inclinations, so that they necessarily employ their faculties for their proper purpose. The effect of this guidance in animals we call instinct. The bird will infallibly use its wings to fly; the bee is certain to employ its marvelously constructed organs to gather pollen and to make honey. But to man, the most exalted of the living things of earth, God grants freedom of choice in the use of his powers. A human being can direct his faculties of soul and of body to the purposes intended by the Creator, or he can distort them to other ends. And on the way he chooses to employ them depends the morality of his actions. When a person uses his faculties for their proper purpose, his action is morally good, for it is in accordance with God's will; when he deliberately frustrates their proper purpose, his action is morally evil, for it is opposed to God's will. The gravity of the sin is proportionate to the gravity of the harm resulting from the action.

For example, the faculty of speech is designed to enable men to communicate their ideas to one another. When a person uses this faculty to express truth to his fellow men, he is employing it for its proper purpose and acting lawfully; when he deliberately tells a lie, he is frustrating the proper purpose of this faculty and acting sinfully. The nutritive faculties are intended to sustain man's bodily health, and one who eats and drinks with due moderation is performing a morally good act, whereas the glutton and the drunkard are doing wrong inasmuch as they are defeating the proper end of these faculties by their excesses.

Among the most important of man's faculties is the sexual power. Its chief purpose is the generation of new life. This purpose pertains to the *social* order; it concerns the common good rather than the individual good. When husband and wife perform their marital functions in the natural manner, they are concurring in the designs of God toward the preservation and the propagation of the human race. The full import of this objective is perceived only by those who admit the eternal destiny of mankind. To them parenthood means, not merely the procreation of another member of society, but primarily coöperation with the Almighty in the creation of an immortal soul that is destined to be happy with God forever.

However, when husband and wife deliberately and positively frustrate the procreative purpose of sexual intercourse, they pervert the order of nature and thus directly oppose the designs of nature's Creator. And since the reproductive function is so vital to the upkeep of the race, and since any exception to this law would be multiplied indefinitely, every act of contraceptive frustration is a gravely immoral act, or, in Catholic terminology, a mortal sin. To quote the terse phrase of Pope Pius XI in his *Encyclical on Christian Marriage*: 'Any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin.'

II

I have said that contraception is opposed to the *chief* purpose of sexual intercourse. Certainly there are other ends to which nature ordains conjugal relations, especially the alleviation of sexual craving and the fostering of a deep and abiding love between husband and wife. It is absurd to imagine that the Catholic Church regards conjugal coition as noth-

ing more than a physical medium for the generation of offspring. Its psychological value as an expression of mutual self-surrender, its innate power to arouse a generous idealism in a married couple, are readily acknowledged by Catholic moralists. But these ends are manifestly subordinated to the Creator's primary purpose in endowing men and women with sexual potency — the conservation and the propagation of the human race. Indeed, there is an acknowledgment of this primary purpose of sexual relations in the principle, admitted by all civilized nations, that conjugal intercourse is lawful only between husband and wife. The basic reason is that only in the permanent union of marriage can a child be properly reared; consequently, the child is the main object of sexual intercourse. In the words of Dr. Alexis Carrel: 'Whether conscious or unconscious, the reproductive urge is the source of love. . . . The sex act has been deprived of its natural consequences by the technical progress of contraception. However, the biological law of reproduction remains imperative. And transgressors are punished in a subtle manner. It is a disastrous mistake to believe we can live according to our fancy. Being parts of nature, we are submitted to its inexorable laws' (*Reader's Digest*, July 1939).

It does not follow from Catholic principles that conjugal intercourse is forbidden whenever conception is naturally impossible, as when a woman is already pregnant or advanced in years. Nature itself includes such conditions in its plan, and so in these circumstances a married pair do nothing against nature, nothing immoral, if they make use of their marital rights, provided they have the power of complete coition. They are not *positively frustrating* the chief purpose of the sexual act, they are not *opposing* the designs of nature and of nature's Author.

It is important to note that the argument which is being urged against contraception is not based on any such principle as 'It is always sinful to oppose or

to check any force of nature.' The misunderstanding of this point has occasioned innumerable objections of the species known as *reductio ad absurdum* against the Church's denunciation of contraceptive practices. For example: 'The Catholic teaching on birth control would lead to the conclusion that a person commits a sinful act whenever he cuts his hair or trims his nails, since in performing these actions one frustrates nature.'

The flaw in this manner of reasoning is the failure to distinguish between *the restricting of a natural power* and *the preventing of the purpose of a natural power*. The former by no means necessarily includes the latter. It is within the designs of nature itself that there should be opposition and conflict among the multitudinous forces and agents that operate in the universe, that one creature should restrain and control the tendencies and activities of another and utilize them to its own advantage. The animal violently interrupts the vital functioning of the plant by using it as food, and man does the same to the animal; but there is no frustration of any divinely ordained *purpose* in this process. On the contrary, there is the fulfillment of the Creator's design that the lower in the scale of perfection should contribute to the sustenance of the higher. Similarly — to answer the specific objection — when a person cuts his hair or trims his nails he does indeed curtail the growth of these bodily appendages, but their chief *purpose*, the utility of the individual himself, is promoted rather than frustrated. Certainly nature does not call for an unchecked augmentation of hair and nails; they must be clipped if they would be beneficial to the whole person, to whom they are subservient as the lesser good to the greater. But it is an utterly different case with contraception, which prevents the very *primary purpose* of sexual activity and inverts the due order of things by making the *social* benefit of conjugal intercourse subservient to the benefit of the *individuals* concerned.

This can be illustrated by a development of the parallelism which exists between the faculty of nutrition and that of sex. The primary purpose of the former is to preserve the life of the individual; the primary purpose of the latter is to preserve the life of the human race. To attract human beings to the due use of these faculties, the Creator has annexed to the functioning of each a feeling of pleasure. Sexual gratification is particularly vehement, and in this is manifest the sagacity of divine providence, inducing men and women to undertake the arduous duties of parenthood for the benefit of the human race. But, to continue the analogy, it is possible for a person to enjoy the pleasure accompanying the use of either of these faculties, and at the same time to distort his action in such wise that its chief purpose is rendered unattainable. This is what takes place relative to the sexual faculty when contraception is employed. And the analogous case in the use of the nutritive faculty is the revolting practice of some ancient Roman gourmands, who ate to satiety and then induced regurgitation. In each case the sensual gratification intended by the Creator as an incentive to the use of the respective faculty is sought and enjoyed, while the divinely established main purpose is deliberately and positively obstructed. Is it not strange that many persons who shudder at the very thought of the disgusting custom of the ancient voluptuaries do not hesitate to defend and to practise the equally perverse operation of contraception?

III

The Catholic Church does not teach that married couples are obliged, or even always counseled, to have as large a progeny as is physically possible. Reasons of health or of economy not infrequently make it advisable for a couple not to have more children. But the only lawful method of avoiding parenthood is abstinence, either total or periodic.

Every intelligent person will see how different is this type of 'birth control' — if one wishes to call it such — from the use of a contraceptive. One is the *non-use* of a faculty, the other is its *abuse*.

Married persons who are anxious to have more children but find an increase of their family impossible because of economic stress are particularly deserving of sympathy. There are many couples in such circumstances at the present day nobly practising self-restraint rather than be guilty of what their conscience tells them is an abuse of the marriage act. Others in like circumstances unfortunately have recourse to contraceptive devices, and though their guilt is not so grievous as that of those who are financially and physically able to have more children but who pervert their conjugal relations through mere selfishness, their conduct is nevertheless gravely sinful. Speaking of married couples in extreme want, Pope Pius XI says: 'They should take care lest the calamitous state of their material affairs should be an occasion for a much more calamitous error. No difficulty can arise that justifies the putting aside of the law of God which forbids all acts intrinsically evil. There is no possible circumstance in which husband and wife cannot, strengthened by the grace of God, fulfill faithfully their duties and preserve in wedlock their chastity unspotted' (*Encyclical on Christian Marriage*). In every condition of life, fidelity to duty calls for the exercise of some form of self-denial, and married persons placed in the circumstances which we are depicting are no exception to this rule. However, it is a fundamental Christian principle that when the Almighty imposes an obligation on His creatures He gives them the requisite strength of will to fulfill it, provided they seek His aid in sincere and humble prayer.

Moreover, the Catholic Church teaches that Christian marriage provides special assistance toward the proper performance of conjugal duties and self-restraint

when it is necessary. For, according to Catholic belief, every marriage of two baptized persons, irrespective of their particular creed, is a *sacrament* — that is, a medium of supernatural enlightenment and strength, elevated to this dignity by Jesus Christ. And through the efficacy of the sacrament of matrimony the Christian husband and wife are linked together in a spiritual union similar to that which exists between Christ and His Church — to use the analogy proposed by Saint Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians (v. 23) — and receive therefrom the divine help required for fidelity to the obligations of their state.

In treating of Christian marriage I may add that, while Catholics do not regard the marriage of unbaptized persons — a Jewish couple, for example — as a Christian sacrament, they reverence such a marriage as a lawful and sacred union. And on such a couple, who try to be faithful to their duties as their conscience dictates, God undoubtedly bestows an abundance of blessings and helps.

IV

In emphasizing the moral argument against contraception, I have no intention of rejecting or minimizing other arguments. Undoubtedly the use of contraceptives is often harmful from a hygienic standpoint. Undoubtedly, too, the psychological benefits of marital intercourse, such as the deepening of conjugal love and the contentment consequent on complete sexual satisfaction, suffer greatly from contraceptive practices. There is inevitably a lowering of mutual respect between the husband and wife who agree to make use of contraception. Many a divorce dates from such an agreement. This is the verdict of competent authorities, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, as can be seen in De Guchtere's *Judgment on Birth Control*, and it differs radically from Mr. Lindeman's assertion that contraception, 'if properly used, will inevitably increase marital

happiness and lift family life to a new level of conscious satisfaction and enjoyment.'

Furthermore, birth control as it is now practised in the United States is bound to bring about a notable decline in our white population in the near future. Skilled statisticians predict that in twenty or thirty years our nation will cease to grow and begin to diminish, unless there occurs some extraordinary immigrational influx or widespread change in the attitude toward birth control. When the decline becomes pronounced and rapid, the government will probably become concerned in the matter, like the government of France, which is now making strenuous efforts to induce married couples to produce more children. It is not at all unlikely that the babies who are being born in the United States today will receive similar inducements from our government before they are too old to bear offspring. Even now there are many thoughtful men and women in our land who are gravely disturbed over the decline of the population and are engaged in a campaign for more births, although some of them continue to advocate the use of contraception by persons whose offspring are liable to be unsound in mind or in body. Thus Mr. Frederick Osborn, a prominent member of the American Eugenics Society, in an address to the New York Academy of Medicine on April 6, 1939, stated that with the extension of birth-control services the rate of reproduction in the United States will fall to 30 per cent or more below the rate needed for the mere replacement of the population; and he urged the members of the medical profession to be zealous in stimulating parenthood on the part of more competent persons (*Bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine*, July 1939). Apparently contraception has become in our land a veritable Frankenstein, bent on destroying the society that called it into being for its own utility.

However, while recognizing the value

of arguments based on physical and psychological considerations and on the decline of the birth rate, the Catholic Church gives first place to the argument drawn from the moral law. Harm done to individuals and to society is an immeasurably lesser evil than the rebellion of creatures against their Creator. It seems hardly necessary to remind my readers that the Catholic Church proclaims the prohibition of contraceptive practices, not as an act of merely ecclesiastical legislation (like the prohibition of meat eating on Friday), but as a law emanating from God Himself, binding all human beings, whatever may be their religious convictions. Contraception was a sin thousands of years before the Catholic Church existed. Consequently, the Catholic Church can never change its stand on this matter. If the human race is in existence ten thousand years hence, no matter what changes may have taken place in the social and economic and scientific spheres, the Catholic Church will still be preaching the same doctrine on birth control that it is teaching today.

I do not claim that all Catholics can explain the argument against contraception as it has been propounded in this paper. Nor is this necessary, for Catholics unhesitatingly accept the authoritative declarations of their Church on matters of morality, even though they do not

perceive their intrinsic reason. There is nothing illogical in this confiding acquiescence, since Catholics are convinced that there are adequate objective proofs of their Church's claim to be the divinely authorized proponent of the moral law, guided and protected by God Himself. Indeed, a Catholic could even deny the cogency of the argument against contraception as it has been developed in this article, so long as he admits the official teaching of the Church. For the Church's teaching on this subject is based primarily on divine revelation, which includes a more explicit and a more detailed interpretation of the natural moral law than is provided by human reason alone.

Doubtless there are many to whom the dogmatic attitude of the Catholic Church appears to be supreme arrogance, and the docile attitude of Catholics supreme gullibility. But would it not be the reasonable thing for such persons to examine sincerely the claims of the Catholic Church and the grounds on which they are based? Certainly an organization which for almost two thousand years has unswervingly maintained a consistent and uniform standard of morality in an ever-changing world is entitled to receive from intelligent persons an impartial investigation of its claim to be the one true church of the living God.

LOOK IN YOUR GLASS

BY RUTH GORDON

[RUTH GORDON is an American actress who has captivated many an audience in New York and London. Twenty-five years ago she was a stage-struck senior at the Quincy High School. She still has in her possession her schoolgirl Diary, and, using it as a point of departure, she tells her own unforgettable story of 1914. She lived in a double house at 14 Elmwood Avenue, Wollaston, Massachusetts, where, she says, 'my mother and father and I and our cat hoped, dreamed, and somehow scrimped along on \$37.50 a week, which my father earned as foreman at the Mellin's Food factory in Boston.'

Earlier installments of Miss Gordon's chronicle appeared in the *Atlantic* for August and September.—THE EDITOR]

MY DIARY

(For 1914, my Senior Year at Q. H. S.)

January 22.—Today I passed my map of Æneas' Voyage in. It was really good looking — black and white sort of pen and ink sketch affair. In the afternoon Florence Crowell came up. She is a dear and we had lots of fun talking. Then I showed her some of the new dances.

At night we were invited to go to a Young People's Party at the church, but I didn't want to go. Father has bronchitis and is at home.

It was hard on all of us when my father was taken sick with bronchitis, for he was a difficult patient and illness always gave him a rip-snorting temper. A dismal pall hung over the whole

house, broken only by requests to get him this and that, and if we hesitated he accompanied his requests with some smart directions for us to 'get a wiggle on.' Before he would allow us to call in a doctor he first tried mustard plaster, mustard foot bath, quinine, whiskey, Sloan's Liniment, a gargle of Dobell's Solution, and something out of a dark blue bottle bearing a prescription label printed in red, with a warning hand pointing to a statement that this medicine contained laudanum. I somehow associated laudanum with tabasco, which we also had a bottle of, and though I never tried either I knew that both were drastic.

If this dose failed to cure him, then he would let us send for Dr. Adams, not because he wanted or needed him, but as a kind of irritable present to my mother, who he said would land us all in the poorhouse calling in a doctor every time anyone got the pip. But my father would feel better after Dr. Adams had been there, for he liked him and even went so far as to admit that for a doctor he had pretty good sense. 'Of course none of 'em are any good,' he said, 'but at least Adams wouldn't saw you up without first askin' if he could.'

But we had thought that these days of illness were over, for about two years before that my father had enthusiastically taken up the fresh-air fad, and, strange as it made his conduct, my mother and I were grateful, since it banished his colds. My father had

started in fairly simply, doing nothing more than remove the outer storm window in his bedroom and open the regular window wide. 'Best thing in the world for you,' he would tell my mother and me. 'I don't know how you can coddle yourselves like you do just openin' up your windows a crack.'

'Well, you're a man, Clinton.'

'Thanks,' said my father; 'you certainly believe in startin' with elementary facts.'

'Well, if you'd just let me finish! What I was going to say was you're a man that was used to all kinds of weather because you were a sailor, and of course you had to be out rain or shine and I don't know how you lived through it, but it's different with Ruth and me. Of course, I don't believe night air is bad like they used to, but just the same I don't think you have to freeze to death to keep well.'

My father was so enthusiastic from the results of his wide-open window that he decided he must experiment further, and his next venture was a cold bath every morning, winter and summer. Our bathtub was a dank affair made of tin enclosed in a dark wooden frame. It was so dreary-looking that it was hard to believe good health could spring from anything to do with it, but every morning my father would start the water going in it with a great rush, and a moment later his splashing and shouting let us know what agony he was going through. 'Hi! Oh my! *Ow*, that's *good!*' he would groan. 'Hi! Oh my!' Then after the bath was over we could hear him jumping up and down in the bathroom trying to get warm.

'You got an awful lot of will power, Clinton — I'll always say that for you,' said my mother.

'I *like* it,' declared my father; 'best thing in the world for you. You and Ruth'd like it, too, if you weren't so lazy or yellow — I don't know which it is.'

The next step was to go through the

winter without an overcoat. It used to make people's teeth chatter just to look at him, but he said that the more you bundled up the colder you felt, and that if you were going to be cold that was your nature, and what good did one more overcoat do? Then he decided that what would really cure him was to sleep outdoors.

A narrow balcony led off his bedroom window, and here he had a sailor named Mr. Applegreen rig up an unsightly gray canvas awning and make him a hammock bed. The whole place was an eyesore, and it was hard to explain away because it sounded too eccentric to tell the truth and say that my father slept outdoors. I really do not know how I did justify it.

For his night outdoors my father wore heavy flannel pajamas tucked into long bright blue woolen socks, a red skating cap pulled down over his ears, and mittens; and when he crawled out the window he took with him a small pillow which my mother had made and unmade several times to get it exactly like his directions. It was the shape of a lobster buoy, and he used it to pad his knees because he said that they were so bony they woke him up after he got to sleep.

The hammock itself was made up with red blankets and some heavy paper sheets which my father had seen advertised in a magazine. They were guaranteed to keep out the cold better than blankets; but, just in case these sheets let him down, my father kept a bottle of Green River under his hammock, and a nip of that turned the trick.

The fresh-air fad was working so wonderfully that my father could not resist trying one more field to conquer, so he threw away all his woolen underwear. My mother said she thought that was really going too far, because everybody knew the value of woolen close to the skin, and giving up his heavy underwear was really flying in the face of Providence. But he said that it would

either kill him or cure him, and in the former event we could have his insurance.

The colds had disappeared, and we had about got used to my father's odd new ways, when he came home one night and electrified us by saying that he had joined a gymnasium class in the Boston Y. M. C. A. My mother and I thought that it was crazy, but she said she did not care so long as it kept him happy, only he was fifty-six and she just hoped he would not bust anything.

His attendance at the Y. M. C. A. evening class was very regular, and eventually we received an invitation to come to an exhibition in which my father was to take part. My mother said that I had to go because Papa would make me, and so, as long as I had to go, it would be better for me to come along pleasantly. At the last minute my father felt so confident of the entertainment that he invited Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who lived in the other side of our house, to come along with my mother and me. Also he told my mother to get herself three pinks to wear, and to add the price on to next week's house money.

It was such a gorgeous and unique situation to be going into Boston in the evening that I wished I were going to something I really wanted to see. We arrived early, as my father had recommended us to, so that we could get seats in the centre of the front row in the gymnasium balcony. As we were settling ourselves, my mother whispered to me, 'For my sake try and act as though you liked it, and I'll do something nice sometime for you.'

My father turned out to be the chief source of entertainment, owing to the fact that he was years older than anyone else performing, and also because he looked so odd in his old-fashioned two-piece bathing suit. The pupils did setting-up exercises, formations, this and that with dumbbells, running, jump-

ing, and tumbling somersaults. I sat wishing the balcony floor would open up and let me fall right through, for every time it would be my father's turn people around us would say, 'Oh, good! Here comes the old feller,' or 'Oh, look at that old one go!' It was awful, but the worst was yet to come. As my father finished a somersault and rose awkwardly from the mattress to continue with a run around the track, a good two inches of bare skin showed in back between his jersey and his bathing pants. People around us were convulsed, but I sat there wondering that God did not show some mercy and strike the Jones family dead. Since that night I have lived many fairly happy years, enjoyed some success, and perhaps been of use now and then, but at the horrid moment when I had to sit and watch my father run around the gym track with his bathing jersey hiked up to show his spine I should have been willing to trade in my future for oblivion in Mount Wollaston Cemetery.

My mother told me not to act so silly, and said that she guessed people knew what bare skin looked like and hoped I never had anything worse to be ashamed of. I hoped that my father would have some sense and hurry us home after it was over, so that we could retire into permanent privacy with our disgrace, but so insensitive was he that instead he invited us all to accompany him to the old Thorndike Hotel on Boylston Street for a dish of raspberry sherbet. It was the only time that my mother and father and I were all in a hotel together.

Oh, how could bronchitis have attacked my father after all we had been through for his health? It must have been for some reason. Life cannot be so patternless as it seems. Perhaps it was that God in His infinite mercy knew that if He did not discourage my father with bronchitis he would keep on with his gymnastics until he really did bust something.

January 23. — Today I took the waist off my brown velvet suit and the suit looks stunning with a white waist. After school I went down to the Library with Florence to get a book for outside reading — *Haremlik*. It is positively interesting.

In the afternoon I read and did my hair all sorts of ways. I think I am really overcoming my jealousy a little. Martha Robinson went out to Miss O'N's this afternoon and I tried not to envy her.

I do not know how I ever heard of a book called *Haremlik*, unless I just ran across it by accident in the Quincy Public Library.

I think the title must have led me to believe I was about to embark on something pretty revealing, but it turned out to be as sedate as one of the 'Little Cousin Series.' My description, 'It is positively interesting,' just about let it out.

This must have been a grave disappointment, for what I was after was something definite about the facts of life. Of course in a book called *Haremlik* these facts, if any, must necessarily have been Turkish, but Turkish or anything was welcome, so long as they were facts.

My mother seemed too respectable to take up such matters with, so I had to resort to books. The dictionary proved helpful with definitions of anatomical words, and I owed much to a close study of Rubens's lusty paintings, reproduced in an art book which lay on the lower shelf of our parlor table. I also enjoyed rereading at frequent intervals a wonderfully frank passage in *Quo Vadis*, the high spot being that someone mentioned a lady's breasts right to her face.

All this gave me at least a groundwork of information, and unless the author of *Haremlik* was pulling his punches I could have told him a thing or two more than his book had told me.

January 24. — Today it rained and snowed all day but Katherine came down in the morning and stayed to lunch. Afterwards we walked up to the library altho the drizzle had almost become a rain. Up there I read half of *Monsieur Beaucaire* and I brought home *Salome* and *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *Memoirs of Rachel*. Coming home we stopped in to see Gladys Bain. John Porter came up this morning and asked me to go to Dorothy Bowers' but I didn't go.

The Thomas Crane Public Library in Quincy helped acquaint me with some worthy literature, but for real entertainment I had a side line of favorites which I felt were not sufficiently scholarly to mention in my diary. Among my special favorites were the C. N. and A. M. Williamson novels, which mentioned such names as Newport and the Riviera in a way that made one feel actually in society. *The Lightning Conductor* took me far from 14 Elmwood Avenue and set me down among magical people, who were always careless with money, drank sparkling Vouvray without thinking anything of it, and never once guessed that their chauffeur was a lord.

A jolly good time was a daily occurrence, and the whole thing ended up right as a trivet. The lord turned out to be no more stuck up than anybody, and the rich girl could not have been pleasanter if she had been poor. Everybody fell under her spell directly, and so great was her charm that she was allowed to maintain an even level of adorable willfulness during all of her waking hours. She did not give a fig for convention, but traveled daringly right through France with only her touchy old aunt for a companion and her unsuspected lord for a chauffeur. She wore her Paris clothes regardless and ran through mud puddles in her dainty little beautiful slippers. It was heaven to meet anyone improvising as this, and the lesson was so apparent that it made me feel like

going out and scuffing up my Sunday boots.

From *Brewster's Millions* I learned how hard it was to spend a million dollars in a year. Brewster had been forced into this trying situation because his relative had left a will saying that he must do so or else forfeit a legacy of a lot of millions which he might then spend at his leisure. The problem was a sidewinder, but I do not think that it made anyone stop wishing for a million. It merely helped to sour us on our relatives. It was terrible to have to watch Brewster struggle to get rid of his remaining forty or fifty thousand dollars with the end of the year coming at him quicker than you could say 'boo.'

Not only pleasure but knowledge came from my side line of reading, and I think that in one instance my whole understanding of life was broadened. This enlightenment I owed to a rousing book on the white-slave trade and its growth; according to the author, it seemed to be spreading faster than gypsy moths, the greatest menace, so far, to attack our district. The book came as a windfall one dreary afternoon while I was keeping house by myself. Our friend Mrs. Barnes brought it to lend my mother and warned me that I was not to read it until I got permission, although she said that personally she thought it was something every young girl should want to know.

Heretofore, Mrs. Barnes and I had not seen eye to eye on books, for the only other which she had recommended to my attention was about how children could share pleasantly in beautifying the home. It told how old worn-out things, which busy parents had overlooked or become inured to, could be brightened up and prettified by the efforts of little folks. It suggested painting tin bathtubs a neat white, making fern dishes out of meadow weeds, sewing brass rings on felt flat-

iron holders, and making penwipers out of old socks. These hints did not seem to awaken anything in me, but I did follow directions for making art work by pressing magazine-cover pictures into plaques of pink papier-mâché, with the result that we had nothing anyone cared about. A picture by Penrhyn Stanlaws of a pretty young girl cheek to cheek with her favorite horse did not gain by being stuck into a platter-shaped plaster, but it did upset my mother a good deal because I had ruined two of her best cooking spoons mixing up the papier-mâché.

So, having been stung once, I glanced at Mrs. Barnes's new offering with a pardonably lacklustre eye, but fortunately I wasted no more than a fraction of a second before realizing my mistake. I felt deeply indebted to her for her wide range of reading matter, and so eager was I to justify her faith in my thirst for knowledge that I did not even trouble to find a comfortable chair.

I sank down on the first thing in sight, which happened to be the hard seat of our oak hat tree, where I was soon lost in such a whirl of misadventure that nothing in life seemed safe. There was no telling about anything, and even a ball of darning cotton might turn out to be drugged. It was next door to impossible to know who to trust, and even one's cat was something to cope with because there had been several well-known instances where people had picked up girls by getting into conversation with them over their pets.

I read as fast as I could, and since my mother returned late I was able to cover most of the important ground before I could ask her permission. I could not help wishing, though, that I had had just one more half hour to find out whether the choir singer ever got back to her home in Delaware and if the police ever caught the man with the gray Willys-Overland.

January 26. — At school today I got 94 in a Latin composition test. Marjorie Snow got 95 and I was furious because I wanted to be the first. Nothing exciting happened, excepting Miss Zeller kept me after school for whispering. In the afternoon Kay came down and we read all the time. I am wild about De Barrerra's *Memoirs of Rachel*. Aunt Ernestine wrote the most sympathetic and encouraging letter to Mother about my going on the stage.

Aunt Ernestine was not really my aunt. She was called so out of affection, for she had been my mother's best friend, back in the faraway days when they had grown up together in the small town of Bainbridge, Georgia. She had come to visit us once, years ago when we still lived up on the hill and there seemed to be a few more dollars in our purse to be spent on entertaining. As the high spot of Aunt Ernestine's visit, she and my mother took an excursion train to Newport to see the wonders of a society resort. There, for a day, they were to drive past fabulous mansions and to have pointed out to them the very palaces in which Belmonts, Astors, and Vanderbilts might at that selfsame moment be wearing some of the flossy creations so alertly described in the social column.

I cried at not being included in the party, but my mother and Aunt Ernestine softened the blow by leaving me a generous share of their box lunch: stuffed eggs, cold chicken, deviled-ham sandwiches, pickles, homemade salted peanuts, and some cupcakes which had fallen a little. So I at least enjoyed the same indigestion which must have disturbed my mother and Aunt Ernestine. When they got home that night they described Bailey's Beach and Ochre Point so vividly that, although to this day I have never been to Newport, I still feel I know what it looks like.

At the outset, they had been discouraged because the carriages were all too expensive, but at last an old darky had

shown up who agreed to take them along the Shore Drive for the modest charge of one dollar apiece. Then he led them out to a dilapidated, sagging old surrey drawn by a horse who seemed about to collapse. My mother said that she had never felt so ashamed in all her born days, and in *Newport*, of all places. She had asked grandly: 'Do you call that a carriage?'

'Hack's what I calls it,' declared the darky, 'and *hack* it is.' As they told about it, they went into gales of laughter. Aunt Ernestine had a joyous spirit, and during her visit to us my mother was equally gay. And now here she was again spreading cheer with her letter. She was the first person to be encouraging about my going on the stage.

For a long time my mother and I had known that I wanted to be an actress, but how we should break the news to my father was a great worry, for he wanted me to be a physical-culture instructress, and nothing would persuade him that I was unsuited to it, that I hated anything to do with gymnastics, and that I did not have even enough talent in that line to enable me to stand up straight. The strain of our secret proved too much for my mother, and she privately broke the news to her sister, who was so shocked and vexed that she said that for me to go and be an actress was no better than to go and be a prostitute. This lively identification, coupled with what my father was likely to say when he learned that my taste lay so far from Indian clubs and dumbbells, dimmed my mother's spirits considerably and gave her a great deal to think about.

It was her habit to take ten or fifteen minutes every evening — which she said she really had to have — to do her thinking in and collect herself, for, though her day began at five o'clock in the morning, housework, cooking, making clothes for me, and mending clothes for all of us took up the rest of her time. Her thinking period was the brief interim

between putting the potatoes on to boil and beginning active preparations for supper. She would sit alone in the dark parlor, rocking slowly back and forth and singing fragments of half-remembered old songs. 'Golden Rain' and 'Sweet Hour of Prayer' were her favorites. But of late my mother had done her thinking without the aid of song.

On the night after Aunt Ernestine's encouraging letter, it was pleasant to hear once more, coming from the dark parlor:—

'Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.'

January 27. — Our third period Latin class was invited by Miss Fay to see her sophomore English class give the first two acts of *Julius Caesar*. Miss O'Neill sat with me. Today Mr. Collins called me down to the office and I told him I wasn't going to college. I felt as tho I was cutting off the last ties of respectability. Miss O'Neill said to me, in an adorable talk after school, that I got the highest in our Latin test because 10 per cent was taken off M. Snow's paper. This afternoon Kay and I went to a basketball game between Rockland and Quincy in our favor 36-19. I think we are going to have a telephone.

To go to college was the accepted thing, though whether we actually longed for further education or whether we were influenced by the 'Patty' books and *Betty Wales at College* I really do not know. I too should have been delighted to go to college, but only if I could have done so in style like the girls in the storybooks, with sofa cushions, draperies, a tea table, and a mandolin. I could not afford to go to college under any conditions at all, and I did not mind, really, except that I thought it looked unfashionable when all the rest of my set were making out applications for Vassar, Wellesley, and Radcliffe. My sister had gone to Framingham Normal School, and I think my father could have managed that for me; but Normal

School was not fashionable, and fashion was my goddess. Yet I had to earn my own living, and how could I accomplish that and still stay in style? It was a nice problem to wrestle with and it caused me no end of worry until fortune smiled on me in the unusual guise of an invitation to *The Pink Lady*.

The Pink Lady was a musical comedy which played at the Colonial Theatre in Boston, and with the first strains of the overture I was lost forever to a normal existence. When the final curtain fell, I knew that I had had the finest time of my whole life. The Colonial Theatre had conducted me into a world of magic where all was gay, tuneful, and rosy, and reigning here was the most dazzling of beauties, Hazel Dawn, all pink sequins, satins, and velvets, birds of paradise in her golden hair, and her radiantly sweet smile sweeping us all off our feet.

I had been invited to this matinee by Anna Witham. All the way home on the Wollaston train we talked of nothing but the wondrous *Pink Lady* and hummed over the strains of 'Beautiful Lady,' and 'On the Banks of the Saskatchewan.' I spent that night with Anna, and even after we had gone to bed we still talked of Hazel Dawn. Next morning we each wrote her a letter.

Days of waiting followed, Anna returned to boarding school, and the hoped-for answer from Hazel Dawn had been all but forgotten. The thought of Mr. Mullins delivering a letter from the *Pink Lady* to 14 Elmwood Avenue was really outside the bounds of common sense. Then one day a square white envelope arrived, written in a bold hand with a flourish. It was no writing that I could recognize, which was a rare experience, for my correspondence was so limited that I almost never had to open a letter to find out who it was from. I opened this one, still wondering, then read the signature, 'Hazel Dawn,' and experienced such a sense of good fortune as comes but rarely in one's life.

The letter was just the usual 'Thank you for your nice letter, glad that you enjoyed the show.' I at once made a copy of it and sent it to Anna, asking her to send me a copy of the one that she must have received, but when Anna wrote to me there was no copy enclosed, for Hazel Dawn had not answered her letter. I alone was chosen.

From this moment I knew that I was among the elect, and it gave me a deep sense of responsibility towards my future. Suddenly the idea dawned upon me: With such a remarkable streak of good fortune trailing me, why not go on the stage myself? Who knew but what some day I too could become an actress like Hazel Dawn? With her letter as my talisman there was no telling to what heights I could climb. I'm sure I thought that merely going on the stage would make me look like Hazel Dawn. I should have pink sequins and birds of paradise and a radiant smile of my own. It was true that I had no talent for singing, but I would be doubly wonderful some other way to make up for all such minor disadvantages.

I sparkled my eyes at myself in the big oak mirror of my bureau, split my face into what I hoped was a replica of Hazel's smile, pinched my cheeks to make them look rouged, and got some beet juice to dye my lips in private. All my problems were solved as if by magic, for going on the stage not only would make me a raving beauty but would still permit me to stay stylish. If I went to Normal School or Business College, that meant that I *had* to work, but to go on the stage was something that even society people had been known to do, and everyone knew they never did anything because they needed money.

All this had happened over a year ago, and since then I had never wavered from my decision. My mother had almost become used to the idea, and for some time had been urging me to convey the news to my father, but I did not seem able to get up courage for the struggle.

I knew I was going to be an actress no matter what obstacles had to be cleared out of my path, and yet I did not know how I was going to get myself across the gap between Wollaston and Broadway. I wanted to have some definite scheme laid out before I talked to my father, and all I could do at the moment was just stave off all his ideas about me and gymnastics.

But when I came home and said that Mr. Collins had called me down to his office to find out if I was going to college, my mother got worried and said: 'Well, now you've *got* to tell your father, because news'll leak out somehow and your father'd just never get over it if he heard the story from somebody else.'

'But, Mama,' I said, 'he's going to get mad at my not being a physical-culture teacher.'

'Well, never mind. He's got to find out some day, and the sooner the better, so we can relax.'

'But I'd rather wait till some time when I feel like it,' I pleaded.

'If you haven't felt like it in all this time, it's likely you're never going to. You *got* to tell him some time or other, or else how'll you do it? You can't be an actress very well and not have your own father *hear* about it.'

During dinner that night I thought a good deal about it, but I still did not have the heart to bring up the subject. Then suddenly my father said something about the Sargent School of Gymnastics.

'No, Papa,' I said quite boldly. 'I don't want to go there.' And then I got cold feet, but it was too late — the subject was right out in public.

'That so?' said my father. 'Well, what *do* you want to do, then?'

My mother made a series of telegraphic faces at me, the meaning of which I could read all too clearly, but still I avoided the issue and mumbled, 'Oh, I don't know.'

'Why, yes you do, Ruth,' said my mother brightly. 'You tell Papa what's on your mind.'

There was no way out. With my mother turning traitor there seemed no safe spot to cling to. 'I want to go on the stage,' I murmured weakly, with less conviction than the words could ever have conveyed before or since.

This was followed by silence, every moment of which I expected would end in an enraged outburst. Then my father said quietly, almost judicially: 'What makes you think you got the stuff it takes?'

'I don't know,' I said feebly, 'but I guess I can learn it if anybody'll teach it to me.'

'Well, that sounds modest, all right, but how do you know you're cut out for it? It must be a devil of a hard life.'

'Oh, I don't care *how* hard I have to work,' I declared, gaining confidence. 'And I don't care even if I don't succeed right off. A whole lot of famous people made awful beginnings, but I wouldn't mind even if I had to wait five years before I was a star.'

'Well,' said my father, 'no one's tryin' to rush you. I stood by you in everything so far and I guess I can probably see you through this; but what I'm tryin' to get at the root of — don't you have to have some qualifications to be an actress?'

'Well,' I said doggedly, 'I think I *have*.'

'Explain them, then. That's what I'm askin'.'

'Land, Clinton, how's she going to know till she tries it? She's got all sorts of artistic leanings. Mrs. Moorehouse always said she put a whole lot into her piano pieces, and I guess certain things you got to trust in the Lord.'

'Lord or no Lord, when you get up in meetin' you got to deliver the goods. I don't have to be no actor to know that. I can tell *that* from bein' an audience. What have you got that'll interest people? You must have *some* rough notions on the subject.'

'Well, I don't know if I can explain how I feel. All I know is I just do want to be an actress.'

'Well, how do you figure on settin' about it? Would you start doin' your actin' in Boston, or would you have to be goin' away from home?'

'Oh, I don't know. I hadn't thought about all that,' I lied, feeling the subject had got launched so peaceably I was loath to run it on shoals.

'Why, yes you do know, too,' prompted my mother, whose usual amenability seemed to have got mislaid somewhere. 'You tell Papa about Doris Olsson and how she's going to speak to John Craig for you.' And then the whole story came out, of how I had written to Miss Olsson to find out about the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, but how it seemed likely now that, with Miss Olsson's help, I might be able to start in any minute at the Castle Square Theatre.

'What! Miss finishin' your schoolin'?' asked my father, startled. 'No, Ruth, whatever you do, don't never agree to any notion like that.'

'Well, on the stage,' I argued, 'every single minute counts. You can't start early enough, Papa, and I might never get another wonderful chance like acting for John Craig.'

'Who told you all that?'

'Doris Olsson, Clinton. Everyone speaks highly of her, and the very fact that she's taking all this interest in Ruth must mean *something*.'

'Well,' said my father thoughtfully, 'wouldn't some sort of preparation be better? You *still* ain't told me how you're goin' to know how to start actin', spang out of the barrel.'

'Well, Miss Olsson thinks it'll be all right, Papa, and she's going to have me see John Craig, and if he says so, then I guess it'd be all right because he'd know.'

'Maybe so,' said my father, 'but I think some preparation wouldn't hurt none, and that school you mention might set you off on a firmer foundation. I felt the lack of education terrible and I wouldn't like to see you in the same straits.'

'Oh well, Clinton,' interrupted my mother, 'that school costs a lot of money and I don't want to keep on scrimpin' all the days of my life.' My mother's loyalty to my wishes was so obvious that such an attitude fooled no one, least of all my father.

'Well, I see you two got it all worked out between you. All I can say is I ain't never tried to stand in your way or nothin', and I ain't goin' to start now. Of course I don't think life on the stage'd be near so benefitin' as bein' a gymnastic teacher. It ain't a healthy life or an easy one, and my guess is it'll take a whole lot of stayin' power to keep goin'.'

'I don't think you mind hardships if you're doing the thing you want to do,' I said rather grandly.

'That kind of talk's just talkin' through your hat. A thing ain't a hardship unless it is a hardship, otherwise what's the meanin' of the word? Maybe if it's a hardship on account of doin' somethin' you want to do, it's easier to see past it out into clear sailin' — that's all the difference there is between hardships, and don't let this Doris Olsson girl tell you no different. Of course in a way I can see your bein' drawn to the stage. All my people had rovin' blood from away back, and I guess you got it, too, an' I can't deny but what I always enjoyed theatres. Most every time when I got ashore I took in whatever attraction was playin'. I been in some places where I wouldn't ask no lady to accompany me and I also seen the best. I seen Modjeska and Barrett and Booth, and when Booth was actin' Shylock and started to sharpen up his long-bladed knife I never see a man look meaner, even on the Barbary Coast. And them days seafarin' wasn't all brass buttons and salutin'. Back then we had a nice rugged lot of men to deal with, and when you differed with anyone's opinion after sundown you did it with your hand in

clear range of your case knife and your weather eye rovin' to see where was the likeliest exit. But I never seen any man could handle a knife meaner than Booth. Booth and Lotta, I thought, could give them all cards and spades. She was a cute little tyke. Once when the *Austria* was layin' in at Frisco I went and served as a stage hand at Lotta's theatre to get to see her close to. She was all right! Fine woman, those associated with her told me, and I didn't see nothin' to lead me to believe different.'

'Why, Clinton, I never knew you did that. Lordy, what won't you have done next!'

'I did it again, once on another occasion. That time I helped push stuff around for Booth. That was Frisco too, but not the same voyage. The Golden Gate's a great sight. I can't think of any I ever saw finer. I ain't seen much inland, but I don't have to, to know they couldn't be no landscape to beat the Golden Gate.' My father's face took on a moody look and my mother hurried to bring him back to his former subject.

'Well, my! That must have been interesting, working around those theatres. Booth, I guess, was the finest actor. I wish I could have seen him near by.'

'He was great, all right. His first wife lies buried over to Dorchester. Well, I guess there's decent people in the theatre just like any other place. But all I say is, from my own personal experience of knockin' round the world, when you get off on your travels there's more temptation browsin' round than you're likely to run up against at home. But all the same I never wanted to be a still-water sailor and I guess you're some like me. If you want to go on the stage I suppose you know what you're talkin' about, but promise me one thing, Ruth: don't never let me hear of you performin' in any place where they sell hard liquor.'

COLLOQUY FOR THE STATES

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

THERE's talk says Illinois.

Is there says Iowa.

There's talk on the east wind says Illinois.

Talk about what says Dakota says Kansas says Arkansas.

Can't make out: too far east says Michigan.

East of the roosters says Indiana.

East of the
Morning crows says Ohio.

East says York State.

East still says Connecticut: on east.

It's down east from here says Massachusetts.

It's east of the Quoddy says Maine but I hear it.

Hear
What says Texas.

What can you hear says Virginia.

Can't be sure says Maine. Surf on the reefs.
Ice pounding away on the pans in Penobscot.

Listen says Oregon.

Scoop your ear says Kentucky.

Can't tell says Maine. Too much fog.
Bells on the Old Orchard. Horns at Ogunquit.

Listen says Mississippi.

Try to says Texas.

Lean your lug to the loo'ard says Massachusetts.

It's tall talk says Maine. It's tall talking —
Tall as a calf in a fog.

Call it says Arkansas.

It's mean talk says Maine. It's mouthy meaning.

Mean about what says Nebraska.

Mean about us.

What about us says Kentucky says Texas says Idaho.

I gather they don't like us says Maine.

Do

Tell says Connecticut.

I vum says New Hampshire.

I gather we've low ways says Maine.

That

So says Kansas.

Take my seat says Michigan.

It's how we marry says Maine. We ain't choosers.
We scramble them up and we mingle them in. We marry the
Irish girls with the shoes with the quick come-after.
We marry the Spaniards with the evening eyes.
We marry the English with the tiptoe faces.
We marry the golden Swedes: the black Italians:
The German girls with the thick knees: the Mexicans
Lean and light in the sun with the jingling and jangling:
The Chileñas for luck: the Jews for remembrance: the Scots girls
Tall as a tall man — silver as a salmon:
The French with the skillful fingers: the long loves.
I gather we marry too many says Maine: too various.
I gather we're bad blood: we're mixed people.

That what they say says Texas.

That's what they're saying.

What's in their soup says Arkansas: what they been eating?

What's in their hair says Maryland.

Aren't they men:

Can't they make it with strangers says Alabama.

Are they shy says Missouri.

Or what says Montana.

I gather they're

Bred pure says Maine: they're superior people.

Have they seen our kids says York State: the tall girls
 The small elegant breasts they have like Egyptians
 The long legs with the delicate slender bones
 And the wrists supple and small as a man's three fingers —
 The way they walk on the world with their narrow heels?
 You can tell them anywhere: tell them in any country —
 The height of their heads and the tilt of their heels when they walk:
 A head higher than most: a hand smaller.

Have they raced our boys says Michigan — fast as black snakes:
 Quick on the gun as quail: the sweet striders:
 The watchful lads in the lead: dangerous followers:
 Strong hearts in the stretch home. Have they beaten them?

I gather they haven't says Maine. I gather we're mixed
 Bloods: they don't take to us.

Don't they says Kansas.

Have they seen our towns says Kansas: seen our wheat:
 Seen our flat cars in the Rocky Mountains:
 Seen our four-lane highways: seen our planes
 Silver over the Alleghenies the Lakes
 The big timber the tall corn the horses —
 Silver over the snow-line: over the surf?
 Have they seen our farms says Kansas: and who ploughed them?
 Have they seen our towns says Kansas: and who planned them?
 Have they seen our men says Kansas.

Gather not:

Gather we're bad blood says Maine. They're saying.

Who says says Missouri: who's this saying?

Where from says Montana: where's he from?

Where from: who says Georgia.

Can't make out.

Way east: east of the Rhine it might be.

The wind veers says Maine. I don't make out.

East of the Rhine: so that's it says Montana.

The pure-bloods by the Rhine says Carolina.

The blood we left behind us says Wisconsin.

The blood we left behind us when we left:

The blood afraid of travel says Nevada.

The blood afraid of changes says Kentucky.

The blood afraid of strangers says Vermont: —

Strange stars and strange women: the two of them.

The blood that never hankered for a strange one: —

A dark one says Dakota with strange hair.

Stayed home and married their kin says Missouri.

Married their cousins who looked like their mothers says Michigan.

So that's all: east of the Rhine says Wisconsin.

So that's all says Arkansas: all for that —

All for the pure-bred boys afraid of strangers.

Surf on the reefs says Maine: ice on Penobscot. . . .

There's talk says Iowa.

Talk says Illinois.

Bells on the Old Orchard: bells at Ogunquit. . . .

Clash of corn in the wind says Illinois.

THE KILLERS

A Short Introduction to American History

BY EDWARD A. RICHARDS

THE pattern in general is red and black,
The red for blood and the black for law,
Each good according to whose it is.
Coming, they killed whatever they saw
Or captured for curiosities.
The bears were black and the men were red
And red the women and girls and boys.
They killed them all, or nearly all.
The song of the arrow and musket-ball
Filled the years with a sighing noise.
The bear, the deer, the wolf, the boar,
The bison, the fox, the turkey, the duck,
The dark-skinned women and girls; till sore
And beaten, at last the land said yes.
And thus across the bloody years
Ended the work of the pioneers.

So the land said yes. And they killed the trees,
The grass, the grass-roots, the soil itself.
They dirtied the rivers and dried the streams
That had mirrored too many early dreams.
Men who go and kill where they please,
Who use what they own for power and pelf,
Forget that the earth will ask redress.
They took what the earth had made of old,
The copper and silver and iron and oil,
The coal and the innermost streak of gold,
And rotted the ground with the blood of toil.
For men who own and use what they please
Use their own people like enemies.

First they bought them and then they sold
And for the rest they crushed their hearts.
The deepest and bitterest draught in the cup:
Men are the last to be used up.
After the earth is long subdued
Man will remain to be man's food.

REMEMBERING WOODROW WILSON

BY EDWARD A. RICHARDS

AND when he died the flesh that was young in us died too.
Not our own young flesh alone that died but flesh of the nation
Beginning to harden and smooth in the folds of the middle years.

Wise American, ignorant European,
Loosed to the cockpit bare of his raking spurs,
Where the centuries' blood had made slow warts in the dust,
And Varus and Louis and Frederick
And Marlborough, Foch, and Pétain,
And Hindenburg, Cæsar, Napoleon,
Mackensen, Kitchener, and Haig
Never gave back their legions.
For blood is not blood, it is wine
That empire drinks at the noon of its casual chores.

He thought that the blood of eight million men
Had wiped out the blood of the millions before,
He dreamed the final binding of wounds.
He forgot the habit and hunger of power.
He forgot that blood does not matter, — nor ruin,
Nor disease, nor starvation, nor wreck, nor despair.
For these are what power expects and provides for
Under the silken decay of its phrases.

Now that injury, vengeance, and fear are written as news,
We should remember him, beaten and jeered in his dream.

And remembering know we are different, but free to admire
The wisdom and foresight and vision of all the great statesmen
Who have wiped our minds clean of all but affection for power.

We dance and we sing on these American shores
Not as a light to the nations. (How pale the light was!)
The question is what to do with us. *And how without?*

RETURN

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

THE alien, tortured mind goes back,
Recalls those quiet hills, the falling apricots, the quail.

Returns to that still valley in the night,
The white thorn apples in the dark,
The wild white clover in the sun.

There quiet and changeless in those pastures,
The warm white oat fields and the cold sweet corn,
Ends the black spirit's eyeless flight,
Ends the black fever, and the fever's light,
Dies in the slow leaf-searching sound of rain.

Under the white stars and the silence,
Walking the cold grass of those hills,
The dry leaf lives, the monster dies,
The savage heart that knows its own
Grows still.

PAUL REYNAUD

BY CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH

I

FRANCE, of all European countries, has staged the most amazing revival. Confronted by mortal danger, the French people have belied those prophets of despair who called her decadent, even moribund. They are rallying with fighting spirit around the symbols which have made their country great.

France has always been something of a riddle to foreign observers. She is something of a mystery to herself. Her tradition is full of paradoxes, and her own sons have spoken of her now with boundless enthusiasm, now with sardonic bitterness. As with all truly human beings, her strength and her foibles defy logic. The easy slogans about national character lead to a maze of contradictions.

When I was in France in the spring of 1938, all was gloom and uncertainty. Early in April the Blum Cabinet had fallen. Frantic yet unsuccessful efforts at forming a National Union Government after the seizure of Austria by the Nazis had ended in failure. Austria's surrender had been a terrible shock to French prestige. It was, as so often happens, this defeat in foreign policy that 'finished' the Socialist régime of the Front Populaire, while the lingering ruins of the great International Exhibition stood as a painful reminder to French bourgeois pocketbooks that the government of Léon Blum had been expensive. And the French do watch their pennies.

France felt herself weak and at the mercy of Adolf Hitler, who in *Mein Kampf* had left no doubt as to his de-

termination to cripple the country he considered the greatest obstacle to his own domination over Europe. Was Hitler a new Napoleon, more formidable since he had at his disposal the best-disciplined, most highly industrialized, and most scientifically-minded nation of Europe? Some Frenchmen even resented this apparent plagiarism of political methods. One important industrialist, in commenting upon the Austrian coup, remarked in all seriousness: 'This seizure came as a complete surprise. Only a Latin, we supposed, could do a thing like that.' Other Frenchmen, when told about this remark, said that many of their countrymen had admired the way it was done: '*une chose bien faite.*' There was something of the professional soldier's admiration for a brilliant stroke of the sword in their expression. But, since it came from *outré-Rhin*, it was the more alarming when you contrasted such cold-blooded determination with the indecision and weakness of France. As a gifted French business man mockingly said to me, looking out upon the sunny Champs-Élysées: 'If Hitler came riding down this avenue, the sides would be lined with people cheering him on.' A desperate mood, and no doubt a whimsical exaggeration, but characteristic of the French state of mind in the spring of 1938. But things had not as yet come to the worst pass.

The Daladier government of moderate radicals, augmented by some conservatives, came into power in April. Little

was changed at first. In June, French people were saying that all was futile, that the Daladier crowd were worse than the Front Populaire. True, some twenty billions of capital had been flowing back to France in the course of May, but the financial and economic troubles continued unabated. So, after a brief spell of relief, the flight of capital recommenced; unemployment continued; government deficits were met by the printing press, and the prices went on rising. The country seemed less prepared to meet a challenge of the axis powers than ever. The Daladier government dragged along its depressing course, until in September the defeat of Munich seemed to seal its fate. Munich was the more shocking to the *amour-propre* of France as treaties bound her to the support of Czechoslovakia. Clearly France lay helpless at the feet of Hitler. Disgust and bitterness ran high as capital fled and production halted.

Two months later, all that was changed. Capital began to return, industries were starting up, unemployment was falling. What had happened? M. Paul Reynaud had taken over the Ministry of Finance to carry out his Three-Year Plan. Who is this man, too little known as yet to the outside world, but the real power behind the new financial and economic policies of the French Government of today? To understand his program and his action, we have to know the man.

Small of stature, Paul Reynaud is, like many small men, laden with energy. He is frank and open, and dresses like an American, without a vest. As you enter his room he comes forward to meet you, his steel-gray eyes fixed upon you in a friendly grin. He grips your hand firmly, unhesitatingly. I noticed that his suit was rather informal, darkish green, with a shirt to match, his tie of a dark red, well chosen to set off the green of the suit. There is nothing stuffy or pompous about him, nothing of the *Monsieur le Ministre* which so often greets you in French officials, even before they 'ar-

rive.' One can readily believe that he is welcome in certain fashionable salons, along with M. Léon Blum; the two men, politically so far apart, maintain very amicable personal relations.

Paul Reynaud is the scion of a well-to-do family from Barcelonnette, a small town near Grenoble. One likes to think that here the distinguishing features of the sturdy Alpine stock have combined with the intelligence and resourcefulness of the French *Midi*, reinforced by the verve and magnanimity of Spanish blood from Barcelona. At any rate, the proprietary families of Barcelonnette derive their wealth from a strange, outlandish source: they have owned and developed many of the large department stores in Mexico. These transoceanic business contacts, presumably started in the days when the ill-fated Maximilian sought to set up his imperial throne in Mexico under the ægis of the Third Napoleon, have undoubtedly given them a wider horizon than is commonly found in small provincial towns.

Paul Reynaud did not go into the business of his family. He became a corporation lawyer, and soon went into politics. His political life, however, has been that of the lone wolf. His domineering temper, backed by a very superior intelligence, has always chafed at the curbs which group loyalties inevitably impose. In France, where all politics is a matter of personal loyalties, diffused through small groups, this is even more of a handicap than elsewhere. But Reynaud's abilities are so extraordinary that he soon became what is known as a *député ministrable*, a member of the Chamber of Deputies who might be considered for a cabinet post, particularly as regard for his ability was reinforced by regard for his very considerable fortune. It is rarely a handicap in politics to have extra money to spend, least of all in France. Though roughly and generally associated with the conservative groups on the right, his ever-readiness to strike out along his own path, as his candid,

rational mind suggested, has given him a unique position. For years it has been the rôle of Cassandra.

Reynaud takes considerable pleasure in the many occasions when his hard-headed pessimism made him right. He was in the United States just before the great crash; on the boat he predicted it to one prominent American banker. His reasoning, as always, was rather simple, almost rustic. 'It is unsound to borrow money at 10 per cent to buy stocks yielding 2 per cent.' But, unlike many other men who had their eye on the stock exchange, Reynaud foresaw the long duration of the crisis. In March 1931, when he was in the ministry of Laval, he almost ridiculed Tardieu's optimism that saw prosperity just around the corner. He wrote a letter to *Le Temps* in which he said that France would be in the throes of the depression before long — a most unpopular idea at a time when many Frenchmen were flattering themselves that they were not going to be troubled by the disasters of the spendthrift and reckless Americans, the Empire-burdened Britishers.

In this same period, Paul Reynaud took a vigorous stand in favor of devaluation. He thought it unwise for France not to follow suit when the pound sterling, *la maîtresse des échanges*, had been devaluated, and positively foolish after America had also abandoned the gold standard. But his own conservative friends were unalterably opposed to looking the facts in the face, and at one of these bitter debates a cabinet colleague almost cried as he shouted at Reynaud, 'You have destroyed a cathedral!' Paul Reynaud has never been afraid to face the facts. Soon after the war, when it became apparent that the economically crippled German Republic would not be able to pay reparations, Reynaud was one of the few who advocated the acceptance of Rathenau's scheme to have the devastated regions rebuilt by German workers. As usual, his was a voice crying in the wilderness.

Reynaud's grasp of economic and monetary problems is so incisive that one naturally wonders about the sources of his deeper insight. For in our complex society the ablest men are always those who realize the need for advice and counsel from specialists. For all the mocking about the brain trust, it is generally acknowledged that the underlying idea was sound, indeed of permanent significance, though there is no particular advantage in having such advisers flaunted before the public. M. Reynaud has a few brilliant younger men associated with him as his personal staff — an arrangement which is facilitated by the French tradition that each cabinet minister shall have a rather extensive personally appointed secretariat, his *cabinet*.

M. Reynaud also owes a great deal to a brilliant banker-economist, M. Istel, a man of wide international experience and real insight. M. Istel is somewhat critical today of Reynaud's policy; he feels that Reynaud has become too conservative, under the influence of his great staff of professional civil servants in the Ministry of Finance, and that he tends to subordinate the economic problems to fiscal considerations. In fact, Istel insists that France today is pursuing an actually deflationary policy; he points to the fact that bank deposits have risen from 115 to 130 billions, while loans have declined from 65 to 26 billions, if calculated on the basis of relative gold content of the franc. In keeping with this, Istel claimed that real wages in France had fallen between 1936 and 1938. Nor would he allow that French capital had returned as a result of the government's policy. He pointed out that most of the French capital came back because the enterprisers actually had to have the cash, and that at best it was only a small percentage of what had left. M. Istel estimates that 140 billions actually left, while only about 25 billions returned. Hence the French economy was laboring within a strait jacket of capital shortage.

It is difficult to assess these views definitively, as economists violently disagree on some of the fundamental issues involved. What matters politically is that M. Reynaud, as always, followed his own head in deciding what policy to pursue. This is as it should be; advisers who become controllers are very dubious assets.

II

Whether you agree with him or not, you have to acknowledge that Paul Reynaud has one of the keenest heads amongst European politicians today. This superior intellectual equipment is reinforced by great industry and strength of will. He works in a very interesting fashion. Not trusting to the vagaries of even an excellent memory, he continually makes notes about points which seem to him of special significance. Menu cards are often covered with his handsome, strong writing. These notes he makes the basis of more elaborate office memoranda, written out by hand too, on large foolscap. These memoranda show a man of intense creative energy, for they are full of corrections, additions, emendations. They also reveal a very systematic mind; invariably they are carefully organized, with each point labeled 1, 2, 3, and A, B, C.

Such memoranda for new legislation or alterations in present policy are given to his special collaborators, one a brilliant young lawyer, the other an economist-statistician, whose task it is to draft legislation based upon these general conceptions. As a result of his industry, Paul Reynaud has become the dynamo behind the present government, continually pushing it into new fields of emergency effort by presenting the cabinet with carefully worked out proposals for legislative and administrative action. As every governmental activity has a fiscal aspect, the Minister of Finance is, of course, in a peculiarly advantageous position for such continuous initiative. Unlike our system, with a separate

budget bureau under the President, the French system assigns the budgetary problem to the Minister of Finance, so that Raymond Poincaré, when he wanted to reconstruct the finances of France in 1926, took on that ministry in addition to his position as Prime Minister.

Today, as a result of Reynaud's vigorous and dynamic leadership, the Ministry of Finance has once more become the 'planning centre' of French economic reconstruction, and here the crucial decisions for the Three-Year Plan are made.

The Three-Year Plan reveals that France is no longer living under a functioning parliamentary system. Mockingly, a French historian remarked to me, 'The trouble with our parliament is that it works when it doesn't work, but doesn't work when it works.' From the spring of 1938 until November 15 of that year, parliament abdicated its powers to the government, gave it *plein pouvoir* — that is, the full power to make *décrets lois*. These decree laws may, of course, like any laws, be changed or abrogated by parliament when it reassembles, but, as the winter showed, the French parliament found it no easier than the German parliament to abrogate such emergency measures once they were on the statute books. And after Hitler seized Prague, in March of this year, the government demanded and received another *plein pouvoir* which it has recently used to prolong the life of the present parliament until 1942. Should we conclude that France has already abandoned parliamentary democracy? There are not a few observers who would claim that. There is, indeed, no precedent in the history of the Third Republic for such governmental extension of the life of a parliament which happens to support it — in peacetime. But may it not be argued — as it certainly is argued — that, though no mass killings are taking place, Europe is actually at war? Certainly, from a fiscal standpoint, the situation is dominated everywhere by gigantic and possibly bankrupting efforts

at armament outlays which vastly exceed national resources. M. Paul Reynaud's entire policy is in fact dominated by considerations of foreign policy and national preparedness.

On the wall opposite his desk, in the ornate office of the Tuileries Palace, Paul Reynaud keeps constantly in view the map of Europe which Nazi propagandists have dotted with red spots, claiming half of Europe as rightfully theirs. I was much struck by this discovery, and consider it very significant; for I have myself reprinted this map in my *Foreign Policy in the Making*. It reveals at one glance the aggressive conception of Nazi domination throughout Europe. You would not expect such a map in the office of the Minister of Finance. It shows that he looks upon his job as that of fortifying France for the inevitable hour when she meets Nazi ambitions on the battlefield. As he said in his great speech in which he urged French workers not to support the general strike: 'A year ago, on my return from a trip through Germany feeling the imminence of the peril, I said publicly that the fate of liberty in Europe depended upon the production of our war-material factories, and in order to develop them I demanded unanimity in France. You know what it has cost us not to have succeeded in establishing it. All I have done in the three weeks since I have taken over the Ministry of Finance I have done in order to make you strong. I do not want my country to be an ideal enemy for some, and for others a dubious ally.'

When Paul Reynaud took over the Ministry of Finance, on November 2, 1938, he had less than a fortnight left for transforming his ideas into decree laws. For the government's *plein pouvoir* expired on the fifteenth, as I have said. Nor could Reynaud be sure of the support of his cabinet colleagues; many distrusted him, considering him a social conservative and a nationalist, not without good reason. In fact, the Ministry of Finance was not offered to Reynaud

by Daladier until Reynaud had tendered his resignation, demanding that the plan of the then Minister of Finance, M. Marchandeau, for an exchange control should be abandoned. Reynaud's argument was very simple: 'Exchange may be a solution for Herr Schacht and the German economy, because they owe a lot of money, and so exchange control meant simply that they would not pay any more. But we are a creditor nation, and hence exchange control would amount to telling the others that they need not pay any more.'

But of course the issue was really how to stop the flight of capital after Munich. Reynaud was of opinion that you should stop it by making capitalists feel safe in France, not by forbidding them to go elsewhere. After considerable haggling, primarily over Reynaud's insistence that the forty-hour policy must be modified, he became Minister of Finance, having won out in his fight for a recognition of the view which he had already pressed in the spring when negotiating with Léon Blum for the establishing of a National Union Cabinet: 'You cannot pursue a policy of vast and expensive social improvements and at the same time expect the country to get prepared for a life-and-death struggle with a power twice the size of your own in men and resources.'

In the months past Reynaud has coined and popularized some sharp slogans: the state spending vast sums for public works he denounced as Santa Claus, and the forty-hour week he dubbed the 'two-Sunday' week. His entry into the Ministry of Finance meant good-bye to the ideas of the Front Populaire. He was ready to face the anger of the trade-unions or anyone else, if necessary. In response to the dangers of Fascist-Nazi aggression France had produced another fighting incarnation of her Jacobin tradition, the tradition which had produced Robespierre, Gambetta, Clemenceau. Undisturbed by oratory, though capable of it to a high degree, Reynaud felt sure that an attempt at a general strike such

as the Socialists threatened was merely bluff and would fail miserably. Reynaud had, in fact, been ready to meet such a strike in April. But the time was not ripe for it then, in the opinion of Daladier and the Radical Socialist command, and that is why Reynaud had refused to shoulder the responsibility for the Ministry of Finance at that time. For him, it was all or nothing. Since he conceived the Ministry of Finance as the central planning office from which to set right not only the budget but the national economy, he had to wait.

III

In order fully to appreciate what Paul Reynaud has done, it is necessary to remember the condition of France in October 1938, after the Munich Pact was signed and sealed. The fatal weakness of the country was manifest enough, but what were its distinguishing features? France's difficulties were partly economic, partly fiscal. The lack of morale and the lack of military preparedness were factors of only secondary importance, one can say in retrospect, for both were rectified as soon as the economic and fiscal difficulties had been faced. The fiscal weakness had its roots in the attempt to combine far-flung public works with armaments on an unprecedented scale.

To deal with this problem, Reynaud put a stop to new public works, thus saving two or three billions, on the assumption that the slack would be taken up by armaments. In a careful exposition of his policy, before the Senate on December 28, 1938, he made perfectly clear his conviction that these public works stood in the way of effective armament. He recalled Lloyd George's famous remark that it is better to pay a worker who works than to support an unemployed man who does nothing. A seductive idea, he exclaimed, but unfortunately it is wrong: because, he argued, such publicly supported work projects draw needed

workers away from industries which produce consumable goods. He pointed to the rising scale: 4 billions in 1931, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in 1934, $6\frac{1}{2}$ billions in 1936. He cited another illustration: in 1928, when France was prosperous, she spent 74 millions on rural roads; in 1938, after seven years of depression, this item had risen to 279 millions. Likewise, in 1928, 80 millions were spent for schoolhouses; in 1938, 544 millions. He cited the various forms of government aid for agriculture and industry which had been adopted. He was not unsympathetic; he frankly admitted that 'the reasons given for each one of these projects are quite respectable when considered by themselves. . . . But it is the entirety of these interests when taken together which is contrary to the public interest, because it is fatal for the finances of the nation.' So out they went.

Another phase of fiscal difficulties was the increase in the number of permanent officials. In two years, he pointed out, the government had created 240,000 jobs. To cope with this situation, another decree law provided that no new officials would be recruited for the time being; a special committee was created to see where jobs vacated by retiring officials might be eliminated altogether. This technique has, as a matter of fact, been pursued in Switzerland with a considerable measure of success. The new committee was significantly called the Axe Committee: it was to slash where possible. Of course, it is clear that an expanding government service cannot avoid putting on more men to do the work, but there existed a widespread feeling in France that many more men had been put on than were necessary.

Much more difficult than the fiscal was the economic problem. The economic weakness had four major aspects, all of which were, in Paul Reynaud's view, traceable to dubious interferences on the part of the government which should be rectified. This is not, of course, a difficulty peculiar to France. All reasonable persons in all the highly

industrialized countries are agreed that governmental interference is well-nigh inescapable where frictions develop in the economy. But our insight into social processes is so limited that we often find upon making an experiment that the secondary and tertiary effects of a measure calculated to correct a certain evil bring in their train greater evils than the one originally causing the disturbance. Lazy and reactionary minds draw from this experience the conclusion that it is best to let well enough alone and do nothing, but the good sense of most men urges them on to new and more elaborate experiments.

The factor making for greatest weakness in the economy was, in Paul Reynaud's view, the forty-hour week. The reason he so definitely rejected the forty-hour week was that it increased the cost of production throughout the economy. It also tended to introduce rigidities into the labor market, so that men would stay in a relatively less important industry rather than move where they were most needed. In his speech before the Senate, Reynaud specially referred to the fact that the railroads had absorbed 70,000 agricultural workers who were badly needed in the fields. But he did not at first make any frontal attack upon the forty-hour principle — in fact, he insisted repeatedly that the principle stood entirely unaltered. He attacked two features, however, which he called 'vices of application.' One was the practical impossibility of securing men to do overtime, even where it was urgently required in bottleneck industries; the other was the fact that 'in the majority of cases it was not a question of forty hours of work, but of forty hours of presence.' He cited an establishment under the Ministry of Finance where the actual work hours had fallen to thirty-two. The problem of overtime was very serious; it clearly had to be adjusted to the changing demands in industry. For instance, there was a shortage of labor in airplane factories, yet the thirty-five-

hour week was sufficient to keep the railroads in operation. In order to cope with these difficulties, it was provided that men should work six days instead of five, and should work overtime without undue increase in the hourly rate of pay.

These measures of the decree laws were clearly directed against labor and against the trade-unions that had secured the forty-hour week. The unions sought to coerce the government into abandoning these plans by declaring a general strike. We all know today that this strike failed miserably. Why, then, was it declared? Did the trade-union leaders not know their own men? The prevailing opinion of well-informed men seems to be that the trade-union command, Jouhaux and his associates of the powerful C. G. T. (*Confédération Générale de Travail*), as well as the Socialist leaders, knew very well that it could not succeed, but unfortunately the trade-union secretaries throughout the length and breadth of the land did not realize the position they were in. They did not see why they should back down, instead of fighting such ruthless action against their most cherished achievements. It must also be remembered that the Communist-Marxist elements are a powerful group in the French trade-union movement, and they perceived here a golden opportunity for embarrassing the more conservative elements within the unions, first by forcing them to argue the weak line of surrender, and afterwards by attributing their failure to weakness and indecision. Hence there has recently been a marked increase in Communist strength throughout the industries in the 'free sector' of production. But Paul Reynaud did not propose to be daunted by such considerations; for him it was decided that France could not be put on a war footing with the forty-hour week, and that settled it.

The second great weakness of the French economy was the marked lack of capital and a corresponding rise in interest rates. This capital shortage, in the opinion of Reynaud and his advisers, was

due to the flight of capital as well as to the government's own capital requirements. Like a sponge, the government absorbed all available resources, and thus retarded the starting of new enterprises, as well as the modernization of old ones. In order to open up private credit and break this vicious circle, the government simply made a declaration in which it promised to float no more loans for six months. Some taxes were also reduced. The government could venture upon this promise because of the abandoning of public works.

The third troublesome aspect was the continuous rise in prices. This Reynaud believed to be due to increases in the cost of production, plus such special factors as the agricultural price-fixing arrangements. On the monetary side, it was reflected in the continuous printing of new money to cover the government's deficits. In order to loosen up this price structure, control of wholesale prices was given up, and only that of retail prices retained. The idea was to benefit production, and allow producers the margin of profit. To the outsider, it is not very clear how appreciable advantages can be derived for any length of time from such a paradoxical arrangement, but then it was readily admitted by those concerned that very large unsolved difficulties were looming in this field of governmental planning.

Though it was generally acknowledged that the rigidities in the labor market were probably the most serious obstacle to the smooth running of the entire industrial machine, no very drastic steps were taken immediately to cope with these difficulties. Here again France is facing a situation which is common to all highly industrialized countries. The so-called bottlenecks of industrial production are looming large in Germany, England, even the United States, and professional economists everywhere are coming to insist that you may have large unemployment along with a serious shortage of skilled labor — indeed, para-

doxically enough, the labor shortage may to a considerable extent be responsible for unemployment. The failure of one highly specialized factory manufacturing a particular gadget may hold up a great deal of industrial production which depends directly or indirectly upon that particular gadget. All that the November decrees did was to charge the Axe Committee with studying these bottlenecks and devising plans for a more effective distribution of labor.

IV

What has happened to France as a consequence of these decrees? An answer to this vital question is not easy to give, particularly since opinion in France is sharply divided. Leftist papers and magazines have been exceedingly critical, and have insisted right along that the Reynaud decrees are a pseudo-Fascist plan for benefiting the rich at the expense of the poor. They have cited the undeniable evidence of increased work as part of a general indictment. The actual evidence is somewhat contradictory. Workers in the armament industry and its auxiliaries are much better paid than, say, textile workers. But they also have to work harder.

Reynaud and his aides seem to be well pleased with the result of their measures. On the sixth of March, Reynaud drew a balance sheet of the first four months of his Three-Year Plan in a speech which was broadcast throughout the land. Proudly he contrasted the effect of his decrees with the effect of Poincaré's twelve years earlier. He had brought about a decline in the interest rates, which his great predecessor had failed to do. At the same time, savings-bank deposits had increased over 3 billions, as contrasted with 200 millions. He noted an ever-increasing return of gold — in fact, he could point with pride to the fact that France, of all continental countries, was the only one gaining additional gold reserves. In keeping with this general

picture he noted a marked improvement in the government's credit, as indubitably expressed in markedly lower interest rates.

To show how speculation had been reduced, Reynaud gave the example of three brothers: one had bought pounds sterling in November, and had lost 275 francs and interest on 20,000 francs; another had put his 20,000 francs into a savings bank and had earned 200 francs interest; the third had put his confidence in the French Government and bought treasury notes, and this patriot had gained 4000 francs in addition to his 300 francs interest. I for one fail to see how this shows the end of speculation, though I can see how it does prove that the French Government's credit has risen sharply. I fear that those who point with indignation to the large profits made on the stock exchange, particularly in stocks of the armament industry, have a good deal to support their position. It is another question whether such gains can, at the present time, be considered a very valid argument against the policy of Reynaud. The increase in production and the relative decline in unemployment were urged by Reynaud as further proofs of the efficacy of his measures. He did not dwell upon the fact that in some industries men must now work up to 55 and even 60 hours.

No sooner had Paul Reynaud drawn his rather encouraging balance sheet than Hitler administered another crushing blow to France and Britain by seizing Prague. Feeling apparently unprepared, the Daladier government neither declared war nor resigned. Instead, it asked on March 19 for another *plein pouvoir*. Parliament readily granted the new powers, because it felt utterly unable to cope with the tasks of further retrenchment in social reform, further armament, and war preparation. But, whatever Hitler may have gained in destroying Czechoslovakia, he certainly galvanized France and her government into making more comprehensive efforts.

Thus the second step of Paul Reynaud's 'plan' was reached on April 21, when a new batch of decree laws carried further the ideas initiated in November. It was now admittedly a matter of putting the French economy upon a war footing.

On the fiscal side, the drastic suppression of all public works in favor of armament was pushed further. At the same time, ruthless reforms in local finance were instituted in some of the big cities, and the government and administration of Paris and Marseille were completely overhauled. Bucking even the pressure of the formidable farmers' organizations, the government limited its price guaranty for grain to such amounts as were needed for domestic consumption. Anyone who knows French politics must appreciate the revolution this step involved. Another radical measure touching the tenure of civil servants was pushed through when it was provided that government employees could be transferred to private enterprise or retired, either on half salary or upon the payment of a capital sum amounting to ten times the annual salary. Provision was made for coercing industries to take on such officials where the government considered it desirable. Finally, a heavy sales tax of one per cent on all sales was adopted to pay for the additional armaments. This tax, I was told, is expected to yield six billions. No wonder bankers like M. Istel are suggesting that France is deflating, in spite of all appearances to the contrary.

Although not intrinsically very important, it is amusing to learn of a rather ingenious device for tracking down income-tax evasions: a fixed scale of probable income has been established, according to which certain external signs, like the number of servants, automobiles, and the size of the home, are indicative of a certain amount of income, and if the declaration is less than that an explanation is required. More power to the miser!

Altogether, it is clear that M. Reynaud

is not afraid of drastic steps involving a more radical departure from nineteenth-century individualism than the Socialists ever dared propose. It shows that the integrated totalitarian war machine in Germany is forcing France (as well as England) into adopting certain similar methods.

In the economic sphere, the ideas of the November decrees have likewise been enlarged and expanded. The forty-hour principle was openly discarded in the April decrees, and the forty-five-hour principle substituted for it. What is perhaps even more important, workers are obliged to do overtime at a rate only 5 per cent higher than the regular rate. This means that a worker doing 8 hours at 8 francs an hour, and hence receiving 64 francs for his ordinary workday, would, if asked to do two hours' overtime, receive an additional 16.80 a day. And he is more or less obliged to work overtime if asked. The April decrees further provided that there should be no increases in wages, owing to rising prices, if the wages received for forty-five hours of work were sufficient to buy what the wages for forty bought before. Still, retail prices in Paris had not risen more than 1.76 per cent between November and March. In those industries where the armament boom has had no appreciable effect — like textiles, for instance — the workers continue to be badly off. This, I was told on excellent authority, is the main reason for the spread of Communism in the so-called free sector of the economy.

But the workers are not alone in feeling the rigor of the war economy in the making. A rather drastic measure was introduced to compel management to collaborate with the government in planning national production. The Ministry of Labor was given power to forbid an industry in a given department (administrative district) or field to hire additional labor without consulting the Minister. This big stick, called the *droit de priorité*, has so far been used, how-

ever, only as a threat to manipulate the distribution of labor. It is clear that the weak spot in this picture is the price system. Reynaud and his aides seem confident that they will be able to deal effectively with this difficulty. But in view of the insuperable difficulties which have been encountered elsewhere, even in totalitarian régimes, it is well to await developments. Paul Reynaud is confident of his strength. Smilingly he told me that he had, of course, been warned time and again, by friends and enemies alike, that where Blum, Flandin, and Marchandeau had failed, he would fail too. But, he added, 'I shall not fail.'

Reynaud's confidence in his program is a very important help in making it a success. Up to the time of his entry into the Ministry of Finance, France had been paralyzed by fear and disillusionment. Why, then, is he not Prime Minister? The answer can be found only in political and personal terms. As pointed out before, he is not a good politician in the ordinary sense. His support in the Chamber of Deputies is not nearly so great as that of the regular Radical Socialist Daladier. It is the emergency in which France finds herself that is giving Reynaud his chance. Without it the politicians would probably not bother with so inconvenient a man. In the Republic of Good Fellows (*Camarades*) which de Jouvenel has so sardonically described, he is an outsider.

But this does not mean that Paul Reynaud suffers from false modesty. Like any man with the will to do things, he has what the French call the taste for power. I doubt whether there is any love lost between Reynaud and Daladier or Sarraut. And as for Bonnet, I feel certain that Reynaud holds him in contempt for his weak-kneed foreign policy. Indeed, there were rumors abroad that Reynaud originally made it a condition of his staying with Daladier that Bonnet should go. But Daladier seems inexplicably attached to this dubious compromiser.

Reynaud's weakness in the Chamber of Deputies is enhanced by his electoral difficulties. Holding the seat for the very centre of Paris, the first *arrondissement*, which stretches behind the Palais Royal, he almost lost the last election by his uncompromising stand in favor of devaluation. I talked with quite a few of the small shopkeepers in the district; his electoral support seemed greater than at the time of the last election. But, since the government has decreed the continued existence of the present parliament, it does not immediately matter.

Should we be justified in concluding that France, governed by the constitutional dictatorship of the Daladier-Reynaud Cabinet, is resembling the German Republic in the days of Dr. Heinrich Brüning? The analogy is tempting and often made. But there are several profound differences, apart from France's much longer tradition of effective self-government. First, and perhaps most important, there is no large-scale Fascist movement in the country preparing to take over the government. There is no Treaty of Versailles to rail against. There is no president, supported by an army, who at bottom is hostile to the republican régime and under the influence of a clique of reactionaries seeking to hamper the actual government. And it is fortunate that a simple government decree can postpone elections rather than have them multiplied. All these considerations, and many less important ones, suggest that no rash analogies should be drawn between the two situations.

Probably the most decisive difference, however, is the great Jacobin tradition in France which merges progressive and conservative forces in time of national peril. As Paul Reynaud said, at the time of the general strike, '*Personne en France n'a de droit contre la Nation.*' Reynaud, the ardent nationalist, has never wavered in his patriotic fervor. Ever since Hitler came into power, Reynaud has felt that France must arm. He expressed himself

as strongly in favor of France's mobilization when Hitler went into the Rhineland. During the Ethiopian campaign of Mussolini, he wanted France to take decisive measures — close the frontier, persuade the U.S.S.R. not to send oil or gasoline. At the same time, he showed his superior statesmanship by urging France to back the League of Nations to the limit as long as the League was a functioning tool of international order.

What I have been trying to show is the powerful impact of the personality of one man, Paul Reynaud, upon the revival of France. I hope to have made it clear that he stepped into the breach at a moment when all seemed lost, and, whether we like it or not, we must acknowledge that developments thus far have justified him in proudly asserting:

The facts testify without a possible doubt that the road taken since November is a good one. These facts demand that we persevere with courage upon the path we have chosen, though unquestionably it is a hard one. It will lead us to a good issue if we pursue it with tenacity.

It is today not only a question of bringing back prosperity and wealth; it is a question also, and a supreme one at that, of putting the country into shape for resisting victoriously any external attempt at violence and hegemony.

These remarks concluded the balance sheet presented to the country at the end of the first period of the new policy, in April. They apply with even greater force today. Paul Reynaud may not be too democratic a democrat. But in times of storm the sails have to be trimmed. The French Minister of Finance today has no illusions on that score: —

It is a question of knowing what power of discipline, of energy, and of efficiency a threatened democracy is able to muster without ceasing to remain a democracy. . . . This is the meaning of our enterprise. If, through misfortune, we fail in it, all the defenders of democracy, without regard to party, are the losers.

RUMANIA OR THE BALTICS NEXT?

BY WALTER DURANTY

Is it likely that Rumania and Hungary will be the new storm centres in Europe's lowering sky? It was held in Paris and London that Poland and Rumania were equally threatened by war. To both of them Great Britain and France gave pledges — for Great Britain unprecedented pledges — of armed support.

I think there is ground for question whether the position of Poland and Rumania is as uniform as it appears. In one point it is identical: that both countries have little to gain by war and much to lose. The case of Hungary is different. It has reason to believe that, while it has little to lose, it may greatly gain by war.

I have just spent eight weeks in these three countries, trying to find out what the people thought about the position in which their rulers or circumstances had placed them.

The Poles were fully alive to their danger, but have drawn on their pride in a glorious past to face without dismay the desperate hazards. They are united behind their government in firm resolve to defend their national independence, which they have recovered after a century and a half of subjection. If anything, they are overconfident, too bold and too romantic. The Rumanians, however, are a much more practical race. Amongst them there is no talk of death in last ditches, no reckless Polish quixotism. The average Rumanian does not seem much concerned about war and is not so tensely strung as his fellow in

Poland. The divergence is almost startling. Rumania seems to be threatened, but Rumanians do not act as if they thought so. Hungary is a threat, but Hungarians do not quite dare to think so.

Not wholly without surprise, after twenty-five years' experience as foreign correspondent, I have begun to wonder whether the thoughts and sayings of the common run of people, the typical 'man in the street,' are not a better guide to the policy of a country than the speeches of its statesmen, the editorials of its newspapers, and the broadcasts of its radio. The sum total must doubtless be called an uninformed opinion, and as such perhaps it is lacking in authority and weight. But I give it for what it is worth, with the feeling that, after all, it may be worth a good deal.

RUMANIA

The War Memorial was as pitiful and ugly as the thousands like it which the sorrow and pride of Europe have raised to its countless dead. A helmeted soldier in bronze with a heavy pack on his back and a bayonet, lunging forward, stood alone on a block of granite, in whose side was a metal tablet on which forty names were engraved. Fifteen of the names were unmistakably Rumanian, with their endings in *-esco* and *-anu*, and eight of the rest were Turkish. Four were German, like Schmidt and Schultz, and three as clearly Bulgarian. All of these men had died fighting for Rumania

in a war against Germany, Bulgaria, and Turkey.

There came an old man with a turban who spoke in a high-pitched whine and pointed to one of the names. I did not understand him, and he caught me by the arm and this time spoke in Russian and pointed again to the tablet. I looked and the name was 'Osman,' which is not a Rumanian name.

'But the name is Turkish,' I said, and the old man nodded assent.

'I am Turkish; I was born when the Turks were here. I learned Russian in Odessa at the time of the other war. My son was killed in the north, but they did not give me a pension. They paid it instead to his wife, and she is still strong and can work, while I am old and infirm.'

I asked the old man if he had cared, or if his son had cared, that when the boy went to war he might have had to fight against Turks. He looked at me rather blankly and said, 'It was an order. My son went away and was killed, but they do not pay me a pension. So now I will go to Turkey; they send ships for us twice a year. But in this land I was born, and I hoped that someone would pay.'

He refused to take any wine, but drank coffee and ate sweet biscuits and told me a long, slow tale of a land that was hot and dry, which was Babel without a tower, where water alone was king. In one sentence he used the word 'we' three times, meaning each time a different race, Rumanians, Turks, and Russians.

Now this town was Mangalia, in South Dobrudja, the 'Danzig of Rumania,' as they call it in Paris and London — a drowsy, hot seaside town, which was not like Danzig at all. It was true, what the old man said, that the Turkish Government is moving the population of Turkish blood and language from the Dobrudja at the rate of ten thousand a year, by arrangement with Bucharest. Their land and property

are bought by the Rumanians, which enables the Turks to pay for their transport and get a new start in life on the coast of Asia Minor. The Rumanians in turn settle 'colonies' of their own citizens, some from abroad, but mostly from their surplus population at home, and thus the Dobrudja is slowly being transformed in nationality.

It was like a scene from the Bible, the threshing floor of Boaz, who married Ruth and took her off to live 'amid the alien corn.' A level floor of earth about the size of a tennis court — here they brought the wheat sheaves and spread them flat like a carpet, then drove teams around in slow concentric circles with each team dragging a roller to loose the grain from its husks.

The place was a German village and all its people were German, in looks and race and speech. Their cottages were neatly thatched, the walls washed white as milk, and the windows and shutters were blue; around each house a neat picket fence painted blue or yellow or green — a typical German village of two hundred years ago, such as you see now on the Volga, or here and there in the Ukraine.

The farmer sat in the shade, a heavy blond German, and watched his sons driving the teams. He said, 'It is good this year. There were storms and we feared for the crop, but after that it was hot, so the wheat is ripe and dry.'

'How long have you been here?' I asked. 'I mean this village of yours.'

'Sixty years. I was born here — the second child to be born here — when we came from Bessarabia at the time of the war with the Turks.'

'And why did you come?'

'We did not like the Russians. Before, we had lived in the Ukraine. That was — how many years ago?' He counted from finger to finger. 'A hundred and fifty years back. We moved away from Russia and lived on this side of the Dniester for nearly a hundred years.'

The Turks were easier masters — that's what I have always heard. You paid the tax and they let you alone, with freedom to live as you pleased and worship your father's God. But the Russians were not like that, so sixty years ago, when the Russians conquered the Turks, my people moved down here. It was Turkish still when we came.'

I felt like one in a dream — the day so hot and still; the teams moving slowly round with the rollers grinding the grain; and the soft, slurred German speech in Rumania's Dobrudja, Bulgaria's 'irredenta.'

'Then Bulgarians came,' said the farmer, 'the fourth year after my marriage. They drove off my father's cows and refused to pay the price, but the taxes were lower than before because they wanted to encourage Bulgarian settlers here. They came, but the land is dry, and many would not stay. But some of them still are here; they've a village over there.' He pointed towards the west. 'The money was changed, I remember that, but we paid our taxes in grain and goose feathers: that was new.'

'But then the Rumanians came,' I said, 'and drove the Bulgarians out.'

He nodded a slow assent. 'Yes, that indeed was true, and the money changed again. It was very hot that year and we had a bumper maize crop . . . or was it the year before?'

'And later,' I said, 'the war — the Bulgarians came again?'

'Oh yes, they did, and took our cows once more.'

'And now, if there's war again?' I asked.

He said, 'I have heard that talk.'

'But they take your men for the war. They took them for wars before.'

'Oh yes,' he said, 'they went, and some of them never came back.'

'Are some of them mobilized now?'

'Oh yes,' he said, 'there are some.'

'But what are you?' I asked. 'Bessarabians, Germans, Rumanians?'

'We are peasants and farm our land.'

But a younger one cried, 'We are Germans,' and glanced quickly to right and left. I may be entirely wrong, but I think the words 'Heil Hitler!' were trembling on his lips, because later I found that these long-lost sheep were down on the German lists as *Auslands-deutsche* whom Hitler has pledged to return to the German fold. They did not have any radios, but there came, so the tall boy told me, fly-sheet newspapers written in German to disrupt their old indifference and make them German-conscious.

In the cafés of Bucharest they were telling this story. The Busch circus came to town, a German traveling circus, animals and clowns and bands, and the fattest Fat Lady that ever had been seen. The personnel was German, and the roustabouts and helpers, and they did a roaring business and everyone was pleased — until suddenly rumors arose and flew wild across the city.

It was said that the German circus had arranged a provincial tour, especially in Bessarabia towards the Russian border, to give shows in all the towns. But someone made calculations and found that if all the population along the route of the tour attended the circus twice daily, the receipts at prices charged would not pay half the cost. Then, *vires acquirens eundo*, the rumor went on to whisper through cafés and diplomatic circles that the Mayor of Bucharest had fallen madly in love with the fattest of all fat ladies, a notorious German spy, and had laid in her ample bosom not only the keys of the city but the secrets of his country. Next they said that the Mayor was arrested. But that was not enough: the Mayor had committed suicide on learning the shocking fact that his ponderous Delilah was not a woman at all, but a famous German General, whose name might be readily guessed. The fertile Rumanian mind then added jest and embellishment of a kind unfit to print.

'Was any of it true?' I asked, as the laughter ceased.

'Not much,' said the narrator, 'but the Mayor nearly died of rage, as he'd never been to the circus. I think that the tour was canceled, though why the Germans should devise that form of espionage when the Economic Treaty gives them rights to cruise for timber, and explore for oil and minerals, and survey for roads and railroads all over the whole damn place, is more than I can imagine.'

'And what did the papers say?'

'Oh, of course there was none of it printed.'

I thought the story was funny, but I didn't see all of its point until a few days later, when I went to watch peasant dancing in a village near Bucharest. Boys and girls in old-fashioned white costumes, embroidered in vivid colors, performed their native 'Chulandra,' wild and passionate like the Czardas.

My friend from the city was skeptical. 'It's more natural down in the country. These people dance as if they'd been trained to make a show for strangers.'

When we talked to some of the dancers, he said the girls wanted to say that the dance wasn't good because some of their best partners had been called away to the army. One tall pretty girl said something and a boy threw a quick reply that made them all laugh. 'What's that?' I asked my friend.

'Oh, she says her partner's gone to the coast and promised to bring her an amber necklace, — you know the red Black Sea amber, — and the boy said perhaps he'll bring back a mermaid wife, and what would she do about that?'

I couldn't understand it. 'But don't they know what it means — that there may be war next month, and her boy friend and all the others be killed and never come back? Don't these people read the papers?'

'Of course not. And if they did . . .

There was some scare last October, and then again in March and in April about Albania, but the newspapers toned it down.'

'And the mobilization?' I queried.

'That was done pretty quietly too, so as not to alarm the people. That's the way this country is governed, that what the people don't know won't hurt them, and I tell you they don't know much.'

'They may get a rude awakening.'

'Oh yes,' my friend said, 'they may, but the government's rather smart. You know,' he went on with a grin, 'I believe our people enjoy playing both ends against the middle in international politics. It's risky, but lots of fun. And even the economic agreement — the Germans perhaps may think that they've sewed us up in a bag. But, without speaking ill of my country, the Rumanian mind has a certain meretricious quality . . . and many a man has found that he's made a deal with a girl which didn't turn out as he'd hoped.'

I talked with a schoolmaster from a village near Czernowitz, where my plane was delayed for an hour. On Saturday afternoons when he had no classes he made a habit of coming ten miles by bus for an afternoon at the airfield, to get some vicarious touch with the world outside his village.

'It's a hopeless muddle,' he said; 'my father was Rumanian, my mother Polish, and I was born here in the Bukowina as a subject of the Austrian Empire. The people are mostly Rumanians, but there are Ukrainians and Slovaks and Poles, and of course some Jews. The majority hasn't changed much, but all the teachers now, and priests and local officials and policemen and postmen and railroad personnel, must be Rumanians and have Rumanian names. Now suppose you asked them all, "Are you happy in Rumania?" They would say with one voice, "Of course we're happy here, and of course we don't want war, and things are much better now than

they ever were before." Because you see, dear sir, every one of these people owes his job to the present régime. And twenty years ago the men who held those jobs were given them by Vienna. But now they've gone back to Vienna, or Budapest perhaps, to grumble about the Jews and join the Nazi Party.'

'I don't see the point,' I said. 'Why Jews and why Nazi Party?'

'My God, man, don't you know that half of this anti-Semitism comes from people who haven't jobs? In the Austro-Hungarian Empire there were literally hundreds of thousands of petty functionaries in every branch of life. The Peace Treaties cost them their jobs. They were promised some sort of pension, but Austria was bankrupt and Hungary was bankrupt, and what was there for them and their children? Not even a crumb on the floor. But everywhere Jews had jobs, in Vienna and Budapest.' He eased his stiff white collar and continued excitedly, 'And lots of Jews had money, which everyone wanted, of course. And people owed debts to the Jews and were eager to cancel the debts. So they rallied to Hitler's program, "Join the Nazis and out with the Jews!"'

'But the Nazis had more than that. For some of these people didn't want just jobs; they wanted to get back to the towns where they had been born and held respected positions. The Germans from the Corridor and Silesia and Posen and Alsace-Lorraine, and Austrians everywhere, and the Hungarians mourning for their lost estates in Transylvania. The little ones and the big ones. And the Nazis had still another card in their game: the feeling of defeat. Because, you can say what you will, nationalism or patriotism or love of your country — whatever you care to call it — is still a strong motive force, perhaps the strongest in the world. So I tell you that if war comes it will be because Hitler has known how to use national discontent.'

I had never seen so many flowers in the office of a business man. But this was Bucharest, where life is full of color. He dazed me with figures and facts about 'clearing arrangements' in a dozen different currencies, with a dozen subdivisions for each of the clearing arrangements. He smiled when I said it was complicated: 'The harder it is, the better. This system of barter is silly and wastes time and leads to error, but I find that it gives unusual opportunities to a man of intelligence to reap the profit himself and let others make the mistakes.'

'Perhaps you are right,' I said, 'but may I ask you a simple question? You admit there is danger of war?'

'Oh yes,' he replied, 'and indeed —'

'Then please tell me how it happens that none of you Rumanians seem concerned with the danger? You've mobilized half your reserves, yet nobody seems to care. You yourself talk only of business.'

'Well, I *am* a business man, but, you see, you don't know Rumanians. Nine tenths of them are beetles who simply want to work, and enjoy what they can get. And the rest of us are butterflies, but butterflies with brains, who want to use our brains and enjoy what *we* can get.'

He sniffed at a single rose and smiled at me benignly. 'The trouble with you, my friend, is that you come here from France or Poland or Berlin and think it's all open-and-shut, that Hitler wants this and that, and that we must do thus and so. Or refuse to do it — and that, you say, would mean war. But it isn't so simple as that . . . and so much the better for us. Do you think we are not aware that Hungary and Bulgaria are glaring at parts of our land like savage dogs at a bone? Oh yes, and then they add, those people in London and Paris, that Germany holds the dogs and can loose them or keep them back. But it isn't so simple as that. Because Germany wants our products, and last March made an agreement to obtain

them — and thereby showed us the way, in Germany's interest and ours, to increase our production vastly. If I were a Hungarian or a Bulgarian, I should not feel pleased with that treaty. You see what it did for us, from Germany's point of view. It made of us Germany's goose, but a goose that laid golden eggs — eggs of oil and grain and lumber and beef and butter, the butter which Germany needs. Does a man loose dogs on his goose when it lays golden eggs for him?

'Then Rumania will not fight to maintain its independence?'

He threw the rose down on the floor and glared at me. 'Why must you be so dense? Of course I don't mean that. We certainly will fight, but only if we have to, and we are not yet sure of that. What is Danzig to us? And as for the Hungarians, don't you know that they're screaming their heads off because Germany's shipping us arms — by that very same trade agreement — which Hungary hoped to get? Dare Hungary fight us alone, unless Germany gives the word? Good God, can't you see that Danzig is only a pawn in a much more extensive game, and that Hitler's fixed you on that like hypnotized hens on a chalk line?'

He checked himself and smiled. 'But I haven't answered your question — why there's no war fever in Rumania. There is a big distinction here between the ruling class and the masses — that is what I meant by talking about butterflies and beetles. Most of our people are peasants, and this is their busiest time, the harvest. For their part they are busy, so do not think about war; for our part we see no reason to interfere with the harvest. Of course we are taking precautions, calling up reserves and so forth, but we do it as quietly as possible. In short, we are not stampeded ourselves, nor do we want to stampede the public. Finally — and this is most important — you must consider the time factor. All over Europe the harvest period is a time

of lowered tension, just as it was last year. Perhaps in two months from now you will find Rumania different.'

I wasn't wholly convinced. 'But if Hitler insists on fighting?'

'Then he and the Poles can fight, and the British and the French, too. But why should Rumania fight?'

'But suppose you are attacked by Hungary and Bulgaria?'

'Oh, then we shall *have* to fight. But then, as I said before . . . good-bye to their golden eggs. My friend, if you want to know, it all boils down to this: is Hitler a fool or not? I do not think he's a fool.'

HUNGARY

Budapest is beyond all challenge the fairest city in Europe, with palaces crowning its hills and Margaret Island shady and green in the midst of the yellow Danube — as if Piccadilly and Regent Street were placed on the Thames Embankment, and opposite them St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace and the Town of London, arrayed in shining splendor on heights across the river. All Hungary blooms like a rose, and its people seem carefree and happy, handsome, gallant, and courteous, and always friendly to strangers. But their hearts, they tell you, are heavy and oppressed. They can never, they say, be happy until Hungary's wrongs are righted, and, if you will let them talk, the woes of Armenia and Ireland sound petty in comparison with Hungary's cruel fate. But at least to outward seeming no sorrows of past or present cast shadows on Budapest or the Hungarian countryside.

Budapest's summer week-end resort is Lake Balaton, eighty miles away. I drove down there one Sunday night and met an unceasing stream of autos all the way. Nothing strange near London or Paris, but I have seen nothing like it in Poland or the Baltic States or Rumania,

while in near-by Austria and Bavaria gasoline restrictions are so severe that motor traffic around the cities has been reduced to a minimum and foreign tourists are warned to take extra supplies with them.

No other pre-war precautions, no hoarding of food or money, are evident in Hungary, and a horse dealer told me something which is not without significance, especially for Hungarians, whose cavalry is their pride. He said, 'At the summer fairs the prices for horses are low, much lower than I expected, but perhaps' — he looked at me sharply — 'perhaps they will rise in the autumn.'

'Do you mean,' I said, 'for war?'

He replied, 'About that I don't know, but I won't believe war is coming until the price of horseflesh goes up.'

The crowds at the bathing resorts along the Balaton's hundred-odd miles of circumference might have been on the shores of Long Island instead of one of Europe's alleged danger spots. They did not seem to care for news broadcasts, which is unusual nowadays in Europe, and more than once dance music was quickly turned on again when loud-speakers began to blare out political news.

Of course, it was the holiday season, and people less brave and buoyant than the Hungarians have been known to dance on volcanoes. And also it was the harvest season, which meant in an agricultural country that two thirds of the population were too busy on the land to think of war's alarms. I felt too that the absence of air-raid precautions, or any talk on the subject in Budapest and the other cities, was due chiefly to the fact that they are not a likely target.

The people in cafés and streetcars, at village markets and fairs, spoke much about Hungary's wrongs and showed deep patriotic feeling, but it all seemed abstract and vague. As in Poland, and indeed throughout Southeastern Europe, the effects and influence of history are a

living force in Hungary. But whereas the Poles have made of history a lever to raise a united people for resistance, the Hungarians seem to have transmuted its lessons into a rather platonic hope that some day they will get their 'rights.'

A man on a ferryboat said to me, 'Did you never hear our proverb, "In Hungary IF is a mighty lord"? He added, 'I would go further and say that IF is king, and that when you know that, you know Hungary. Our people are still most religious and have not lost faith in miracles. But how can we really suppose that the withered hand of Saint Stephen, carried in solemn procession through the streets of Budapest, will solve such international problems as Hungary faces today?'

I found his words hard to answer, because it seems that Hungary is like Shakespeare's 'cat i' the adage,' forced 'to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would."' Even if it is true, as all Hungarians claim, that they could recover Transylvania in a 'straight' war with Rumania, it is difficult to see why Hitler should use them to batter through a door which is already more than half open, or allow them, in the words of my Rumanian friend, to kill the goose which lays golden eggs for Germany.

The impression Hungary gave was one of bewildered hope, a feeling that somehow a way would be found, but very little idea what it was or where to seek it. I talked with a group of newspaper men. One speaker met general agreement when he said, 'So much depends on the Regent, Admiral Horthy. As long as he's on deck, the Germans won't get control — you know what he thinks of Hitler.'

'Has he much power?' I asked.

'Well, you see, he holds the Crown. And you know the Hungarian rule, that the Crown is more than the King — that is why it's been stolen so often. In the old days, at so-called elections, a group, however small, could win power if they

grabbed the Crown. The Crown is *really* king. And don't forget, too, that the Regent saved us from the Reds. If he were twenty years younger . . .'

'But what about Rumania?' I asked. 'Would he favor a war against the Rumanians?'

He looked rather doubtful, but a younger man broke in: 'Every true Magyar wants war against Rumania, but what is the price we must pay? If recovery of Transylvania means that Hungary will be overrun by Germans, the Regent will never agree.'

'But suppose,' broke in another excitedly, 'that *we* act without thought of Germany — just march right in tomorrow and take what belongs to us.'

The discussion then became heated, but most of them seemed to think that the obstacles to independent action, from the Anglo-French guarantees for Rumania to the will and intentions of Hitler, were insuperable for Hungary. They were influenced in varying degrees by hatred of Rumania, friendship for Poland, and an almost instinctive dislike or mistrust of Germany.

One boy cried, 'Remember Kossuth! We have never liked the Germans, whether Austrians or Prussians. When Hitler went into Vienna, he used the appeal of blood. But we are Magyars, not Teutons.'

'But you have a Nazi Party,' I remarked.

He smiled and said, 'Have you heard of our emblem, the Turul?'

'You mean the Hungarian Eagle on your standard?'

'I mean that it looks like an eagle and foreigners think it's an eagle, but we know it is *not* an eagle, but a Turul, a mythological bird. Now the Turul, as I said, is the emblem of the Magyar Fascist Party, and that party is no more German Nazi than the Turul is a German eagle. There are other Nazi groups, but they are not real Magyars.'

'I see,' I said — but I didn't, and was left as bewildered as they. I remem-

bered what H. G. Wells once said, in a wholly different connection: 'This country' (but I meant Hungary) 'looks to me like a noble and ancient coach which several teams of horses are pulling with equal vigor, in several different directions.'

THE BALTIC STATES

There was no lack of interest in Latvia about the possible dangers ahead. The Letts yield to none in patriotism, not even to the Poles, and it goes as deep as in Poland, to the poorest peasants and workers. But, unlike Poland, Latvia never had any history of its own, but was always subject to foreign masters, Germans, Scandinavians, or Russians, yet held obstinately to its language and folklore poems.

A farmer's wife sat enthroned at her richly laden white hygienic stall in Riga's new municipal market. She said, 'This country belonged to the Russians, but the landlords, our masters, were Germans, and always we hated them both. We won our freedom alone, and my man fought barefoot in the snow against the Germans south of Riga in the autumn of 1919. Later they gave him some boots, but he didn't have any stockings — just stuffed straw around his feet, and they sent him to the Dünaburg front to fight the Bolsheviks there. Later I admit the French and English helped us to start things going and the Americans gave food — they fed my babies all winter. But now what do we see? The Germans are strong once more, and the English and French want to fight them, so they go off to Moscow and talk. The Russians say, "Yes, we will help if you give us the Baltic coast."'

'But it isn't like that,' I said. 'The Russians ask for the right to send in troops to help you if Germany threatens your borders. And anyway the English and French have refused . . .'

She set her arms akimbo. 'The Russians come in to help us! We know them,

the dirty pigs — we've known them for hundreds of years!

An Esthonian official said exactly the same, less bluntly. 'As I understand it, the Russians wish to reserve the right to decide whether we or the Finns might be going to make a Nazi *coup d'état*, or something of the kind, and invite the Germans to land. That is to say, they won't wait for an overt act of aggression, but want themselves to determine our possible intentions and then to invade our territory, ostensibly to help us. To me that sounds like nonsense from any point of view, but when it comes from the Russians it has a more sinister ring. You see, we have known the Russians. We know the Germans, too, and of course it's a choice of evils. But to think that England and France should listen for one moment . . .'

'I told you they wouldn't accept it,' I interrupted.

He continued to frown. 'With all due respect,' he said, 'I find that hard to believe. In the game of big world politics, small states are just pawns on the board.'

The Germans were busy and prevalent in the Baltic States. High officials and soldiers were constantly making visits to Riga, Tallinn, and Helsingfors. In Riga, the Latvian capital, they bought a site for a *Deutscheshaus*, and a reception was given there in July for the crews of two German destroyers. They all said much the same thing — that France and England were cowardly and weak and degenerate and would sacrifice the Baltic States to the Bolsheviks, who were enemies of God and man.

There were not only *Reichsdeutsche* but Germans of Baltic stock, the erst-while masters and landlords. A young Balt noble, whose family mansion had been looted by the Bolsheviks in 1918, said something I overheard to a group of Letts: 'You had the Red Terror once — do you want to try it again?

You know what the Russians would do. They'd take every cent of your money and cut your throats as well. Whereas Germany has no designs against Latvia or Esthonia except to protect them from the Russians.'

The Letts seemed little eager for protection. 'Why can't you leave us alone?' said one. 'We don't want Russians or Germans.'

'I know,' came the quick reply. 'But if you had to choose . . .'

'We shall fight either one who invades us,' the Lett retorted stoutly. But I could see that he and the others caught the point of the German's words.

It is not hard to guess what 'protection' the Baltic Germans would give to their former subjects if ever they had the chance. I spent some time in 1920 with the *Baltische Landeswehr*, a volunteer anti-Bolshevik detachment of Balt landlords and their retainers, and heard what they had to say. Without exception they regarded the Letts as hewers of wood and drawers of water, little better than the Bolsheviks in their desire to break up the big estates and establish their national freedom.

I was traveling through Lithuania this summer, and the dining-car attendant seemed determined to speak his native tongue. A blond young man in a well-cut green semi-hunting costume looked up from his German book and translated matters into the vernacular. When I thanked him he remarked lightly, 'Oh, what can you expect from these people? They're barbarians,' and went on reading.

Speaking generally, Germans of all ages and categories seemed no more inclined to question the voice of authority than the Russians were. But there was a considerable difference of emphasis. Where the Russian says 'I and my work' and is chiefly concerned with that, the German begins with 'we and what we are doing,' by which he really means the

nation as a whole, perhaps without any reference to his own part.

This is only to be expected, because race and nationalism are the fundamental principles of the Hitler doctrine. It leads, moreover, to an entirely different method of approach to any question, especially if the question is put in such a way as to involve criticism of the régime. The Russian answers criticism by a quotation from Lenin or Stalin or Marx or the new history of Communism, and expects that to satisfy you as it evidently satisfied him. The German has less faith in the virtue of 'texts,' but takes the stand that everything done for Germany is justified *ipso facto*.

Thus, anti-Semitism is right because it keeps German blood pure; concentration camps are required because they protect Germany against dissentients; aggression against small nations is noble because it restores German *Blut und Boden* to the German Fatherland. New motor roads, the *Kraft durch Freude* movement, canals, buildings from tenements to city halls, battleships — everything is viewed with the same spirit, as an achievement of the race. In talking with foreigners, Germans never fail to add that all these benefits are not for Germany alone but for the cause of civilization, of which Germany is the champion and leader. It is an easy and comforting doctrine, as it enables the individual to compensate his own doubts and imperfections by the conviction of his country's merit and importance.

That, substantially, was the picture I

had made of popular sentiment so far as the Baltic States and Germany were concerned. Then came the sudden shock of the Russo-German pact — or should I say the Hitler-Stalin pact.

The first reaction of the Baltic States to the pact was one of utter horror that their little countries and Poland had been carved like the flesh of cattle between Germany and Russia; they felt it was just a matter of time, perhaps only of weeks, until they fell back under Russian domination. It was worse than the worst of nightmares. Now, I am informed they feel a glimmer of hope — that perhaps the pact is less sweeping, and that it means only Russian neutrality, as Moscow says.

But even so it is hard and bitter for them to seek hope in the word of Moscow. They talk, I know, of resistance, but are aware how hopeless it is, and all they can do is to pray more earnestly perhaps than any other peoples in Europe that war may be averted.

The Balts, for once, share fully the feeling of their former subjects. But in their cup there is added gall because they were proud of their German blood and had not learned to swallow the Hitler doctrine: that what he does is right because it is done for Germany. They still are independent, and speak and think for themselves. They feel that they are dishonored as Germans by this pact, because to them, far more truly than to Hitler, Bolshevism is 'a horror and a cursing.'

FLOWERING EARTH

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

I

In the beginning of things, life here on earth must have been, after all, Adamite — a single, simple kind of organism.

Whether that first-life was bacterial, or algal, or some sort of spontaneous colloidal protein system that began to live, this planet in Archæozoic times (estimated at one to two billion years ago) was so impoverished as to variety that a full account of its flora — and fauna, if any — would make a paper so concise, so lacking in disputatious matter and naked of footnotes, that a right-thinking college faculty would scarcely accept it as a doctoral thesis.

A billion years, or more, is old. It is literally older than the hills. Geologically a short time ago, Switzerland had no Alps; it was a marsh full of palms, spice trees, and other tropical Asiatic types. Alps are new; and so are Himalayas, Andes, and Rockies. Appalachians are venerable, for mere mountains; they go back to the time of the fall of the great Fern Dynasty. But if you want to see really old mountains you must travel to the Laurentians of Canada. Look carefully — you will observe that there are no mountains there any more; just a stump, a boss on the continental shield. The stuff of them has found its grave under the seas. The grave of something that was never alive.

But that which lives is less mortal. Plants there are to-day made after the image and the very mould of plants half a billion, and a billion, years ago. When

you look at a pond scum, a seaweed, a club moss, as at a jellyfish or a slug or a scorpion, you are gazing upon a form, a plan, an idea, a working mechanism that not only is older than the hills, but has remained essentially unchanged by all the forces of geology and the ravages of time.

Precisely because life is pliant and fluid, it is also, like water, most difficult to maintain in any shape it does not wish to take. And very hard it is to turn life from the channels that it has itself grooved deep. The resilience of life is probably the strongest thing in the universe. For though the mineral kingdom is vast and mighty, with the abrupt flinty hardness of all reality, it is for that very reason rigid. And because it is rigid, the mountains can do no other than stand still and let the lichens leach them, the delicate mosses pry them open with exquisite fingers, the invisible bacteria riddle them, and the rain and wind reduce them to dust.

But you can batter a seaweed on the reefs for twice ten million years without changing its inner convictions. All that the surf has been able to accomplish in these eons is to knock the spores out of the slippery fronds — and so set them adrift to colonize some other reef.

Yet there have been changes in the Green Kingdom, sweeping changes, far-reaching in their consequence to all of us animals, to the very crust of the planet we inhabit and, literally, to the air we breathe. Were it not for these changes,

which we call evolution, no lily would rise from the muck, no alder shake pollen from its curls in the March wind.

The significant fact is that all the really great changes have come from the inside out. They are born of the inner nature of the organism itself. They must have lain there, inherent as a possibility (more, as an irrepressible necessity) in the first Adamite organism, just as a tall pine is potential in a soft pinyon seed no larger than a child's tooth.

These changes are the history of the Green Kingdom. It is a history with as many dynasties and disasters as the history of China, though I find it much easier to remember than the long singing of the wars and rulers of Cathay. But, like the history of a very ancient people, the story of plants on earth shows the antiquity of things called modern. As China invented tools of civilization and forgot them again, as it piled up annals and archives for hundreds of years, and lost them in a dark age or through the whim of a bibliophobe ruler, so in the plant kingdom almost every scheme has been tried once, or many times.

In every part of the sea and on every continent, life has set up one green stage set after another, taken it down, shipped it elsewhere, put up a new one. Giant seaweeds were rolled into beach wrack, fossilized sometimes into great stone dumplings, where now the corn of Illinois stands high, the chaff of threshing blows in the hot sun, and the soul longs for the sea. Sixteen times the sea came and went there, alternating with lofty fern forests. A resinous grove of pine-like trees thrust deep, reached high, where now the Papago Indian cuts a cactus to cup in his dark hands one lukewarm drink against the Arizona sun. And the petrified slab of a vanished tree that lies on my desk shows its every smallest cell exactly replaced by a crystalline mineral, as if the Medusa had looked upon that classic wood.

This tale of the rise and fall of the

dynasties of growth must be pieced out of the rocks and fitted together with a strong and cementing likelihood. Fossil records make up our fragmentary evidence. It is all held together by the assumption that life began as something simple and adapted to easy conditions, and progressed toward fitness for the conquest of more hostile environments. The inferences from this assumption are borne out by the fossil record, such as it is.

What that record is, and is not, Darwin expressed when he said that the story of life is written in a book whose language or code changes with every chapter, and of which all but a few pages have been lost, the little that remains being scattered to the ends of the earth and senselessly jumbled.

So every fossil on a museum shelf is a threefold miracle. First, the plant had to die under the most exceptional conditions remote from the normal course of events, which is swift decay, dissolution, and reworking of the mould into new forms of life. Then, by a wildly fortuitous set of circumstances, the fossilized evidence must not be washed into the sea, or buried several miles under sedimentary rocks, but had to come to light, be bared by erosion, or deprived of its Stygian privacy in the course of mining or excavating. And then, as the most unlikely chance of all, a palaeobotanist (a very rare fellow even in a densely packed congress of botanists) had to pass by and collect the specimen before it was burned for coal, ground up for cement, washed away, or otherwise hopelessly obliterated.

The longer the time elapsed, the less the likelihood that some tangible record will have survived. For that reason, and because the very earliest life was so sparse, so minute and fragile, the first rocks that could have borne life have almost nothing to tell us. They are nearly blank. But not quite. They speak, from their staggering thickness, of a measure of time that lasted longer

than all the time that has gone by since — perhaps twice as long. But they speak of life.

To judge from the bacterial traces in them, life was tediously slow in gathering momentum. The little earth flew round the sun in its annual course millions and millions of times, and the sun on its unguessable track had plunged unthinkable distances into space, before much change had come about in those first vital experiments. We were in some other quarter of the universe; our sun appeared, from the viewpoint of other stars, to belong to some constellation from which it has now fallen, while the bacteria were leisurely taking the calcium carbonate out of the sea water and depositing it in the oceanic oozes, as the minute and brief lives perpetually and vastly died. And, as they laid down the great limestone beds, over the acid and sterile granites, so on land they were, surely, delving into the rocks. Bacteria have been brought up from borings five hundred and even fifteen hundred feet below the surface. So they have riddled and mollified the rocks and prepared the loams.

And as surely as they were altering their environment, the bacteria were themselves changing. Not that they were, as a race, departing, for their seed is still upon earth, the most numerous, important, and likely to outlast the ages. But they were giving rise — there seems little doubt of it — to the blue-green pond silks you see today still in stagnant waters.

II

These Blue-Green alga, just visible to the naked eye as shaggy strands in a ditch, or the merest cast of jade across a lily pond, are the second chapter in plant history. It can be read only with a microscope, and it happens that I opened at its pages, in those primer days when I was given my first fine lens. This microscope was not new, nor particularly convenient, but it was originally

the best from a good factory of lens makers. It was given me, in those young plant-hunting days in the Carolinas, by a woman naturalist who had used it to study bees and pollen. I remember how she put it in my hands with a silent blessing on my enthusiasm and a dry smile at its scope.

As soon as I got it home, I gently opened that case so like a traveling shrine, and drew forth the stately and intricate image, itself the god that sees what is hidden. Then I went out to the ditch across the road and scooped up a saucerful of pond silks. With pipette I snuffled up a long drop of water and green tress, lowered a little on a slide, and sealed it with a cover glass. I was very serious about my technique, and I knew enough, at least, to realize that the *Algæ* are a great and a right beginning.

My eye to the shaft, I lowered the lens by the big wheel almost to the slide, peered in rolled it slowly up, and saw the algal jungle come clear but distant. Then I snapped in the high power and began, with the fine wheel, to hunt for the focus again.

First there was a green blur; then, as a falling aviator must, I saw the green tops of the forest rush upward, come clearer, nearer, till I was in it and plunging through the top story into lower tiers. I held my hand — and suddenly there was life: the first living microscopic forms I had ever seen, and green with the good green of the great kingdom. No bacteria here, no unearthly and devious modes of living, but chlorophyll, and clear cellular form. As it was a water forest, a sargassum, it was horizontal, the jetsam of a micro-sea. I began to revolve the stage itself, and felt like a Magellan.

That day of my first glimpse, I fondly resolved — if I remember rightly — to become the historian of the whole algal flora of the Blue Ridge. This proposal never went far to actuality because I undertook first to collect its entire flora of mosses, ferns, fungi, and flowers. The

fact remains that nobody, I think, has ever done anything much with the algaes of that ancient mountain chain, laced with ten thousand streams.

What one might do, almost anywhere, with the Algæ, came to me years later, when I picked up an old brochure, on the stalls of the Seine bank, about the Algæ of a seaside parish in Brittany. A priest had written it, and it had taken him his lifetime. It ranged ambitiously, this parochial list, from one-celled specks of green living to the giant tangs of the surf. For the Algæ, as a province of the Green Kingdom, embrace both plants so small they are studied with the microbes, and seaweeds that attain the dimensions of forest trees. I can imagine the old *curé's* album of seaweeds, all labeled in Latin with a spidery handwriting and bad brown French ink. Fishermen, it seems, brought him the great lathering ribbons of the sea, as if perhaps he would intercede for their sins with Peter the Fisherman. And country children must have dug him the moss-like algaes out of the damp walls of his villages, and stripped them from the lee side of beeches where they blot moisture from the very mists. The priest himself had been a tireless and intuitive hunter; he had found algaes in the cracks of the gargoyles on the church, and lifted them out of the soil from a depth of a decimetre. He drew the translucent red seaweeds from the tidal pools and the desmids out of the tarns in the woods. He had scraped the spiral purples from the barnacled wharves, and green felt from the backs of turtles and the bottom of the beached boats. Where the old women hunt snails, he had seined the pond scums from the foul ditches. Oh, yes, a fine green wet misty moist coast for algaes was his Brittany, gull country, heron country, a parish where the tolling of the buoys answers the tolling of the cold stone steeples.

For the Algæ love the damp, the stagnant ponds, the roiling ocean. They are, historically speaking, children of the

sea, ancients of the first watery world, so much older than the Rockies that when those mountains were buckled up in a continental cramp their limestones carried up with them fossilized seaweeds two miles into the air. Even to-day, whether they go down into the earth or up to the glacial snows, the Algæ are still — wherever you find them — aquatics. Somehow they divine a thread of water or a mere film of it. So, from that primal fresh-water sea in which they were born, they have invaded the modern brine and the drying continents. They are found in snow and on flowerpots, in the coruscating soda of shrinking desert lakes, whether in Tartary or Utah, in hot springs of New Zealand and Iceland, in sponges and the toe hairs of tree sloths and on the legs of a Russian tick. They are collected on Antarctic ice and from the roots of cycads in tropical rain forests. I have seen them where they form an unholy fluffy felt in the muck of slum yards, and I have looked down from the top of a skyscraper, in a wilderness of steel and stone, and seen their flagrant green in the lily pond of a penthouse terrace.

III

Once you begin to think about algaes, and to look for them, you see them everywhere. The Blue-Green Algæ look, and are, slimier than the Green. Many are poisonous; most are associated with polluted water; their presence indicates something unhealthy — for us. They are the sort of organisms that Aristotle, peering into his 'primordial slime,' conceived as originating from the mud itself. But all these qualities only serve to show from how far they have come — from a fabulous age and an earth that would have been uninhabitable for us, when the seas were not salt and the continents were brimstone, and the very sun looked down with a different light in its eye.

For the blue pigment of the Blue-Greens, adapted no doubt to capture solar

energy also in a different part of the spectrum, masks the raw green chlorophyll. True that the Blue-Greens flourish in modern sunlight — but only in their gelatine sheath. Deprived of that, they are killed by direct light, just as bacteria are. Indeed, these Blue-Green Algæ are next in seniority to the autotrophic bacteria, and resemble various of them significantly. In their filamentous or spherical shape, for instance, their slimy sheaths, their slow creep or oscillation. Too, they are devoid of starch, that stored wealth for man and beast, which pervades most of the rest of the plant kingdom. And the Blue-Greens, be it noted, are, like the bacteria, devoid of any sexual type of reproduction.

But they have chlorophyll, they have set up in the great photosynthetic business, and, like all green water plants, they give off bubbles of oxygen. As presumably the Blue-Greens thrive in the warm, fresh seas of ancient time, so some to this day live only in hot springs, whether at Rotorua geyser in New Zealand or our own Yellowstone. Endlessly rising and dying, they deposit the weird sinter that makes the basins of the geysers so picturesque, and they build up a sort of rubble or tufa, or become solidified to an onyx-like travertine rock.

Or some Blue-Greens cause the 'water-bloom' on pools, sometimes identified by botanists as *Aphanizomenon* but known as 'Fanny' by the engineers who try to get rid of it, for it is fatal to cattle, with an unknown poison. Some Blue-Greens are more red than green, and one of them, prodigiously multiplying in the water between two deserts, has given the Red Sea its ancient name.

It is like crossing the frontier into a friendly country to leave the Blue-Greens for the true Greens. As they form part of the grazing for so many aquatic small fry that feed the big ones, they are indirectly useful to us; they are the pasturage — biologists call it the plankton — of all waters that can sus-

tain them. And the Greens are, as they leave the reaches in which they resemble the bacteria-like Blue-Greens, honest plants such as we can better understand. They do their work by clear chlorophyll, and store starch and fats as higher plants do, and are built up of cellulose and pectin just as are the most aristocratic trees. And, save for the most primitive, the Greens have sex. They may be said, indeed, to have originated it.

That plants share sex with the animal kingdom is one more proof of the oneness of life. Yet mankind was a long time in perceiving the obvious. The ancients grew figs and olives, apples, peaches, and chestnuts, as well as daughters, and saw that in youth their trees were barren, that they came to flower at a certain age, and fulfilled their purpose when they bore their fruit. And still men did not draw the simple parallel. The idea of sex in plants was scarcely proposed until the seventeenth century and accepted in the eighteenth only after furious opposition even from scientists.

And its purpose appears (since there are many, and very effective, non-sexual ways in which plants can reproduce themselves) to be the renewed vigor that comes with the conjunction of individual strains of protoplasm. Along with that refreshment of vital energy, there is implied the commingling of separate hereditary strains. Non-sexual reproduction endlessly multiplies the old individual, with all its virtues or weaknesses. But in a world of beings sexually divided, sexually united, enrichment is infinite, permutation endless. So evolution, slow to gather momentum, discovering the device of sex in the Green Algæ, swept forward upon its indomitable and unpredictable flood tide.

IV

Over my study mantelpiece, where the barometer and the great triton shells repose, is stretched the big sailing chart

of this California coast on which I live. Worked intricately as a thumbprint with soundings and fathom lines, it shows the edge of the continent cutting across the upper right-hand corner, and off shore, in the currents, the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel. On clear days from my veranda, through an arch of live oaks I can see them rise, abrupt and purple-shadowed. For they are the tops of an old mountain chain, and so upon the map they lie singularly alike in shape, very much like a flight of cormorants migrating parallel to the mainland. My eyes, so often lifting from my desk to seek them, find them there stretching out long goosy necks that bear small heads, or, as if foreshortened, they appear to sail upon wings edge on. They hold the Channel in a light embrace; outposts of terra firma in the wilderness of sea, they temper it to inhabiting life.

On a fair day the Channel glitters azure, emerald-streaked where the sea is so thick with the life it bears that it refracts the sunlight, red with the moiling kelp beds, purpled by a passing cloud. Shallow, as biological fathoms are reckoned, deep as the angler thinks of depth, dark with the Kuro Shiwo stream that has crept here in a mighty arc from Japan.

Here off the tawny continental flank, in the lee of Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, San Miguel, sleeps the Pacific from May until December. The broad ruddy band of the kelp beds, well off shore, never changes place. These giant kelps of the California coast are the largest in the world. Elk kelp and sea-otter's-cabbage and the iodine kelp have dimensions of forest trees. Forty and sixty feet deep they are rooted by suckering hold-fasts; their stems, flaccid but tough, may attain two hundred, three hundred feet in length. Their foliage is ample and heavy as the leaves of a rubber tree; they are buoyed up by double rows of bladders, or sometimes by a single float the size of a grapefruit. Some, like the

trees of earth, are permanent perennials; in others which are annuals this levathan growth is the work of a single season. Upon these towering, wavering Algæ — the Browns — perch countless others, as the lianas and orchids cling upon the boughs of the over-earth tropical forests. For the most, these clinging frailties are Reds, and there are others of them, membranous and filigreed, that tremble on the ocean floor beneath the shelter of the lofty Browns, like moss and ferns that hug the ground between great roots. Such is the ocean jungle. It hangs such leathery curtains of foliage in the water, and is flung abroad like an undulant carpet so wide upon the surface, that the fall and swell of the ocean's breathing are stilled by it. Within this breakwater, the seas lie harbor-calm.

Beneath, in the depths of the great kelp forest, the small fry dash for shelter, in terror of swordfish and albacore and tuna. Here the crabs nibble the algal pasturage, and the sea slugs, which mimic the colors of the vegetation, crawl and mouth, and the kelp fish builds her nest of woven weed. Above these beds, all summer, in a leisure that gives thieves time to fall out, the gulls quarrel and rise, to settle again with a twinkling of sunlit wings. Brown pelicans plunge there; black cormorants from the wild Farallones fish these banks; loons dive with an oily ease, and sometimes a heron stands upon the buoyed kelp tops, gazing morosely into the water. Day after day — only calm and sunshine, kelp and fish and birds. Boats give the beds a wide berth, for fear of the weed in their propellers; fishermen hate it in their nets. No swimmer who loves his life would dive in that sargasso of the great Browns, nor could he endure the pressure of the deeps where the most fragile of all the Reds delight to live. The Browns, with their special pigments masking the chlorophyll, go down in the sea water till the orange and the yellow light has been filtered out. But the Reds can carry on their photosynthesis

four hundred feet below the surface, where even the green and blue light fails, and only the violet rays still reach the delicate mechanism. In such secrecy dwell fragile perennials and summer annuals that live and die and are not seen by men, it may be, for years.

But halcyon weather, even here, cannot always endure. The winter rains come finally, and some night, after a day of grey brooding, they begin as a scamper of drops across the roof, a wind-blown hail of acorns, then a dance of rain, that becomes a ceaseless march. It rains till the dry arroyos run again; it rains till the rocks roll down the brooks; it rains till the hills begin to slide, and yet it has only begun to rain.

In January the first storm approaches. It gathers on the north Pacific, and sweeps down even into the Channel's shelter. It troubles the seaweed forest, then twists it and tortures it, and pulls it by the roots and breaks it. The annuals come up, then the permanent growth. The living breakwater is broken with the waters; it is dragged up to the top, rolled in the green jaws of the combers, and flung, fighting and slithering back in vain, on the rocks, and pounded there. The rising tide carries it, a helpless wrack, to the high beach where it must bleach and rot.

After such a storm I lately came to the shore. The sea was mild in a warm sun; sails languished on the fishing banks; gulls were back on the kelp, and the kelp was back in its place, off shore, all but the loot flung up, not yet reclaimed by an incoming tide.

High up under the rocks, the giant kelps and tangs were thrust into an un-touchable mound of decay that was waist high. Lower on the strand lay the lighter jetsam, the small Browns and the many Reds, in windrows tangled with eel grass and surf grass. Already these frail lives of the deep were passing swiftly, blanching or blackening. For them, this sunny air was a world too harshly illuminated, too arid for life.

But in the tide pools where they had been flung with sea urchins and starfish, they still lived, floating out with a vitality like the moving hair of the drowned. There I lifted wavering membranes of the edible *Porphyras* and the scarlet tousle of *Plocamiums*, filigree and point lace, fluted ribbons and lappets, sea mosses as dark as the branching stains in agate, filmy ferns that lay upon my palm as insubstantial as the impress of a fossil growth. They were so unbelievably thin that when I had mounted them on stiff white paper they passed, with those who saw them, for the stroke of a water-colorist's brush.

For I carried home a vasculum full of seaweeds, and with my fingers under water coaxed them all apart. When I had disengaged every filament and swept it clean of grit and parasites with a fine brush, my ocean algaes emerged as lovely as are flowers. Botanically it was possible to assort and classify them among the major types, called roughly the Greens and Reds and Browns. But the colors were subtler than that. They were seashell pink and sunset rose, saffron and Tyrian and smoke-velvet, tannic wood-red, lake, carmine, verdigris, Spanish green, olive, maroon, garnet, and emerald. Only cathedral windows have such soft and glowing stains.

Weeks of work went to these specimens, to clean and mount and label them, a hundred species and more. I could only wonder how many others the sea had taken back in the first insuck of the ebb tide after the storm. It has happened more than once that a hurricane has cast ashore some species not seen in decades, or never known before. Almost half a century has elapsed between the finding, for instance, of the female plant of some seaweed, and the discovery of the male form after another storm. So the scientist who loves seaweeds must watch the skies and read the tide tables; even so he must be quicker than the waves and the ebb flow, swifter than the swift decay upon the beach.

V

Old mariners' narratives abound in mention of these California seaweeds. When the 'Manila ship' that once a year sailed from the Philippines to the Americas of the Conquistadores' days ran into the longitude of 96 degrees, she regularly met with the *porra*, or sea leek, floating far at sea, and this was a sure sign that the coasts of the western world were near. Then the whole ship's company would chant a *Te Deum*. Speaking of our iodine kelp, that greatest of all botanical explorers, Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, wrote in his *Botany of the Antarctic Voyage*, 'The *Macrocystis* is so conspicuous, and from its wandering habits occurs so unexpectedly that the attention of our earliest voyagers has been directed to it . . . for these weeds often prove his unerring guide towards land as they surely are to the direction of the currents; or become of more importance still . . . for it is, where growing, not only the infallible sign of sunken rocks, but every rock that can prove dangerous to a ship is conspicuously buoyed by its slender stem and green fronds.'

Of all algal morasses — and there are great ones on the north coast of Norway, in the fjords of Alaska, around New Zealand and the Great Barrier Reef, off Good Hope and Cape Horn — the most fabulous is the Sargasso Sea. Sargassum, the Gulf weed, is not, individually, a conspicuous plant. It looks rather like a sprig of holly, with crinkly leaves and gas-filled bladders that might be mistaken for berries. Rather, the sheer mass has given rise to the legend that ships, from the time of Columbus, have become entangled in its gigantic eddy of stagnation and are still wedged there, rotting at Lethe's wharf. It is certainly so dense at times that a rowboat is unable to make progress and has sometimes to be hauled back to the mother ship.

It harbors untold billions of microscopic animals and plants, hydroids

that look like feathers, colonial creatures that resemble moss, and molluscs, crabs, shrimps, sea horses, pipefish, and other small fry without end. Above all the Sargasso has been discovered to be the long-unknown resort of the eels, who migrate here, mate, and die, and here their young mature to the elver stage before they begin their incredible journey to their parent rivers and ponds in the interior of Europe and America.

The sheer weight of the Gulf weed in the Sargasso Sea has been computed at ten million tons. It is a free-floating raft of plants, torn by storms, perhaps, from its mooring somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean and caught in the eddy of the Gulf Stream and equatorial counter-current. Yet one looks in vain for gigantic gardens that could supply such an assemblage of weed. More, this vast plant drift sometimes utterly disappears. So that several scientists, sailing by at such a time, have 'disproved' the Sargasso Sea as a myth. Others who have seen it say that it sinks below the surface, to rise again at certain seasons. But no man knows. The Sargasso remains one of the ancient secrets of ocean, and it gives us some suggestion of what the seas were like in that period of geologic time that has been named the Age of Seaweeds.

Not that then there were necessarily more, or more variety than we know today. But there was, except for bacteria, presumably nothing else. There may even have been no land above the waters for a long time, but only a world sea or Panthalassa. In this shallow all-ocean the algaes could have rooted far more extensively than now. And when the continents arose, the seaweeds in that eon that was theirs, a time longer than that which has gone by since the first land plants appeared, were slowly evolving toward the mastery of their environment. They were adapting themselves to the increasing brininess of the ocean, to the conquest of the deeps and of the tidal shores. Perhaps it was they who

first set green foot on shore, but of that we know nothing.

What we do know from the book of fossils is that the seaweeds in their Age were developing most of the traits of plants. Starting with the slimy Blue-Greens and the mere hair-like Greens, the Algas progressed through branching, through the welding of filament to filament into a ribbon tissue, through the layer of one tissue on another so that real body and substance were established, till they had reached a complex structure differentiated into definite organs like roots, leaves, stems, spore cases, and complex sex organs. The life history of some of the highest of the Reds is as complex as that of an orchid or a pine. In beauty and color the Algæ are, indeed, flowers of the sea; in bulk and height and foliage they are the trees.

And some of these early comers have even built the land we walk on.

Their surfaces encrusted with lime, they have, by their endless living and dying, created reefs and atolls, isles and peninsulas, and even great limestone blankets of the continents. Animal corals get all the credit for such architecture; the coralline Algæ and others of the stony little seaweeds have probably done full half the work. Taking on the forms of flat, crusty lichens, of stony feathers, of brittle jointed pink lobster feelers, of minute mermaid's fans and mermen's shaving brushes, glove fingers and tremulous green toadstools, these calcareous masons are growing to-day beneath the clear waters of the Bay of Naples, the Great Sound of Bermuda, the reef of Funafuti, the stagnation of the old moat around the fortress at Key West. But they are only the living generation that exists delicately upon the bones of their ancestors of Proterozoic times, when layer by layer, in little swirls and knolls and bosses, they lifted the land above the sea, and left their fossil imprint in the rocks.

For the most part, other kinds of Algæ, alas, make wretched fossils. A seaweed alive is little more than an evanescent pellicle of life surrounding impounded sea water; ordinarily it dies and vanishes without trace, except for the rare exquisite impress of some Red of a vanished age, and, occasionally, a great brown kelp like *Nematophycus*, one of the giants that lolled in the seas that stood then over interior Canada. Its fossil stem was a thing so stoutly dimensioned that it was taken, first, to be some ancestral sort of yew bole.

But such as they are, the fossils of the Age of Seaweeds proclaim a tremendous story of conquest, the domination of an element by life. The sea teemed then. Yet in all that time, between half a billion and a billion years, the face of the rock was bare. Without land plants to give them browse, animals too were imprisoned in the sea, for it is a trap as well as a world. The Age of Seaweeds was the age of Invertebrates. Every order of spineless animal we know to-day, and many that are extinct like the scorpion-like trilobites, flourished in those submarine gardens or ranged the deeps and the open spaces. Jellyfish and sea anemone, octopi and squids, hydroids and bryozoöns, sea slugs and sea snails and great conchs, tritons, nautili, and abalones, populated the algal jungles. The lampreys, writhing and suckering, evolved, and finally even fishes. And still life was wholly aquatic. On land was a harsher world, with drying winds, without the old maternal medium to buoy plants, to bring them all salts, all minerals, in its perpetual convection. But it was a much more stimulating environment, destined to call forth great things of life and lead it to triumph. Yet still on all the earth there was no flower, and no voice; the continents were coursed by winds that blew no one any good and carved by rains for which there was no root or throat to be grateful.

THE PENSION POOL

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

BEHIND the rising demand for old-age pensions is the widespread conviction that honest old age should be a period of respectable ease, shielded from worry and shame. Nearly all of us agree with that; but few agree on how many indigent and dependent old persons there are or how the burden of their distress should be carried by the younger and more affluent.

Obviously the lot of aged persons of small means has been worsened greatly by a depression that destroyed many savings accounts, reduced the incomes from their investments, threw many of them out of jobs forever, and cut down the earnings of their children. These temporary ills give melancholy point to the long-range progressive aging of our population, described by Stuart Chase in the February *Atlantic*. Since 1850, the proportion of 'old folks' in our population has more than doubled. Dr. Louis I. Dublin in his pamphlet, *Longevity in Retrospect and in Prospect*, shows that persons aged 65 or over were 2.6 per cent of the total population in 1850 and 5.9 per cent in 1935; he calculates they will be 6.3 per cent next year and 14.4 per cent in 1980.

Nevertheless the cloud has its brighter side. Not all old persons are indigent or idle. Although employment of men aged 65 or older has shown a steady decline from 73.8 per cent in 1890 to 58.3 per cent in 1930, the drop has never been precipitous. Probably half of our old men are gainfully employed today. Also,

old persons of both sexes own considerable productive property. In Massachusetts, whose Commission on Pensions interviewed many thousands of old persons on their financial circumstances, it was estimated in 1923 that 40 per cent of the oldsters possessed \$5000 or more in property, that 55.4 per cent either possessed \$5000 in property or had incomes of \$1000 or more, and that, of the latter, 38.4 per cent were wholly self-supporting. Altogether, 84.4 per cent of the Bay State's old men were not being supported either by public funds or by organized private charity.

These figures, and comparable ones gathered by the National Civic Federation in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, are now too ancient to be accepted without reservations, as they go back to the middle 'twenties. We shall not have a closer line on the situation until returns of the 1940 census have been compiled. Estimates of the Social Security Board in its Bulletin of March 1938 (*Economic Status of the Aged*, by Marjorie Shearon) place the number of those of 65 and older who support themselves from current earnings at only 1,000,000, or about 12.8 per cent, while those with property sufficient for self-support numbered only 1,172,000, or 15 per cent. These figures might be less disturbing if they fully disclosed marital relationships.

Unmistakably, there has been a change in our social attitude toward the aged. As 'old folks' become more numer-

ous, they lose in esteem. Disregarding utility, we value scarce things, among them old prints, books, and pictures which are treasured, not always because they are genuinely good, but because only a few copies still exist. In ancient Rome, whose tombstones reveal a normal Roman life span of only twenty to thirty years, elders were greatly esteemed, perhaps beyond their worth. No doubt Cato the Elder seemed wiser than he was; destroying Carthage, which was the burthen of his senile advice, seems less sensible today than the alternative of letting Carthage live and driving a profitable trade with her daring mariners. 'Old men for counsel; young men for war' — so runs the ancient saw; but when old men are so plentiful that there is not room for all of them in the council chamber, and when the young grow weary of wars coined by their elders, authority tends to pass to younger persons — a fact evident today in states as in homes and industries. Of our thirty-two Presidents, the first sixteen averaged 58.6 years of age at inauguration; the last sixteen, 51.6 years. The head of one of America's greatest corporations is less than 40 years of age.

Mechanical and scientific advances seem to hasten the obsolescence of human beings along with machines and methods. Old folks used to be depositories of rule-of-thumb experience not available in books; now more precise authorities are available. A good many old-time skills are no longer needed; new skills arise, but they are for the younger generation. And our industrious elders of today, instead of being praised for continuing work, are being told it is their duty to quit and make room for younger persons on the payrolls.

This pressure is only one phase of current muddled thinking on the economic problems of the aged. Old folks are being observed and described as if they were about to overwhelm civilization. That is absurd; not only are the majority of old folks independent, but

the more effective elements of the population are not being reduced.

As our population approaches numerical stability and the percentage of elders increases, the number of children under 20 decreases in approximately the same proportion. This decline in children results from a decreasing birth rate rather than from an increasing mortality rate; fewer children are born, but more survive to enter adulthood, while the number of 'in-betweens,' from 20 to 65 years of age, shows no decline. Apparently nature preserves a delicate balance of forces in this respect as in so many others. In any society which avoids child labor, those from 20 to 65 of necessity support those not gainfully employed at either end of the life span. Essential muscle-straining, bone-weary work, for both men and women, is done between 20 and 44; but even this category shows no long-range loss, being 25.1 per cent of the whole population in 1850, 38.6 in 1935, and forecast at 35.7 in 1980. Every social system has its own device for accomplishing the required transfer of income from earners to non-earners; our time-honored way is compounded of capitalism and the family.

II

Apparently it costs no more to maintain an old person than a child. The Federal Government matches its allowance on income tax of \$400 per child up to age 18 with a median payment of practically the same sum to its more than two million pensioners. Administrations change, but not that official estimate of the cost of bedrock subsistence for children who have no votes and old persons who have votes but not many years left in which to use them.

The child is at once the symbol of domestic unity and the promise of a bright future. He belongs equally to both parents, whereas his grandfather or grandmother is only an 'in-law' to one member of the conjugal partnership. The child grows more enchanting day by

day; one plays with him from infancy, relives youth with him, centres hope and faith in his expanding being, while his possibly dependent grandmother and grandfather, slipping a little day by day, have no such comparable charms. Perhaps, when America reaches the present age of China, ancestor worship will have become a comfort to our old folks; but during the intervening thirty or forty centuries a little money at regular intervals would be helpful.

This conviction is now practically unanimous among old persons in straitened circumstances, even though they may not be entirely bereft of resources. They have seen public money used to support sturdy bachelors and aliens in the prime of life, and to finance destruction of crops and domestic animals. They are encouraged because old-age assistance has been started, and outraged because old-age assistance goes chiefly to the utterly destitute. Perceiving division of the national income to be a political affair, for better or worse, they are organizing to secure assistance without accepting pauper status. Votes, at least, do not weaken with the years. The feeblest voter is sure of a free ride to the polling place, and the ballot is practically the only advantage which second childhood enjoys over first childhood. So far, old voters have never cast their ballots solidly for a narrow interest of their own and probably never will, but there were enough voters of 65 and older — 7,750,000 — in 1935 to swing a national election.

If the issue were clean-cut, that political strength would be increased by the votes of relatives who now contribute with difficulty to the support of their parents. In every Congressional district, and that is where the issue will be fought out piecemeal, there are enough 'old folk' votes to pry the most sluggish representative off the fence, or the most conservative representative out of office. Even in conservative New England, spry young politicians are taking formal no-

tice of the special needs of their elderly constituents. Consequently, it is time to take this question out of the hands of the quacks, examine it closely, and arrive at a program which combines the maximum of feasible justice with the minimum of tax expense.

III

Proceeding by estimate, occasionally by guess, we arrive at a broad but rather shallow pool which represents pensions in the United States. Into it flow dollars from many sources. Elderly persons float down these streams along with the dollars, and remain in the pool the rest of their lives, drawing sustenance from incoming funds. Some of them may have independent means in addition to their pensions; but those whose whole support comes from their own properties or independently managed funds, or from the gifts of children and near relatives, are not counted here. Some pensioners may be drawing two pensions with propriety — as, for instance, a war pension and an industrial pension. Such count double here. Statistically, there appear to be approximately 2,700,000 persons, 65 years of age or older, in the pension pool, sustained by close to 3,000,000 pensions or their equivalent. The dollars for their support, whole or partial, flow in from three primary watersheds — or dollar-sheds — taxes, profits, savings.

From taxes, by far the largest area supplying the pension pool, flowed federal and state dollars totaling nearly \$1,070,000,000 in 1938; forecast at \$62,000,000 more in 1939, and \$117,000,000 more in 1940. The 1938 allowance gave approximately 2,700,000 government pensioners \$395 apiece on the average. A fraction of these pensioners, perhaps 150,000, had contributed to building up their pensions by saving during their active lives; for example, more than 50,000 federal civil servants, many schoolteachers, police and firemen, and other federal, state, and municipal employees. The largest but least well

sustained group from this source consists of the 1,700,000 persons with slightly less than an average of \$240 a year from the going federal-state old-age assistance plan to which the Federal Government and the states contribute almost equal sums. Elders entering the pool from California are lucky, with \$387.96 a year; from that, payments scale down to Mississippians with \$57.48 a year. Veterans' Pensions and Benefits — the military and naval section — pay \$572,000,000 to roughly 850,000 persons, averaging \$675 a year.

On the edge of the tax watershed flows a pension stream, one shore of which is government land, while the other lies in the profit or business area. This is the new Railroad Retirement Fund, which government administers and backs, but for which operating companies and employees supply funds. As yet its statistics are a bit scanty; but on the basis of the preceding corporate plan the prospect is that complete registrations will show 50,000 to 60,000 retired railroad men sharing \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000 a year. The government appropriated \$73,000,000 for this purpose in 1938, but forecast \$75,000,000 for 1939 and \$87,000,000 for 1940 in the budget for the current fiscal year. In 1937, under the superseded plan, railroaders drew \$37,000,000 in pensions.

Ferried across this stream of mixed waters, we are out of government territory, and in the realm of private and corporate affairs. Here individuals, groups, and corporations assist old folks as a matter of friendship, justice, or the conviction that such assistance is good business — a pension system allows old hands to be dropped decently and younger men to advance at an age when their abilities are at peak. In this region function an undetermined number of pension payers; at one extreme are quiet old ladies who send regular checks to their less fortunate friends, and at the other commercial and industrial corporations which pay pensions to employees

without disclosing the facts for publication. It is estimated that \$75,000,000 to \$150,000,000 a year comes from these sources and flows to 75,000 to 150,000 pensioners. In my calculations I have taken the lower figures, merely for the sake of conservatism; actually the sum may be much larger.

There are a large number of well-known corporate plans under which retiring employees receive pensions, usually calculated with reference to length of service and wages or salaries earned during a fixed period before retirement. These have been rather accurately estimated as providing \$50,000,000 in annual pensions for 55,000 recipients. Note that these payments average nearly \$1000 per year per pensioner.

Even more accurately known are a lesser number of insured and trustee corporate retirement and pension plans. The six leading companies writing this kind of insurance report approximately 11,000 pensioners, drawing between \$10,000,000 and \$11,000,000 a year. One company reports its average industrial pension as \$1014 a year. Insured pensions take uncertainty out of the pension equation for both parties. Many industrial and private pension plans fail to make sufficient allowance for the progressive aging of the population and other actuarial factors, and so recurrently find pension costs becoming burdensome. A depression hits uninsured industrial plans doubly hard; sustaining profits fall while retirements increase in number.

Now we come to the savings watershed, in part personal, in part institutional. Here function many endowed institutions, resting on gifts originating in savings; in addition, many of these institutions collect funds from the public. The very nature of their work inclines them to assist retired staff members, either through pensions or in sustained homes. Here are twenty religious denominations paying \$8,000,000 in pensions to superannuated clergymen, a sum

generally considered insufficient, as also are the existing provisions for retired college teachers. Colleges paid in 1934 discoverable pensions in excess of \$2,500,000. Probably the actuality was considerably larger then, and has grown since, because a single partially endowed fund recently paid more than \$1,000,000 in one year to 2119 pensioners from 841 institutions. Other college plans number more than 500.

In this section are also great service institutions not run for profit — social-service organizations, hospitals, museums, art galleries, and the like. No one knows what the total of these organization disbursements are, but since 200 of them pay pensions and five of the largest, including the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., dispense for that purpose a total of \$5,000,000 a year, it is concluded that this entire group, the country over, releases at least \$50,000,000 a year in pensions, probably more. Some of these institutions occupy a borderland where contributory personal savings form part of the income base of pensions. But the more than \$5,000,000 paid in pensions by seventy-one labor unions comes from dues, which are savings in a sense, while the \$100,000,000 collected annually on annuities is solely the result of savings.

To sum up, this survey of the existing pension pool indicates that taxes provide approximately \$1,070,000,000 to 2,700,000 pensioners, averaging \$395; taxes and profits jointly provide approximately \$50,000,000 to 50,000 pensioners, averaging \$1000; profits provide approximately \$130,000,000 to 191,000 pensioners, averaging \$685 (insured corporate plans averaging \$1000); gifts and savings provide approximately \$65,000,000 to 76,500 pensioners, averaging \$849; the grand total being \$1,313,400,000 to 3,024,780 pensioners, averaging \$434.

IV

Now that the contents of the pension pool are roughly measured, let us see how

many more dollars and pensioners must be added to it in order to meet reasonable need on a bearable basis. At the outset we must discard as extravaganzas the more extreme plans, such as those which contemplate payments of \$200 a month to all persons 60 years of age and over. For purposes of calculation, I take a more sober schedule, which would apply only to those 65 years of age or over, paying \$40 a month to single persons and \$60 a month to married couples.

In 1935 there were 1,400,000 married couples composed of husbands and wives aged 65 or older. If all applied and qualified at \$60 a month, they would draw \$1,008,000,000 a year. There were 1,000,000 men of 65 and past whose wives were under 65; in the autumnal period of life wives average more than five years younger than their husbands. In addition there were 1,012,500 males listed as widowed and 337,500 listed as single men — presumably die-hard bachelors. Single women numbered 400,000, while widows, 2,200,000, formed the most numerous of all categories. These five groups, totaling 4,950,000, at \$40 per month each would call for \$2,376,000,000 a year. Adding the \$60 a month for married persons brings the gross overall cost of this relatively modest plan to \$3,384,000,000 as of 1935 and \$3,544,900,000 as of 1940.

This gross overall cost, however, is not the true cost. There are offsets to be credited against it, and futurities to be added to it. In order to get nearer the truth it is necessary to analyze the contents of the American pension pool further and consider findings in the light of population trends.

The United States has a long and copious pension experience. Our population includes more than 3,000,000 pensioners of one sort or another, most of whom are presumably more than 65 years of age. That is wholly true of the largest pension category, 1,737,781 persons who received old-age assistance of roughly \$358,400,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, half of which was provided by the

Federal Government and the remainder by the cooperating states. Federal funds come under the Social Security Act, but are not to be confused with annuity payments based on collections from employers and employees, which payments are not scheduled to start until 1940. Thereafter, funds from those savings and contributions will increase year by year.

Another large block of 65-ers is represented in the war-pension roll, — listed as Veterans' Pensions and Benefits in the budget, — which carried 841,457 names in 1937. One can have few doubts that the relicts of 221 Mexican War veterans who were then drawing pensions are past 65; and it is a fair guess that nearly all of the 83,612 Civil War pensioners, both veterans and relicts, are in the same category. Perhaps not; in 1938 the roll of the War of 1812 was finally closed by the death of Mrs. C. P. King of Buffalo, New York, at the age of 89. Mrs. King was born thirty-four years after that war ended. On a similar time schedule, the last surviving widow of a Mexican War veteran will pass away about 1971, the last Civil War widow about 1988, the last surviving Spanish War widow about 2021, and the last World War widow about 2049 A.D., 110 years hence. In 1937 only 7739 Civil War veterans were alive, but pensioned dependents — mostly widows — on the Civil War roll numbered 76,131.

It is the custom to scoff at these hardy widows; they are suspected of entering matrimony to assure steady income, and the best that is usually said of them is that, while they escaped the horrors of war, they could not escape the veterans. A more generous view is that a veteran needing care, and lacking money to hire a practical nurse, married one who was content to take a deferred but dependable reward for the rest of her lifetime. But, whatever may be the situation regarding widows, one may safely assert that our classification of 65 or older now holds nearly all surviving veterans of the Indian wars, about half the veterans of

the Spanish-American War, and at least one quarter of those retired from the military and naval peacetime establishment. Presumably between 200,000 and 250,000 persons of 65 or older are already receiving military and naval pensions.

Other 65-ers and up draw pensions on federal retirement rolls — civil service, lighthouse service, Canal Zone, Alaska Railroad, federal judiciary, foreign service, District of Columbia, and others. Aged pensioners are well represented in the Railroad Retirement fund, the city and state funds for schoolteachers, and a variety of private and corporate pension plans. My estimate — for lack of data it is hardly more than a guess — is that these sources already provide pensions for about 200,000 persons of 65 years or older. When interviewing persons in this age group, the National Civic Federation found that 4.5 per cent of all questioned were drawing United States pensions. The state of Massachusetts found that 8 per cent were drawing public pensions of all kinds.

It appears, therefore, that of our 7,750,000 fellow citizens in the '65 or older' age group in 1935 considerably more than 2,000,000 (or, if they are dead, their replacements) are already receiving pensions, the aggregate of which cannot be very much less than \$750,000,000 a year, even though it includes the large low-cost group at present receiving a median pension of \$19.48 a month.

Valid deductions can also be foreseen with respect to the following classifications of persons eligible because of old age: —

1. The gainfully employed who might prefer to keep their jobs rather than qualify for pensions. Estimated deduction, \$450,000,000.
2. Those in public or charitable institutions. In 1915 a Massachusetts study of old-age needs indicated that the state was spending on institutional care of persons 65 or older about one sixth of the money which would be required to pension all likely to apply. Ten years later, in 1925, 6.3 per cent of those 65 or older were being aided by organized charity

and 1.3 per cent were under custodial care in institutions. If the Massachusetts percentages hold roughly for the entire country and half of these costs are applicable to reducing old-age pensions, the deduction would be in excess of \$100,000,000.

3. Those who have incomes from property or funds available for self-support or partially so. A means test presumably would eliminate all with property worth \$10,000 or more, roughly 30 per cent in the four states which have been surveyed, thereby saving at least \$500,000,000 after allowing for decreased dividends and increased losses in an equal amount.

4. Those whose children or relatives can support them without hardship. One of the surveys mentioned gives testimony that half of the indigent aged could then be supported by their children without difficulty. Discount that by half for interim adversity, and another \$500,000,000 can be deducted.

5. Those who would not apply because of pride. No basis for estimate.

In 1915 the Massachusetts commission concluded that only one fifth of all eligibles by reason of age would apply for pensions. If this conclusion were still valid, we should have no old-age pension problem today, except as to scale of benefits, because, of the 7,750,000 persons of 65 or older, more than one fifth are already receiving pensions or other regular assistance from public funds. But the public attitude has changed since 1915, and a larger proportion would be likely to apply. Nevertheless, in view of the five major deductions indicated above, it is reasonably certain that not more than \$1,500,000,000 in new money would have to be found in 1940 to pay pensions at the \$40-\$60 rate to needy and qualified applicants aged 65 and older. At any rate, the roll could be held within that figure and perhaps be cut to \$1,000,000,000 by decreasing payments in low-cost states where \$40 a month is still reckoned affluence by many inhabitants; for this purpose the established sectional wage differentials might be adopted to scale down payments from the maximum.

'No more than a billion and a half' would have sounded absurd ten years ago. Now it is a trifle to Dr. Townsend and others, including those hell-bent on armaments. The difficulty is not in the size of the sum, but in how to squeeze it out of the national income with least hurt.

V

Of course, this sum would be only a beginning. Using the Dublin ratios for various ten-year periods, the comparable sums required would be \$1,875,000,000 in 1950, \$2,370,000,000 in 1960, \$2,647,500,000 in 1970, and \$3,420,000,000 in 1980. These futuristics may be still further increased by future gains in the life span. Presumably annuities derived from social-security savings may offset part of the growing load, and keep the whole burden within bounds. How much dependence can be placed on this aid is altogether problematical. Basically, the fiscal problem narrows down largely to taxing away from the productive middle-age groups their prospective savings in child rearing and spreading those funds among elder persons, chiefly the economic lower third of the aged population, who even in the boom days of the 'twenties were found to have neither property, jobs, nor children able to assist them.

To find tax revenues to finance even this modest program is difficult in the face of an unbalanced federal budget; to go beyond that sum is hardly possible. Arguments for extravagant old-age pensions based upon the release of purchasing power through elderly spending are sheer moonshine. In the long run, production has to pay for production, and when consumption merely sustains non-producers it is a drag on the national economy.

Constructive and conservative action is needed, for, under growing political pressure from the aged, something less sensible is likely to be legislated on impulse.

AID FOR THE AGED

BY E. B.

I

I AM a recipient of 'Aid for the Aged.' This fact is stated on the monthly checks for \$35 each received by my wife and myself from the County of Los Angeles.

I have just finished the most happy, serene, untroubled year of my life, not excepting the years of my childhood. That nervous irritableness and sense of strain have left me; I do not have to catch the 7:15 to the city, punch the time clock, or put through the driving day's work. I am a free man with sufficient income to live on decently with economy and with no worry for the future. I employ myself at what I think is worth while without regard to the money I may make out of it. There are scientific institutions and art galleries free to me, and, best of all, a great public library, comfortable and beautiful, where I may read and write and browse through the learning of all the ages, receiving as much courtesy and attention as a rich man could command. When the sun is shining, when my garden invites me, when I look at the mountains only a few miles away, I feel that these things are for me.

I have not known a moment of boredom this year. My only trouble has been an occasional nightmare in which I have dreamed I was back on the old treadmill. The satisfaction I have had out of life during this year is something my philosophy had not led me to think possible over so long a time. I sang with Rabbi Ben Ezra: —

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be
afraid!'

Life is not really like this. Its vicissitudes will catch up with me again, but I have had one nearly perfect year, this sixty-ninth of my life.

I was tired; I needed a long rest. I wanted to forget the cold concrete milk plant and to let the sun of California soak into me. I wanted to spend some time at the seashore and in the mountains, to read the books I had long wanted to read, and dreamed of writing something worth while from a rather varied life's experience. It was surprising how soon I succeeded in forgetting.

The really great and worth-while change which has come over my life is in the sense of security. The manager of the largest concern in its line on the Pacific Coast had a favorite expression: 'If you don't like it, you know what you can do.' He was really not at heart a hard or unjust man, but he had more arbitrary power than any one man ought to have. If you didn't like it, what could you do? You could walk the streets hopelessly looking for a job; you could take up one of the miserable house-to-house selling propositions where you might make three or four dollars a week; you could quickly get into a desperate situation where you must apply for public relief. If you were young and unmarried you

might be a man, tell the boss where to go and take to the road; but otherwise you would think of the wife and children and answer, 'Yes, sir — yes, sir.' This is that freedom which working people are urged to preserve inviolate.

Yet I did not hate my job. Last year I was doing a very active day's work and was rather proud of still being even a small cog in the industrial machine; and I was still more proud of having been able to maintain my home during the years of depression and to continue the education of my two children to where they could do something for themselves. These children were not born until we were middle-aged.

The routine and the drudgery were tiresome, and I put through the physical labor with an activity which was somewhat of a bluff. What the younger men did so easily cost me an effort. I became quite a proficient actor in the art of pretending to be ten years younger than I was. I think I got away with it.

Beginning in Philadelphia, I had been working pretty steadily for fifty-three years and knew of no immediate reason for stopping. On the Company's records I was fifty-eight, nine years less than my real age, and I suppose fifty-eight is the limit of the liability department for plant employees. At any rate I was gently dropped with two weeks' pay and no rational explanation given me, my age not mentioned.

I could see that the factory superintendent was sincerely troubled at what he was obliged to do. He tried to place me in the office, but without success.

I was feeling pretty blue as I came home that night and hated to break the bad news to my wife, but, as in several previous crises of our lives, she had more courage than I. I thought of the beginning of Washington Irving's sketch, 'The Wife': 'I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune.' Naturally we had known this event could not be indefinitely post-

poned, but still we were not really prepared for it. I was past sixty-seven, and the depression was still with us. I was too old for the WPA. There was no likelihood of any employment at all.

What had I to show for over half a century of almost continuous labor? First, a son and daughter, fairly well educated and now able to look after themselves. Second, a little home, mortgaged. Third, a few hundred dollars of life insurance. We should have to cash in on most of this immediately in order to live while we got our bearings.

We had made several expensive errors of judgment in our lives and had possibly not been as saving as we might have been. We had just lived a reasonably civilized life, such as we felt we had a right to live, except that we never had been able to afford the medical service we thought we needed. In our earlier days we could manage this to some extent, but later the moderate increase in our income never kept pace with the increased cost of medical service. The very poor seem to receive this service, and those with incomes well above the average. The claim that the average-income group may have their bills adjusted accordingly is the bunk.

It may be said we should have done better, that we should have laid up store for this time which had now arrived. Perhaps so, but it can probably be demonstrated that for the majority to do this, as society is now organized, is impossible. We had passed through the rather usual vicissitudes of American life. I have been employed or been in business in eight states during these fifty years, and have believed at times that I had taken that tide at the flood which leads on to fortune; but, alas, I was each time caught by the ebb. Still, I had always managed to keep my head up just a little above the crowd, and most of my life, as I look back on it, has been at least interesting.

What did old folks do in the days when we were young? When most people lived

on farms, the problem of the aged was probably not so acute. There was work for grandpa and grandma, and at least plenty to eat. Still, in those supposed halcyon days, there were laborers and village people who had nothing to look forward to but dependence on relatives or the county house. 'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse' had a very real meaning. As to what that poorhouse might be like, there is a picture in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*.

But what of the times of our own youth in a large Eastern city where already most people had lost all tradition of farm life? We remembered very well. The old people just lived in with their children. This we were resolved not to do if we could possibly help it. I thought of my mother living alone for many years and of her saying, after returning from visits with her children, 'How thankful I am to have this house to come to.' She had a little home of her own and a Civil War widow's pension.

No, it is not well to live in with even the kindest and most thoughtful of our descendants. We know we are dependents and our freedom has gone. We help to crowd their household; they cannot quite live their own lives on our account, and we certainly cannot live ours. We are 'in-laws' to one of the family, and only great forbearance will prevent ugly clashes. Except in rare cases we are a serious financial burden. Should the next generation start out so handicapped? And, for those who have no relations able to do anything, is the county farm or direct relief the just or wise answer?

II

Fifty years ago in Philadelphia all my relatives and most of my acquaintances were Americans who considered themselves middle-class. We had all kinds of jobs in offices, stores, factories, the building trades, and transportation. Most shopkeepers and professional people were not considered in any different class, but

outdoor common labor was not to be considered.

There were 'hard times,' periods of great unemployment, and at all times it was something of a tragedy to get out of a job. When this happened, some would get months behind with their rent and manage to run up surprising accounts with the grocer, the butcher, and the milkman. They borrowed money if they could, and pawnshops flourished, but I never was personally acquainted with anyone who received public help. I did know of some, however, who came very close to starvation. There were philanthropists and charitable organizations, but these, I remember my grandmother saying, were 'not for the likes of us.'

This was the tradition in which my wife and I had grown up. But California had a state pension, and pensions did not seem quite the same as public help — not now at any rate. I could remember when my father did not like to admit his Civil War pension, but the time came when his widow was proud of hers and thankful for the independence it gave her.

There had been for a number of years in California what was usually called a state pension for the aged. From what was generally known of its operation, it had but little more than one virtue — it was a beginning. It paid \$20 per month as a rare maximum allowance. Applicants must be not less than seventy years old and absolutely indigent, with no relatives who could by any possibility be made to support them. I heard of an old scrubwoman, past eighty, who had an application pending for about a year. It was finally granted the week she died.

But another day seemed to have dawned. The great depression and its aftermath were causing all sorts and conditions of men to take thought, as they never had done before. A very comprehensive Social Security Act had been passed, affecting most people in one way or another, and one provision seemed to concern us vitally. Its general effect was that the Federal Government would

duplicate any amount up to \$15 per month which a state might grant to persons sixty-five years or older. California had promptly taken up this proposition by making its maximum appropriation \$20, which made possible a pension of \$35 per month. It was not, however, called a pension in the acts of Congress and of the State Legislature, though most people, we were thankful to note, persisted in calling it such.

The provisions of this act for 'aid to the indigent aged' were liberal. We might possess real estate to the value of \$3000, own \$500 worth of personal property and a small life-insurance policy, but could have no income, earned or unearned, above \$15 per month each. The real rub was in the question, 'Are your children able to provide for you in full, or to what extent if any?' Our son and daughter were married, with one child each. They were maintaining their own little homes, in which there was certainly no room for us, and for them to contribute anything of consequence toward maintaining us in our own home would be a very serious handicap to them.

But to apply to the county Welfare Department for 'aid to the indigent aged'? Throughout the country millions of the young and able-bodied have had to apply for public relief. In earlier times some would have rioted and some would have patiently starved. Perhaps the modern ways were the best. At any rate we decided to let no scruples stand in the way of our applying for the state 'pension.' Nothing seemed quite so important to us as freedom from worry and from uncertain and precarious dependence on our children. We had looked out for them for twenty years, but we would not handicap them for the next decade or more if we could help it.

So I visited the local office of the County Welfare Department. Over the window where I made my first inquiry was a notice to the general effect that 'the old-age provisions of the Social Security Act are not a pension but aid to

the indigent aged.' The time was not far gone when my reaction to this notice would have been a precipitate retreat out the door, but now I persevered. The pleasant and courteous young woman at the window did not discourage me. After a few questions she said we appeared to be eligible and an appointment was made for my wife and me to appear two days later and meet an investigator. Before this person, a middle-aged woman, we signed answers to various questions, dealing with our real estate, personal property, insurance, income from any source, names, addresses, and occupations of our children. We had thought our age might be difficult to establish positively, but we were told that the age shown on an insurance policy some years old would be accepted. People are not in the habit of overstating their age when applying for life insurance.

We must, however, produce sworn certificates from people who could testify that we had been residents of California at least five years. We were told to wait for an investigator who would call at our house. He came in a few days — a kindly, courteous, middle-aged man who verified and checked over our previous statements and examined our real-estate and insurance papers. He told us of the great number of applications and thought it would be from two to three months before ours could be passed on. The tactful courtesy of this gentleman and of the people we had met in the office was something we had not expected. An applicant for a credit account with a department store could not have been more considerately investigated.

Then came the trying delay and uncertainty of the next few months, during which our meagre resources were strained to the limit. Quite likely some of this delay was unnecessary. At any rate some urgent letter writing and phone calls seemed to have their affect, and we were granted the full amount allowed by the law. The average payment is somewhat less.

III

So in our old age we have been provided with a living income which seems certain for the rest of our lives. While we do not feel at all ashamed to take it, we are very appreciative, knowing what our lot would have been without it. We understand, as many do not seem to, that others must work for all we receive of food, goods, and services. It should be remembered, however, that this is the case with everyone living on income he does not earn himself. Two hundred dollars a month or \$30 every Thursday does not appeal to us. Even admitting the possibility, the foundation of such a plan is only a disguised sales tax proposing to take crippling sums from those now working. The plea that transferring the spending from those who work to those who do not will wonderfully stimulate business does not seem to make sense. The people undoubtedly must have more purchasing power if they are to consume the possible production of the country. A way must be found to induce or force distribution of the great accumulation of funds now lying idle. Here may be found a way to finance a real national old-age pension system. Meanwhile, just taxes, which all must pay, are the only possible source for most of the money needed.

Most old folk are not grasping or unreasonable, but many have been taken in by profiteering demagogues, riding high on the present wave. Of course there are some honest dreamers, without whose help the others would not get far. These advocates of pulling money out of the air are fond of sneering at the contemptible size of our present allowance, but we do not feel that way about it. We certainly could use a little more money to very good advantage and are hoping the present Congress will grant an addition of \$5.00 per person to the present monthly allowance to the states, which in California would certainly be passed on to the pensioners.

Some profess to wonder how we can live on such a pittance, but we only wish all of our age throughout the country were as well off. The provisions in the bills now being considered by Congressional committees, making such payments uniform throughout the country, are surely worth considering.

It may be of interest to know on what scale we can live on this monthly \$70. We are not paying rent, but the monthly payments on our house, taxes, and insurance amount to about \$19. Living in California, we heat entirely by gas, have an automatic water heater, washing machine, vacuum cleaner, and radio. We have a telephone, which we pay \$2.00 per month for and use only six or eight times a week, being charged extra for some of these calls. The telephone is the one modern utility which a very large number of families — in this section, at least — feel compelled to do without.

The average cost of provisions and household needs is \$23; gas, electricity, water, and phone will average \$8.00. These items, with the payments on the house, make a total of \$50 per month. This would appear to leave a fair amount out of \$70 for transportation, clothing, medical service, and even those unforeseen incidentals which are always cropping up; but in reality we find ourselves running very short toward the end of the month.

As in most of our past life, we have very little margin left for medical service. Our income is higher than that allowed by the county for free service, even if we wanted it. Like anyone else, we could go to the County Hospital in a desperate case, and a lien for the charges would be placed on our little property and the account farmed out to a collector.

We do not think it possible to own a car or to maintain one, although almost everybody in California has some sort of car.

But we are really quite contented. Do you think we shall get that additional \$5.00 this year?

RICH MEN

BY JESSE STUART

I

I DON'T mean to be braggin',' says Pa, 'but Lester, you can ask your Ma there and she can tell you we started from scratch. She can tell you that I've been a sharp trader in livestock. I take it atter my Pap. He ust to be one of the best buyers on Big Sandy. He bought droves of cattle. I remember ridin' a pony and goin' with Pap. We took a big shepherd dog with us. He helped us drive the cattle home. We'd come home sometimes with a hundred head of cattle. When the buyin' in Kentucky got scarce we crossed the Big Sandy and bought cattle in the state of West Virginia.'

Pa rocked in his chair in front of the big fireplace. Ma was knittin' Pa a pair of socks. She listened to Pa talk about cattle buyin'. Sister Nell was poppin' corn over the bright flames that leaped up from the forestick. Ma never said a word when Pa was talkin' about cattle buyin'. She didn't say he was the best trader on Big Sandy. She didn't say he wasn't. Ma only looked at the fire and knitted Pa's socks.

'Lester,' says Pa, 'I want you to be a cattle buyer. I've paid for four thousand acres of land. I've got it in grass. I've got one of the finest grass farms on Big Sandy. I ain't sayin' I'm exactly a rich man. And you can judge from the neighbors around us I ain't a poor man. When they haf to sell a cow to get a little needy money, they know where to come. They know old "Hen" Blaine's got the money. They know when he

ain't got it he can mighty quick find it. I'm allus ready to buy and sell cattle. I love the looks of cattle. I allus have a purty drove of cattle around my barn. You know that, son. We ain't been without them since you've been a little shaver and I rocked you on my knee.'

Pa knocked the ashes off his big cigar. Sister Nell finished poppin' the capper of corn. She shoved back the lid. She passed it around to us. The capper of corn didn't go very far. Nine of us got a handful of corn apiece. 'I'll not take any popcorn,' says Pa; 'can't you young'ins see that I'm smokin'?''

'What do you think about my tradin', Tibithia?' says Pa, looking over at Ma. He was trying to make Ma talk. He wanted Ma to say he was the best trader on Big Sandy.

'I don't think about it,' says Ma. 'I don't think it's a great thing to skin poor people out'n their cattle. I think there'll come a time when you'll reap what you sow. You sit there and brag, and my Pap allus told me that pride comes before a fall. I think you are headin' for a fall.'

Pa took his thumbs down from behind his vest. He looked hard at Ma. Then he turned his head. He looked at the blazin' fire. Pa's black eyes danced in his head. He was riled the way Ma talked to him. He watched Sister Nell shuffle another capper of popcorn over the fire. Ma just kept on knittin' a sock like nothin' had happened. I hated to see Pa mad at Ma. I think she told him the

truth. Pa couldn't see himself as others saw him. I didn't know whether he was the greatest livestock trader on Big Sandy or not. No one but Pa had ever told me that he'd swum one hundred head of white-faced cattle from West Virginia across the Big Sandy to Kentucky at one time. After Pa told me this he said the old-timers used to call him Tradin' Hen Blaine. I'd never heard Pa called that in my life.

'I think I'll turn in,' says Pa. 'Seems like any more I'm not a welcome man around my own fireside. Seems like my wife has turned my children on me. I'm one of the most upstandin' men along the Big Sandy River. If I've not made my family a respectable livin', then who has, I'd like to know?'

Pa looked at Ma for an answer. Ma kept on knittin' socks. She never spoke to Pa. Pa walked out of the room. He went in the back room to bed. We stayed up a long time and popped corn. Ma put her knittin' away. She pulled off her glasses and laid them on the stand table. 'Children, it's bedtime,' says Ma. 'Lester, you got to get up at four in the mornin' and help your Pa with all this feedin' before you go to school. You ought to be in bed right now.'

'Yes, Ma,' I says. I went upstairs to bed. I remember I had dreams about cattle. I had dreams about Pa tradin'. I saw whole droves of cattle on the hills. I saw them run away from Kentucky and swim the Big Sandy River to the state of West Virginia. I thought Pa's cattle jumped the fence and run back to West Virginia. I was glad. I wouldn't haf to feed them any longer. Then I thought they come back home and gnawed the bark from the black oak trees. I thought they were so hungry that their sides caved in. I thought when Pa saw them comin' back he stood by the gate and cried because they were so poor. I was dreamin' about Pa's cattle when I heard him say: 'Roll out'n that bed, Lester. It's feedin' time.'

II

When I got dressed and got downstairs Ma had our breakfast ready. Pa, Ma, and I et our breakfasts together. Ma watched when Pa's coffee cup was empty and she would take the biler and pour Pa more coffee. Pa would wipe his moustache after he took a sip of coffee. He would press it out against his red cheeks with his hands. Then Pa would take more honey and hot biscuits and butter. He would drink coffee with his honey and his buttered hot biscuits. I could allus tell when Pa was ready to get up from the table. That was when he had finished eatin' ten biscuits. He would allus drink four cups of strong black coffee. Then Pa would get up and light his cigar. We would go toward the barn. When Pa got near the barn he laid his cigar on a big stump. He'd never go about the barn smokin'.

We had to fork hay for two hundred head of cattle. Pa had one hundred and fifty white-faced cattle. He had fifty pick-ups of all sorts. 'Scrub cattle,' Pa called them. We kept our cattle on the outside durin' purty winter weather. We didn't have barn room for all of them. When the snow fell, a lot of our cattle laid in the pine grove around from the barn. We'd carry hay from the stacks and throw it over the fence on patches of briars and brush to keep the cattle from trampin' it under their feet. We'd fork down hay out'n our big barn loft for the cows and cattle we kept in the barn.

Pa walked in front. I could see the fire sparkle on the end of his big cigar when the wind blowed. The frost was white on the ground. The stars were still in the sky. Pa laid his cigar on the big oak stump. We walked in the barn. We climbed the ladder to the barn loft. Pa forked down hay for the stalls on one side of the barn. I forked down hay for the cattle on the other side of the barn. It wasn't daylight yet. We walked out near the pine grove. We had our hay

stacked near the fence. We started to fork our hay and pitch it over for the cattle on the other side of the pasture fence. The stars were leavin' the sky now. The wind laid. It was gettin' light enough to see over the pasture fields.

'Pears like,' says Pa, 'I hear a rustlin' in that haystack.'

'Must be the wind,' I says, 'shakin' the hay.'

'No, it ain't no wind,' says a voice. 'You gouged me with that fork!'

'What are you doin' sleepin' in my hay nohow?' says Pa.

A man rolled out and shook the straw from his back. His ragged clothes would barely hang on him. His pants were patched until it looked like another patch couldn't be sewed on. He had a long beard over his face. He had long black chin whiskers. Pieces of brown straw were mixed with his black beard.

'You wouldn't scold a old man that found shelter from the ragin' winds of winter in your haystack, would you?' says the stranger.

'Come to think about it,' says Pa, 'I don't guess I would.'

'What is your name?' says the stranger to Pa.

'Tradin' Hen Blaine,' says Pa, puttin' his thumbs behind his vest and danglin' the watch fob hangin' to his gold watch chain.

'Oh, you are that rich Hen Blaine, ain't you?' says the stranger.

'Some people think I'm a rich man,' says Pa.

'I'm a rich man, too,' says the stranger.

'A rich man?' says Pa. 'Then what are you doin' sleepin' in people's haystacks?'

'I ain't got no good clothes,' he says. 'I couldn't ast to stay in your fine house.'

He took his hands and raked the straw from his beard. Pa bent over and laughed and laughed. Pa started laughin' again. 'A rich man,' Pa would say; then he would laugh and laugh. 'A rich man sleepin' in my haystack!'

'Why, I own big farms,' says the stranger. 'I just love to own land. I'm goin' to live my life on this earth. I'm goin' to die. Then in seven years I'll be back on earth doin' my business!'

'The man's off, Les,' Pa whispered. 'He's a funny old man.' Pa bent over and slapped his knees and laughed. I thought Pa would die laughin'.

'No, I ain't off,' says the stranger. 'I'm in my sound mind. I'm tellin' you the truth. I'll be back here seven years atter I die takin' care o' my business. People won't believe me, but it's the truth. They won't believe I'm a rich man, either.'

'What is your name?' says Pa. 'I don't think I ever heard of you.'

'I don't guess you have heard of me,' says the stranger, 'but you will hear o' me some day. You will hear of me atter I die and come back seven years later to run my farm. My name ain't worth knowin' now, but it will be.'

'Man talks crazy,' says Pa. 'I never heard sich foolish talk.'

'No, I ain't crazy,' he says. 'How many times do I haf to tell you I ain't crazy? I'm just cold from sleepin' all night in your haystack. Why don't you invite me to your house? Why don't you give me a good warm breakfast? That is the way one good neighbor should be with another.'

'I wouldn't have a dirty tramp like you in my house,' says Pa. 'Not only dirty, but you ain't all there in the head!'

'You tell a man straight to his face,' says the ragged stranger. 'You ain't a bit nice. You'll never be back runnin' your purty farm seven years atter you have left this world. You'll be dead as a lizard.'

'So will you, too,' says Pa. 'You look like you have one foot in the grave now and the other one about to slip in!'

'You're so mean to me,' says the strange man.

'Don't talk like that,' I says to Pa.

'Your father is a very rich man,' says

the stranger to me. 'I am a very rich man, but your Pa won't believe me. He thinks I'm a tramp.'

'I don't think any more about you,' says Pa. 'Clear out'n here now. I've got to finish feedin' my cattle. I ain't got time to be bothered with you. I have work to do.'

'Have you got cattle?' says the stranger. 'I have cattle. I love cattle. I have big farms filled with cattle. I cheated people to get my cattle. I am a rich man.'

'Cheated people?' says Pa.

'Yes,' says the stranger, 'and you've cheated people. Ain't I heard of you before? You are Tradin' Hen Blaine!'

'Right,' says Pa. 'I'm Tradin' Hen Blaine.'

Pa bristled up. He looked over his frost-covered fields. Pa looked as big as I'd seen him.

'I'd like to walk down to the fence with you and look at your cattle,' says the dirty beardy man.

'Just so you don't fall down, you old plug, you,' says Pa. 'If you do I'll fasten a drag chain around your legs and haul you to the bone yard with the rest of my old plug stock.' Pa laughed and laughed. Pa bent over and laughed at what he had said to the strange man.

'I'll make it, all right,' he says. 'I get happy when I go to look at purty cattle. How many head of cattle do you have?'

'I have two hundred head,' says Pa. 'I have one hundred and fifty white-faced cattle and fifty scrubs.'

'Lord,' says the old man. 'You've cheated a lot of people buyin' that many. You are a great trader. Didn't anybody ever tell you that you cheated fer to buy all these cattle?'

'Yes,' says Pa. 'My wife did.'

The cattle come to the fence for their hay. There is a big drove of them. The woods are full of cattle.

'Go turn the rest of the herd out'n the barn,' says Pa. 'I want a tramp just to see my herd all together. Says he's a

rich man. I just want him to see a real herd of cattle.'

'All right, Pa,' I says.

III

I run to the barn to turn the cattle out in the pasture. The frost was goin' up in streaks of fog to the mornin' sun. The air was clean and sweet to smell. I run over the frosty road to the barn. When I come back from the barn I saw Pa talkin' to the man with his hands. The old man was leanin' on his cane. He was noddin' 'yes' and 'no' to the words Pa said. He was agreein' with all Pa said. Pa felt pleased. I could tell by the way he put his thumbs behind his vest.

'You have a great herd of cattle,' says the stranger. 'Just what would you take for all that herd of cattle?'

'Oh,' says Pa, 'I've had three buyers already. I was offered \$5500 by one. Another offered me \$5700. The last offer I got was \$6000. I'm holdin' to spring to get my price.'

'Then you sell in the spring,' says the stranger.

'No,' says Pa, 'I buy of a spring and sell in the fall. Then I buy in the winter when people's feed gets scarce. I sell in the spring atter I've wintered the cattle. That is the way I make my money.'

'You're a smart man,' says the old man. I looked at the patches on his pants. I could see the hide through the patches. His flesh was blue. His bowed legs were quiverin' with cold. The cane shook in his tremblin' hands.

'How much would you take fer them cattle?' says the old man.

Pa started laughin'. Pa bent over and laughed and laughed. He lit a new cigar. He puffed smoke and laughed. He pulled at his vest with his thumbs and laughed. 'You wantin' to buy all my cattle?' says Pa.

'I thought you might make me a price,' says the old man.

'Why, I'd sell them to you, if you'd pay me right now,' says Pa, 'fer \$3500.' Pa started laughin' again.

'Just a minute, Tradin' Hen Blaine,' says the stranger. 'You've just dealt with "Ginsang" Tootle from Bruin. Ain't you heard o' me?'

'Lord, yes,' says Pa, 'I've heard o' Ginsang Tootle. You ain't him, are you?'

The stranger just reached down and started tearin' a patch from the knee of his pants.

'I can give you three one-thousand-dollar bills,' says Ginsang, 'and a five-hundred-dollar bill — or I can write you a check fer it!'

'You ain't doin' neither,' says Pa. 'I was just jokin'.'

'Oh yes, you are Tradin' Hen Blaine,' says Ginsang. 'Men don't back out on you when you deal with them. You ain't backin' out on me. People don't do me that way. You've traded with me. I'm drivin' your cattle off.'

Pa's face turned red. His blue eyes got as big as dollars. Pa couldn't speak. Pa had been tricked.

'I've been layin' fer you, Tradin' Hen Blaine,' says Ginsang. 'I heard you'd never been cheated. I heard you'd cheated everybody you'd ever traded with. So I've laid fer you. I laid in your haystack! My helpers are waitin' fer me out by the big road. They have the shepherd dogs and the horses. I ain't been in your haystack all night.'

'But I'm a ruined man,' says Pa. 'I'm a ruined man, for all I have is in my cattle.'

'You're a rich man,' says Ginsang, 'and I'm a rich man. We are both rich men. You know how I got my start?'

'No,' says Pa, 'and I don't care.'

'I laid before a man's fire one whole week and carried a little mattock through the woods and dug ginsang. One mornin' I got him to price his cattle. I had the money ready. I took 'em. He tried to back out like you did. But I wouldn't let him no more than I would let you.

I got the name of "Ginsang" atter that. So I'm Ginsang Tootle from Bruin Creek. Remember me by that name?'

'I remember you, Ginsang Tootle,' I says. 'Don't you bring your cattle to the Grant Store at Crossroads and get a load of things every fall before bad weather sets in?'

'I do,' he says.

'I was over there when storekeeper Reece Setser made you a present of a hat if you would throw your old one away. You'd bought three hundred dollars' worth of stuff from him and had it loaded on your cattle wagon. When you drove away you stopped your cattle and went over the bank and got your old hat, didn't you?'

'I did,' says Ginsang. 'I'm the man.'

'You didn't have a long beard then,' I says.

'No,' says Ginsang, 'I growed it so your Pa wouldn't know me. I come to cheat him like he has cheated everybody else. Death is goin' to cheat me, but I feel like I can uptrip him. That is why I'm building my house now and havin' furniture put in it. I'll be back in seven years doin' business. I'll be back buyin' cattle on the Big Sandy River. I can't stand to leave this river.'

'Then you did mean what you said a while ago,' says Pa.

'I ain't told you no lies,' says Ginsang. 'I own land and cattle and I am a very rich man. It is easier fer me to tell the truth. I can do what I want to do when I tell the truth. It sounds like a lie to everybody. You are one of the best traders on Big Sandy River. But I've uptripped you.'

'You don't haf to say it. I'll come again. I'll beat you if my spirit has to trade with your spirit in another land.'

'I must get my cattle,' says Ginsang. 'I must be on my way. Just turn them out'n the pasture and start them down the road. I'll feel big behind them.'

I opened the gate. Ginsang walked away with Pa's big herd of cattle. The road was filled with cattle. Gin-

sang walked behind — his patched pants would hardly stay on his skinny body. His beard fell to his waist.

IV

‘Why, the man fooled me,’ Pa said to Ma. ‘He acted crazy. Talked about comin’ back to this earth seven years atter he had died to start buyin’ cattle again. He worked me into a trap. I thought he was a tramp.’

‘Ain’t you never heard of old Ginsang Tootle?’ says Ma. ‘He had a house built and filled with furniture for him and his wife. He thinks and has her believin’ they’re comin’ back atter they have been dead seven years. He’s the one that cheated old Fonse Leadingham out’n all his cattle. Stayed there a week and slept like a dog before the fire. Run over the hills and dug ginsang. Asked Fonse what he would take for his cattle. Got him to set a cheap price. Ripped a patch from his pants leg — shelled out the money and bought ’em right there.’

‘I’m a poor man tonight,’ says Pa. ‘It just took the wind out’n me to lose my cattle like that.’

Pa didn’t smoke a cigar. Pa didn’t brag. Pa looked downhearted.

‘You’ll haf to be more careful,’ says Ma. ‘Watch who sleeps in your haystacks from this on. Everything you’ve told me that he told you is the truth. How could he fool you that way, Henry?’

‘Th’ long beard on his face,’ says Pa, ‘or I’d a knowed him. Then he started talkin’ about bein’ a rich man — and that he would die and in seven years he’d be back to run his farm. I thought he was crazy. I thought he was a tramp. I didn’t know I’s talkin’ to Ginsang Tootle.’

‘Wolves will come to you dressed in sheep’s clothin’,’ says Ma.

‘Yes,’ says Pa. ‘That wolf in sheep’s clothin’ has made me a poor man. But I’ll come again. I can see a hundred head of white-faced cattle swimmin’ the Big Sandy River. I’ll beat him yet. I’ll cheat him if my spirit has to cheat his spirit in another world!’

Ma looked at Pa and laughed. Pa lit his cigar. He put his thumbs behind his vest.

‘Tradin’ Hen Blaine,’ says Pa; ‘still the best trader on the Big Sandy River.’

A NEW DESIGN FOR INDUSTRY

BY RAYMOND P. CALT

I

DURING the past ten years you may have noticed the influence of industrial design — the smooth lines of a fountain pen, the more readable numerals on your speedometer, or the simple, graceful proportions of a saltcellar or a knife handle. The touch of the industrial designer is as apparent in these as in the more spectacular beauty of the streamlined train.

The Greeks thought that objects of everyday use should be beautiful. But it remained for the Industrial Revolution completely to separate the useful and the beautiful, until the two concepts were thought to be mutually exclusive. When decoration was considered at all, it was as 'applied art' — applied as paper to a naked wall to cover the machine's starkness. Some of the earlier machines, in all justice, were unashamedly skeletons; others sought self-consciously to hide their gaunt outlines beneath a welter of wrought-iron roses, fancy grillwork, and metal brocade. A characteristically nineteenth-century touch was the use of Corinthian pillars, faithfully fluted and becapitaled, to support a stationary engine. Even this represents some kind of advance from the eighteenth-century lathe, smothered in cast-iron acanthus leaves like a steak in onions.

It must be admitted that the earlier inventors simply lacked the time to worry about design. Industrial development was accelerating at a tremendous rate with every passing year. Not until

manufacturers' sales began to dwindle did engineers turn to the problem of reducing production costs.

The economically dark and cold days after 1929 saw the first glimmerings of what the industrial designer had to offer. His solution was this: If products could look more graceful, more efficient, and more dependable, people would desire them more. A few venture-some manufacturers were at last induced to part with cold cash to a stranger — who could tell their engineers (who had been making their products for ten or twenty years) how those products should look. To their surprise, the thing worked. The sales curve immediately swung upward. Gradually other manufacturers followed suit, until today there is almost no major project but has had the attention of a design specialist.

Not that the sales manager and the production engineer have been converted overnight to a belief in art for art's sake. From the first, theirs has been the cold-blooded question, 'Will it sell?' And the answer is emphatically yes. With the machine's invasion of the home, it has become increasingly apparent to the manufacturer that his product must offer something more than an efficient internal unit. The user cannot hope to understand the complex viscera of the electric razor or vacuum cleaner. He must be reached in some more universal language than that of B.t.u.'s and r.p.m.'s.

II

The industrial designer must know methods, materials, and mechanics as well as design. He must be familiar with moulds, dies, forms, patterns, and manufacturing costs, as well as with the artistic possibilities and limitations of wood, steel, brass, copper, aluminum, glass, and plastics. To illustrate, take the case of a manufacturer of kitchenware, who is persuaded by a slumping sales curve to revamp his entire line. A designer is called in, and a rough outline of procedure is drawn up during the first conference with the manufacturer's research department. It is decided that the coffee maker will be his first assignment.

Before he starts, the designer must study the function of the utensil, the materials that go into it, and the process by which it is made. This particular appliance makes coffee by the drip method. Its basic parts are a spun-aluminum top in which the coffee is brewed and a cast-aluminum base into which the coffee drips. Although he is free to alter the lines of the piece as radically as he thinks necessary, the designer must not change its liquid capacity or vary the characteristic finish which is associated in the public mind with the manufacturer's name.

Because aluminum is a good conductor of heat, the base must be cast in a thick mould in order to keep its contents warm as long as possible. The handles must be made of a heat-resistant material and designed to make it easy to use the pot without burning one's fingers.

A week of preliminary sketching and moulding in plaster follows. Designers, like builders everywhere, work from quick ideas, with the best results often to be found on the back of an envelope or on a restaurant tablecloth. After a day or more of jotting down on sketch pads every idea which comes to them, the designers select the best ten or

fifteen designs, which are then worked out in greater detail. Some four or five are chosen, the others discarded for various reasons. This shape, for instance, is too squat, and would look clumsy in a heavy metal. That one is too delicate, and would contrast too much with the sturdiness of the characteristic finish. Another design entails a number of changes in the method of manufacture, and would be too costly to produce for the price at which this line must sell.

An important innovation occurs to the designer; why not attach a handle to the upper section, so that it can be removed after the coffee is made? Then the base can be used as a table piece. Also, a lip for the cover is worked out, so that less heat will escape from the spout, and also to prevent ice from spilling when the coffee maker is used as a pitcher for summer beverages.

It is decided that a certain heat-resisting plastic will be used for the handles. This in turn presents a two-fold problem — to design handles that will harmonize with the body of the vessel and that will also be practical to mould in a plastic material.

In the final drawing, the whole unit is taller and thinner than the original model. Consequently, it can be shaped inward at the bottom without looking top-heavy. This enables the manufacturer to use less metal in the casting, and decreases the cost of production.

A plaster model, exact in every dimension, is made up from the final drawings and submitted for the manufacturer's approval.

The designer's job is by no means over at this point. Tool and die drawings, made by the engineers from the plaster model, must be checked over minutely. An inadvertent change in color specifications, a radius altered, or a different dimension might spoil the effect for which the designer has worked so long.

III

Sometimes the designer's toughest job must be done before he sets pencil to sketch pad. Suppose, for instance, he has a traditional prejudice to dispel. Because thermostats have always been made with side vents to admit the air necessary to their function, it required considerable argument to convince one manufacturer that an offset housing would work just as well and at the same time solve a difficult design problem.

The hampering effect of tradition on true functional design can be seen all around us even today. Lighting fixtures are a case in point; they still dangle from the ceiling because candles once had to be hung at a safe distance from inflammable roofs. But lighting engineers insist that the logical way to light your house is to build the lighting in, just as you build in the heating plant.

Similarly, when the oil-burning space heater first invaded the parlor, it sedulously aped the appearance of the cabinet-type phonograph. It even tried to sound as much as possible like Victrola, and was named the Heatrola. Patterns in linoleum still copy woven rugs or wood flooring, and metal is grained, with the help of a complicated and expensive photographic process, to look like woods as familiar as walnut or exotic as Carpathian elm burl. The first mechanical refrigerators were wooden ice boxes with a cooling unit installed in what had been the ice compartment. It was only after discarding this conception of their product and its structure, and reexamining the problem as a new one, that refrigerator manufacturers discovered better and less expensive ways of making refrigerators. Because they did, the mechanical refrigerator today is cheaper to buy and run — and is more nearly perfect mechanically — than ever before.

One adolescent habit of thought that industrial design has not yet fully outgrown is an overemphasis upon the

principle of streamlining. Ever since it was discovered that a drop of water falling through air assumed a characteristic shape to minimize friction, the teardrop shape has been used and abused until it has become an artistic cliché. True, one of the dominant ideas in modern design has been and should continue to be the elimination of fussy surface details, but many of the functional contributions of the designer have been overlooked in the heat of debate over what constitutes good decoration.

An example of obviously synthetic streamlining is the fountain pen, now generally made in the teardrop shape. But its new beauty is more than skin-deep. Ten years ago, the fountain pen was a thick, stubby implement with a rubber sac, a casting of heavy, expensive metal plate, and a tendency to leak. Aside from the obvious refinements in weight and shape, today's fountain pen embodies several fundamental changes in construction. Ink is now contained in a leak-proof, noncorrosive plastic barrel. The mechanism for filling has been made simpler and easier to work, as have the feed and pocket clip. The commercial development of urea, phenol, and acetate plastic compounds has provided the perfect material for inexpensive, mass-produced barrels. Today's fountain pen, like today's refrigerator or motorcar, is sturdier, handsomer, cheaper, and more efficient than its predecessors.

Plastics have influenced the industrial designer and his work. In fact, much of the small amount of decoration to be found on today's well-designed products is the result of the enthusiasm of the designer for moulded plastics. Characteristic of modern designs, for instance, are curved surfaces and softly rounded corners, and these are to be found in products made of wood and metal as well as of plastics. But they have their origin in the design of plastic products such as radio cabinets, thermostats, and the like. For maximum strength, plastic cabinets and housings must be designed with very

gently curved walls, and with rounded instead of sharp corners. This treatment has carried over into the design of other materials as well. Another characteristic of moulded materials has given rise to what one designer refers to as the 'three-parallel-line school of decoration.' Certain mechanical requirements in plastic designing necessitate ribs to conceal blemishes. These ribs have most often taken the form of three parallel lines or beads on the exterior. Result: parallel-line mouldings, on wood, chrome-plated metal, and even on glass.

IV

The industrial designer frequently aids the engineer by finding cheaper as well as better ways of doing things. There was the manufacturer, for example, whose product — a valve of the kind used on ordinary steam radiators — was made of seven different parts, some of metal and others of wood. The parts required such varied operations as swaging, broaching, finishing, polishing, plating, and the like. The designer to whom the manufacturer brought his problem produced a radiator valve that was smaller, neater, much more modern in appearance — and composed of exactly two parts. 'Boiling down' that valve saved the manufacturer thousands of dollars in operating and inventory costs, while the new design, being lighter in weight, is cheaper to ship.

Another manufacturer sent his designer a permanent-wave machine for redesign. The working parts of the machine were housed in 'modernistic' metal which weighed seven or eight pounds. As a part of the general restyling of the device, the designer specified a moulded plastic housing to replace the old metal casting. The new housing weighed two pounds. Thus the manufacturer was able to put the money he saved into the mechanism, and give his customers a better, more attractive machine for the same amount of money. And — logically

enough — those improvements have also helped to boost his sales.

A striking example of the improvement, not only in appearance but in general usefulness, which design can effect is the ordinary bathroom scale. Still to be seen in some homes is the old-fashioned scale, a large and bulky device with a genius for tripping you up as you step over it. Its housing is stamped in several pieces of metal, which means that it was expensive to make. The dial projects above the housing and is obtrusively ugly. The modern scale may have a small streamlined housing containing its rotating dial. But more than the dial case is streamlined: in place of four or five metal stampings, two metal parts enclose the mechanism, and one of these serves as the platform. In addition the designer, aware that many serious accidents occur in the bathroom, has replaced the linoleum on the old platform with a nonskid rubber tread of scientific design.

Even the modern breadbox bears evidence of the designer's shaping hand. It seems that years ago a Midwest manufacturer of bottle closures solved a difficult problem. His biggest customer sold hard candy in jars. In the hot and humid summer months, hard candy absorbs moisture, and becomes soft and gummy. By inserting a small paper disk soaked in a tasteless dehydrating chemical, this manufacturer could guarantee that candy packed with his closure would remain firm and crunchy even in the wettest weather. Housewives began to save the empty jars to preserve other absorbent foods like dry cereals, salt, and sugar.

When the vogue for hard candy went out, it seemed for a time that this manufacturer might go with it. Then a designer turned up with an idea. Why not adapt the dehydrating principle to a larger container, efficiently insulated against moisture, perhaps with an electrical unit attached to bake out the dehydrating pad when it had reached the

saturation point? In short, a machine-age breadbox.

Today you can buy a handsomely designed sheet-metal container for absorbent foods which looks exactly like a svelte breadbox, except that it carries a plastic housing on the top and a dial that changes slowly from green to red as the air inside becomes humid. When the dial finally shows a blushing crimson, the unit is simply removed and plugged into a wall socket overnight. Heat from a coil similar to that contained in an electric iron bakes out the chemical pad and restores it to working order by morning.

Design will eventually come into the parlor, but it is pursuing a devious course. So far the centres of modernization in the home have been the kitchen, the bathroom, and the laundry — all patently functional. But for the majority of homes the living and dining rooms are strongholds of tradition, where Queen Anne chairs rub elbows with modern radios, and a chrome-plated, thermostatically controlled coffee maker is not thought out of place on a table off which Samuel Johnson might have dined. For this reason design, after modernizing kitchen devices and similar home appliances, has moved on to the larger field of industrial products. It is no surprise to learn that gasoline pumps, butter-cutting machines and pasteurizing machines, power shovels, tractors, hydraulic jacks, lathes, drill presses, and bottle washers have been styled by the industrial designer. These products, of course, are not used by the consumer; many are never seen by any but workers. But plant foremen have found that workmen take more pride in their work when their machines are trim and modern. Even more important, they have found that men working at white or light-colored

machines become less fatigued, make fewer mistakes, and have fewer accidents.

From this point, some designers feel that they will gradually take over the problems of more efficient living, dining, and sleeping. While much traditional furniture was admirably designed, both functionally and aesthetically, most of it is now outmoded. Wings on chairs, for instance, originally served to ward off drafts in rooms heated only by fireplaces. With today's central heating systems, wing chairs are as anomalous as whip sockets on automobiles. Lamps, at best poor solutions of the lighting problem, will be replaced by built-in lighting. Furniture, instead of consisting of unrelated chests, tables, and cabinets, will be organized as units for working, playing, and sleeping. New forms and new materials will answer new needs.

But the honest industrial designer refuses to predict what the washing machine of 1989 will look like. Because, he says, he is not sure we shall be wearing clothes then. If we are, they may be some lightweight material that will be cheaper to throw away when soiled. And of course, with the widespread adoption of air conditioning, clothes and furniture will be soiled less easily.

Exactly what the future holds for industrial design is scarcely predictable. Yet there will always be a need for its contributions to better living. Today's designer, although he expresses himself in terms of plan views, perspectives, and three-dimensional models, is simply a planner and a thinker — a man who sees into the essentials of a problem and makes them apparent to his fellows. And as long as man has this brief hour on earth there will be problems to solve, programs to plan, and a need for the man whose profession is planning and solving.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the rising generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITOR]

THE PACIFIST SPEAKS

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

Life finds me an able-bodied male at the tender age of twenty-two, and a confirmed pacifist. My friends tolerate my views, my family are cynically disgusted. They tell me I am not practical.

The common assumption behind all our political turmoil seems to me to be that, while war is a nasty thing, it is finally a cultural necessity, and may even be excusable on certain vaguely defined 'noble' grounds. The cry goes up that the Fascist states are responsible for the prevailing and recurring necessity for war: I have at hand a seriously-intentioned pamphlet advertising literature purporting to prove that all war is the direct result of the Fascistic trend in all ages of recorded history. I have seen similar sharply accusatory pamphlets which damn the Communistic philosophy as the recurring reason and cause of war. Public opinion swings wildly between the two aforementioned tenets, and leaves in its wake horrible nightmares of war threats and fancied sabotage and spy efforts. What little sober reason has been applied to the problem of war is ignobly buried under a weight of confusion which grows afresh with the approach of each recurring period of economic collapse. We find our several consciences lulled to sleep by a never-ceas-

ing hammering of propaganda, which, while graciously condemning war, is yet pleased to assure us that the only defense of the 'just' in the event of armed attack is armed defense.

I hold the brief that we have dawdled with a lesser meaning of war than is the truth. We have as a race (there are great individual exceptions) shunted our interest from the obviously real principle underlying armed conflict to a lesser and more easily compromised issue. War can be called a 'social evil' or a 'disease of man,' and firmly and justly denounced as such; war can be described in its every filthy detail, and denounced as such; war can be admitted to violate every decent social principle, but on these bases war can still be excused. The true basis of war, and the only one which cannot be tampered with to excuse war, is beyond the bounds of the individual race or creed ego: it lies in the fundamental position that man occupies among the creatures of earth. The principle of armed conflict is a direct reversal of the principle of human progress, which is constructive in nature. War is the smouldering and quick-to-flame passion of destruction which is the outpouring of animal rage and irresponsibility. War presupposes a disability to reason and to believe. The statesman who casts his lot in favor of war either *cannot* or *will not* be the man that his race and forbears have made it possible for him to be.

Last summer we had a grand celebration when I attained the stature of a man among men at my twenty-first birthday. Everyone had a grand time, including me, but I have decided to take seriously what served as a joke at that party. I'm going to be a man.

It will not follow that I shall show greater masculinity than I or my fellows ever have shown — but it will follow that I shall insist on being disloyal to any authority that tells me I must behave like a beast. My country increasingly assumes, along with the rest of the world, that if she does not protect her heavy industries, her giant financial investments, her unlimited natural resources, she shall have lost her soul — democracy shall have lost another champion; defiling hordes shall overrun the land and all the innocent shall be boiled in their own naïveté. Yet, may I point out that the very thing we are called upon to defend by arms — Democracy — is in itself a dream, an ideal, a satisfaction in the mind of man. I choose to maintain the ideal of democracy where no moth or rust or army can destroy it.

If it be true that there are sufficient monsters among men to wish and to consummate the physical destruction of my kind, I say let them get about winning their earth — they are welcome to it. I only hope it is big enough to hold them after they get it, and I trust that after the fireworks are over (happy day) they will be different from all other men and live to an infinite number of years to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

I have made a simple choice. I believe that the chief glory of man is not the World's Fair, but the moral and spiritual integrity of this our human being.

I don't think many of the teachers who taught me this believe it themselves, but I do, and it maintains for me my Apology for Pacifism.

BURKET KNIVETON, JR.

'HERE THEY COME!'

Valencia, Spain
February 15, 1939

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

The port of Valencia is one of the most devastating things I've ever seen. The damage is beyond description. Not merely the floating derelicts, like those I saw in Barcelona, but the complete destruction of all that part of the city which borders on the port. Every house within a radius of half a mile is a litter of wreckage.

It's just plain suicide to stay there any length of time. Incredibly, some people still live there, but it's like a deserted village that's been battered to death by bombs. Outside of the men who work there, I saw hardly a living soul. Some little old ladies sat hunched outside the low entrance of a bomb shelter, known here as a *refugio*. I wonder why they stay. Men at the docks, and sailors on ships at the port, get their wages increased 200 per cent while there. Maybe the old ladies haven't anywhere else to go; maybe they don't care what happens. Poor, helpless people.

Going along the streets of the city near the port, where misdirected bombs may fall at any time, I saw every few hundred yards homemade refugios. They're just rough tunnels or dugouts under the tumbled bricks and masonry, hardly more than uncertain protection from shrapnel. But people go right on living in them — without comfort and in perpetual danger.

Only a short distance from the port, outside the immediate danger zone, everyone seemed undisturbed and happy enough. I saw children laughing and playing games. It made me sick. The sound of those little kids' voices. . . .

After breakfast this morning, walking through the city's streets, Wallner, the American Consul here, pointed out that there'd probably be no bread today, for the people were not queued up for it. There are many days when the bread ra-

tion is cut off, and the lines form to buy whatever may be offered in its place. It's a mystery to me how the scrawny dogs, which prowl around the garbage cans in vast numbers, manage to exist.

On our way back, Wallner suddenly said, 'Here they come!' He was listening. I'd never have noticed the sound against the noisy background of the city, but Wallner's ears were sharpened by experience. Now I heard sirens going in various parts of the city to warn of the approach of enemy aircraft.

People were already hurrying to take shelter in refugios or in the basements of near-by houses. Some raced to the refugios, then stood outside, ready to duck in if the going got tough. These dugouts are bigger and better than the home-made ones near the port. Some of them go as much as thirty feet below the surface; many have lights and ventilating systems to keep the air clean.

We heard nothing for about five minutes, then the anti-aircraft guns began. We saw the white puffs of exploding shells high against the blue sky. But none seemed very close to the little black specks of planes, and the latter kept on coming as if they didn't give a damn. No bombs fell, and, after a bit, people commenced coming out of their shelters. Then it started. They'd begun bombing the port.

The noise was terrific. It made our ears ache. The building vibrated like drums. The planes must have been lost in the sun or hidden by high clouds, for we didn't catch another glimpse of them. I'd have felt more comfortable knowing where they were.

A few people stayed out on the square. I noticed one man who kept right on

with his work, shining shoes. The rest either huddled behind stone pillars or were out of sight in refugios. Some people won't go into the refugios because they're not allowed out again until the release whistle sounds, which may be some time after the planes have gone. The din lasted for about five minutes; then complete silence.

As abruptly as the streets had cleared, they filled up again. A few minutes after the raid Valencia was back to normal. The bootblack kept on shining shoes.

The thing that got me was the feeling of absolute helplessness. There's not a thing you can do about it all. I don't wonder any more that people develop a sense of fatalism after going through this day after day. I guess I'd acquire it myself in a little while.

The Valencia papers are just two-page affairs, but they're full of the stuff manufactured to appeal to man's finer sentiments — phrases like 'The Fatherland is worth every sacrifice' and 'The State needs the help of every man!' They carry only short bits of news from the outside world. When Barcelona fell they held the news back for several days, then released it with the phony explanation that the high command thought it best to retire a short way in order to consolidate their position. I wonder how many people swallowed that. Today's papers say that the Communist paper in Madrid has been banned indefinitely — a hint for the populace here of a new attitude toward the Communists. How's anybody going to recognize truth when it's forever wearing a mask of propaganda in print!

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, Jr.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE HENRY CLAY SLIP COVERS

THE slip covers are dark brown with a pattern of pale yellow roses, gray plumes, and silver grapes. I chose the material willfully at a New York shop even though the neighbors in Scarsdale advised against chintz as being out of fashion. Also I made still another gesture of independence. I ordered the shop to send one of its own men out to my house to cut and fit the slip covers, rather than have them made by a dressmaker from White Plains or a tailor's assistant from New Rochelle.

The man arrived promptly on the promised day. I opened the door for him, and, once he stood in the hallway, could not help feeling faintly astonished at his appearance. I don't know just what I had expected, but certainly not this slender, rather haughty young Jewish gentleman with a pince-nez, who bowed to me austere. He was very well dressed, and held his pale gray hat with a white, rather elegant hand.

Almost as breathlessly as a pupil in the presence of a professor, I explained my preferences about slip covers. The large chairs, the davenport, and the side chairs were pointed out to what seemed like an indifferent and somewhat disdainful gaze. However, politely enough, though a trifle brusquely, he discussed ruffles and pipings. Then he took off his coat, produced scissors, and unrolled the material.

Apparently I was no longer needed. I remarked hesitantly that I was upstairs, and if he found any difficulties he could call to me. I went back to my desk in my bedroom, prepared to forget him, since he seemed so capable and assured. But after about fifteen minutes I heard a very excited voice cry out, 'Madam! Madam!'

It astonished me, and I went down on the run, thinking that at least he had run the scissor blade into an artery. As I came to the foot of the stairs, I saw him standing in the centre of the living room. His eyes were glistening behind his glasses, his narrow, intellectual face seemed almost luminous with the reflection from some inner flame of en-

thusiasm, his air of austerity was quite gone.

'Oh, madam,' he exclaimed joyously, 'you have a picture of Henry Clay!'

I stared at him stupidly.

'I have a what?'

'A picture of Henry Clay,' he repeated, still glowing, 'right here in this room.'

'But I haven't,' I contradicted mildly, 'I haven't at all.'

'But, madam, you have. I know a great deal about Henry Clay. I have seen many pictures of him. That is certainly a picture of Henry Clay over there in the corner.'

I looked in the direction of his pointing finger, which appeared to be actually trembling with his excitement, and saw the miniature which he had mistaken for Henry Clay.

'Oh, that!' I said. 'That's Grandpa.'

I wanted to laugh, but he evidently was a painfully serious young man, who didn't like to be wrong. His bewilderment and disappointment made him almost pathetic.

'I suppose it does look a little like Henry Clay,' I went on soothingly. 'The same sort of collar, and the style of the coat and all.'

He went over to the miniature, and, adjusting his glasses more firmly on his nose, peered at the little painting for some time. Then he drew up with a deep sigh, shaking his head.

'I would certainly have thought that was a picture of Henry Clay.'

He surveyed me somewhat broodingly for a moment, then he said sharply, 'You know who Henry Clay was, don't you?'

Completely disregarding my murmur that I had heard of him, he burst out in a torrent of explanations:—

'He was one of our greatest conservative statesmen. I have a big book all about our statesmen. Every evening, after my work, I go home and I read about them. Henry Clay I admire most of all. A conservative — a great man. Ah, that's what we need in this country to-day — conservative statesmen!'

'Don't you think conservatism is a little unpopular at present?' I managed to inquire.

'Oh no, no,' he replied earnestly. 'It is our greatest need.'

He went across the room for another long stare at my grandfather's miniature, then again straightened up, this time brightening with a hopeful idea.

'Perhaps you're some relation of Henry Clay's?' he suggested.

'No,' I said, 'absolutely no relation of Henry Clay's.'

By that time I began to look around me, wondering if all his time, up to this point, had been spent examining my shabby old belongings, or if any work had been done on the slip covers. Perhaps he interpreted my glance, for he relinquished Henry Clay momentarily and went over to the davenport, where the chintz lay spread out, and began snip-snipping once more.

At noon I carried in some luncheon for him on a tray. He sat down at a small table to eat it, almost entirely surrounded by a sea of brown chintz. I thought he had forgotten his obsession, but I was mistaken. When I returned later to ask him if he would like anything more, he looked up at me very graciously, and said, 'Now these beans — I must say I like the way you cook them. Usually I never eat green vegetables. They don't agree with me. But these beans — well, they're *cooked*.'

He emphasized the word so strongly that I got the ridiculous impression that ordinarily, in the course of his day's work, he was turned out in a garden to chew on raw ones. We chatted very amiably for a few moments about cooking and eating. Then I saw the candor of his face clouding over. The eyes behind the glinting glasses watched me sorrowfully, hopefully. Finally, he said, 'Are you *sure* you're not any relation to Henry Clay?'

Probably I should have lied to him. It would have made his day a memorable one, and he could have carried home a piece of the brown chintz to use as a marker in his book about statesmen. But I clung with steady brutality to the truth.

'Yes, I'm sure,' I said without a smile. But he merely looked baffled as he took up his fork to spear the remaining beans.

About half past three I heard my eleven-year-old son James come banging in from school. James is a thin, scholarly, ascetic boy who dislikes changes, innovations, or any va-

riation of routine. I supposed he must be surveying the chintz all over the living room, as well as the strange man at work there, because I heard him say, 'Well, well, what's all this confusion about?'

Apparently there was a well-meant murmur from the slip-cover man, but it didn't suffice.

'Mother!' roared James up the stairs. 'What's going on here?'

I shouted, 'Slip covers!' and he went back to the living room. I heard voices carrying on what seemed an endless conversation. I thought to myself that, between Henry Clay and James, the slip covers either would never be finished in one day or else would be an abominably bad job. After a long while James went out and silence descended.

Finally the man was done. I went downstairs to find that he had tidied up the living room, his work was rolled up in a neat package under his arm, and he stood in the hall buttoning his fashionably cut coat. I offered to drive him to the station, but he refused, saying that he enjoyed walking through the country landscape. Such a description of cluttered Scarsdale so stunned me that I did not realize for a moment that he was still speaking. The first words that I really heard had a somewhat ominous sound.

'One thing I want to say before I leave this house —'

('Oh, oh, what now?' I thought.)

'You have here a very bright boy. He has a great grasp of the English language. He chooses his words. He thinks before he speaks.'

('What *did* that wretched boy say?' I agonized.)

The slip-cover man paused for a moment, eyeing me steadily before he fired his parting shot.

'He is *very* conservative,' he added at last. 'Some day he should be a statesman!'

He went out, closing the door softly behind him.

The slip covers came home eventually. They are neatly and smartly finished, they fit to perfection. They give my dilapidated room such an air that sometimes I wonder, myself, if I am not related to somebody else besides Grandpa.

WINIFRED WELLES

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

GREAT SWELLING WORDS OF VANITY

THE irrepressible and irresistible A. P. Herbert — he of *Punch* and Parliament, *Holy Deadlock* and that salutary book *What a Word* — has just paid his respects to the historic motto of Trafalgar. Nelson's hoist of flags said to the fleet: 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' Mr. Herbert performs the public service of putting this watchword into War Department or Foreign Office English, or what Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in a very celebrated lecture branded as Jargon. Nelson, deftly jargonized, reads: 'England anticipates that as regards the current emergency, personnel will face up to the issues and exercise appropriately the functions allocated to their respective occupation groups.' This revised version, or all of it but the rather British 'face up to,' is a perfect miniature of the prose style that we find in vast and growing numbers of American documents. It saturates state papers and the exchanges of diplomats. Lawyers' letters are as full of it as they can hold; so are thousands of pages of the *Congressional Record*. Conventions of those who call themselves educators wallow and drown in it, and most sociologists would think it *infra dig.* to transact their affairs in any other idiom.

Pretentious circumlocution is, of course, no new thing: only the degree of its prevalence is new. A generation ago, during the United States Army's mopping-up campaign in the Philippines, Ambrose Bierce took the trouble to show that it is sometimes a high crime *not* to have an instinctive mastery of the periphrastic or Robin-Hood's-barn style. A staff officer issues oral instructions: 'I want no prisoners. I wish you to kill and burn. The more you kill and burn, the better you will please me.' Asked for an age limit, he sets it at ten years. Naturally he is cashiered for barbarism. He would have remained, according to Bierce, 'a popular hero and an ornament to the active list of the army' if only he had issued a written order in this form: —

It is thought that it will be to the advantage of the expedition in point of celerity of movement, and will simplify the problem of supply, if the column be not encumbered with prisoners. The commander of the expedition will not be unmindful of the military advantages that flow from the infliction of as many casualties upon the enemy as is practicable with the small force that he commands and the evasive character of the enemy; nor will he overlook the need of removing by fire such structures and supplies as are incompatible with the interests of the United States. . . . No person engaged in hostilities against the United States will, of course, be suffered to plead sex or age in mitigation of such mischances as the fortunes of war may entail, provided, however, that no non-combatants of either sex under the age of ten years shall under any circumstances be put to death without authority from these headquarters; the traditional benevolence of the American army must not be impaired.

The remark that the general's alleged order to make the island a howling wilderness was 'brutal exceedingly' draws the crushing reply: 'Certainly it was. An officer of refinement and taste would have said: "It will be found expedient to operate against the enemy's material resources."'

The great unfenced and horizonless range of this sort of thing in the twenty years past has been the pseudo-science of psychology; with which we must include its various ramifications from 'personnel research' up to psychiatry, which is psy-

chology wearing an M. D. At my elbow is *The Law of the Organism: A Neuro-Social Approach to the Problems of Human Behavior*, a reprint from the *American Journal of Sociology*. It is by Dr. Trigant Burrow, a psychiatrist of great prestige, head of the Lifwynn Foundation, author of *The Biology of Human Conflict*, and a patently sincere, earnest, and benevolent person. In his pamphlet I read:—

Phylobiological investigations give indication that . . . the cause of the disorganizations occurring individually and socially among us is to be found in the organism's misguided efforts of adjustment in relation to this fanciful, politico-social principle that has been overtly substituted for the basic proprio-social principle governing the behavior of man's organism as a whole.

What do you think Mr. Herbert would make of *that* dainty bit of code, if anything could persuade him to grapple with it? Possibly something of this sort: 'Group experiments suggest that we get out of tune with ourselves and our fellows because, instead of following our innate bent, we foolishly strain ourselves trying to live up to what is expected of us.' But any such form of statement would never, never do. It would instantly shrivel the idea into one of those mere truisms that persons of sense easily accept without any phylobiological investigations. Workers in the social and mental sciences naturally want to think of themselves, and want us to think of them, as the custodians of something pretty special and inaccessible in truth — truth with a fence around it. The rest of us pardonably suspect that half the time they can't be sure themselves whether there is really much to the fence but impenetrable language.

THE DRAGNET

BEATEN STIFFLY. A Chicago concern called Plee-zing, Inc., distributes Plee-zing corn flakes in a package with printed recipes on its wrapper, one of which begins: '2 egg whites beaten *stiffly*.' This direction, possibly written by a Japanese school-boy, will make perfect sense to those who know what it is to be struck dumbly, run raggedly, caught shortly, knocked flatly, or beaten blackly and bluely.

ONCE MORE 'CONTACTED.' An anonymous postcarder avouches that he lately heard over the radio, in an interview with one of the notables of exploration, this question: 'Roughly speaking, Mr. —, how many icebergs have you *contacted*?'

-IZE. Among the incredible linguistic atrocities that have resulted from throwing this useful suffix about, hit or miss, Mr. Mencken lists *backwardize*, *customize*, *picturize*, and *scenarioize*. The Leader of the Philadelphia Ethical Society, Mr. W. Edwin Collier, writes me: 'You might like to add *solidarize* to your collection of brave new words,' and documents the remark with a letter to the (New York) *Nation* in which Mr. David Martin of Toronto says: 'If Premier King today is prepared to *solidarize* Canada with Britain and France, he is only following the American lead.' The now familiar *slenderize* has had a long enough vogue to develop both transitive and intransitive uses: certain devices, exercises, or nostrums are supposed to *slenderize* the user, and the user also *slenderizes* by using them. ('Shall we have her to luncheon, or is she still *slenderizing*?')

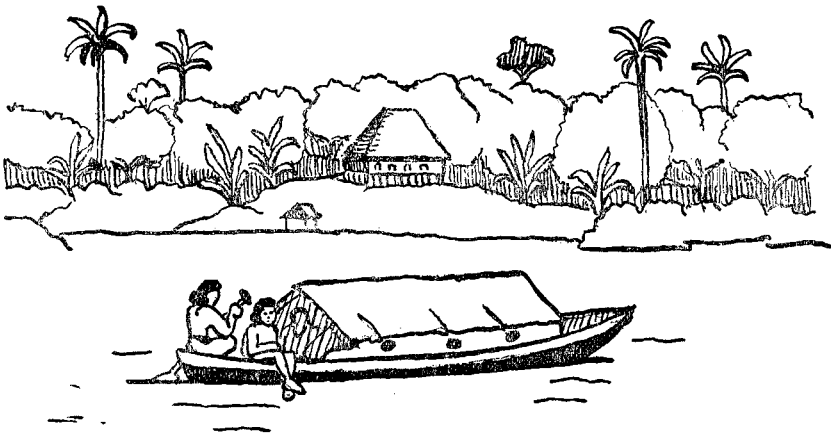
It has remained for a brand of 'beauty aids' called Maybelline ('attractive purse sizes at all 10¢ stores') to boost *-ize* to a new height — or a new *high* — on the leverage of a pun. *Glamor-ize today*, Maybelline exhorts us (in questionable spelling) in the Sunday rotogravure section of the *New York Times* — the essential clue being the circumstance that Maybelline is a group of cosmetics for the *eyes* and environs.

WILSON FOLLETT

The Atlantic Serial

LAND BELOW THE WIND

CHAPTERS 1-5



BY

AGNES NEWTON KEITH

WITH particular pleasure the editor has selected for the next serial vivid and characteristic chapters from *Land Below the Wind*, by Agnes Newton Keith, the book which walked off with the Atlantic \$5000 Prize.



Here is the personal record of an American girl who married an English official and went with him to the farthest outpost of the British Empire. Nothing in her upbringing in California, no course she had taken at the University, could have prepared Agnes Keith for the life she was to lead in Borneo. Her husband is one of the seventy Englishmen who direct the destinies of some 270,000 tribesmen in this, the third largest island in the world. Conservator of Forests, Director of Agriculture, Honorary Curator of the State Museum, Game Warden, and collector of strange beasts for distant scientists, Mr. Keith spends much of each year in the jungle and

far up the waterways of North Borneo. And with him goes his wife. Such expeditions call for fortitude, everlasting good humor, and a power of observation such as few women possess. In her words, as in her pen-and-ink sketches, Agnes Keith makes clear her devotion to a land of tropical heat and hurricanes, a land whose animals and forests and head-hunters are legendary.

Her book is a long one, and, in fairness to the author and the reader, we must add that the printed volume will contain as much fresh material as the chapters we have been fortunate enough to serialize in the magazine.



LAND BELOW THE WIND

BY AGNES NEWTON KEITH

I

FOR four years now I have drunk the toast to 'Absent Ones' with people whose hearts turn back to a different land from mine, whose thoughts are of another country, whose children play on a different soil. We have spoken of 'home,' and home to them was England.

In my heart these people are mine, as I hope in their hearts I am theirs. But when we open our mouths to speak, as I do, or when they do not open their mouths to speak, as they do not, there is no mistaking who comes from the United States of America. As an Englishman's wife I think too much has been written on the question of Understanding the English. When my husband removes his pipe I can understand him almost perfectly, and when he expresses his views on publicity his meaning is all too clear. If for the moment, then, I call the attention of strangers to the Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture of North Borneo, it is because my only business in Borneo is as his wife.

North Borneo is a British Protectorate which is administered by a Governor and Civil Service appointed by the British North Borneo (Chartered) Company, and it is the sole remaining country in the British Empire to be administered by a chartered company.

Here my husband stopped me for discussion. I said North Borneo was the

only country in the world administered by a chartered company, and he said No! — and why did Americans always want to say that a thing was the only one in the world? And I said it was for the same reason that English people said a thing was the only one in the British Empire, the world and the B. E. being of comparable size in our respective minds. After which we turned quickly to latitudes.

The state of North Borneo lies between four degrees and seven degrees north of the equator, and covers the northern tip of the island of Borneo, which is the third largest island in the world. It has a population of about 270,000 and its Civil Service numbers, all told, some seventy persons.

The length of time required for a person to come from the United States to Borneo is approximately the same as for my mail. When we came out in 1934 we left Southern California on September 27 and arrived at Sandakan, North Borneo, on November 10, forty-four days later, or just over six weeks.

The climate of North Borneo is warm, as day in and day out the temperature averages about 88°, and the humidity is very high. It is not a distressing climate, but it makes one too content to sit and do nothing. If you go to bed tired at night you wake up so in the morning. There is never anything in the air to

make you breathe deeply and throw out your chest and say briskly, 'How invigorating!' One may say, 'How delicious, how fragrant'—but one sits down and relaxes even while saying it.

Our home is in Sandakan, the capital of North Borneo, which is situated on the east coast and is the largest town in the state. It has a population of approximately 14,000 persons. About seventy-five of them are Europeans, 10,000 are Chinese, and the rest are natives of Borneo, natives of Netherlands East Indies, Philippine Islanders, Malays, Indians, and Japanese. The Chinese predominate in the coast towns, but are seldom found in the interior.

The natives of North Borneo are a brown-skinned people of less than average height whose features show a Mongoloid influence. That is as far as I can safely go, for students of ethnology tear each other to pieces and retreat on crutches after a discussion of the identity and origin of the earliest North Borneo inhabitants. The natives have no written language and therefore no written records, and their only history is tradition and folk tale. Mr. Owen Rutter, in his volume *British North Borneo*, roughly divides the native pagan peoples of North Borneo into Dusuns and Muruts, the Dusuns being people of the plains and the coasts, and the Muruts people of the hills and the interior. The Dusuns are generally speaking a farming people, while the Muruts are a hunting, and formerly head-hunting, people. These are the aborigines of North Borneo, and both Muruts and Dusuns are believed to have come from a common stock.

My husband has been in Government service here in North Borneo for fourteen years. As well as being Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture he is Honorary Curator of the State Museum, Game Warden, collector of strange beasts for distant scientists, patron of pauperized natives, and the repository for unwanted animals. He collects old Chinese porcelain, writes papers on

scientific subjects, is recording a Murut vocabulary, speaks Malay well enough to be distressed by mine, and cites Oxford Dictionary English to the confusion of my American.

Before we were married he told me that he hated cats, letters of introduction, leftovers, people who cut down trees, coeducational schools, bombastic phrases, and women in shorts.

I like cats and leftovers, and I think that a good bombastic phrase and a woman in shorts can go a long way at the proper time.

Since I have been married to an Englishman I have come to believe that the profane words 'all Englishmen are . . .' and 'all Americans are . . .' usually precede a libel, and the greater the truth the greater the libel. But one thing is true: an Englishman's wife is *his* wife, and I like that possessive pronoun. When I left the United States it was difficult to tell whose wife anyone was. As my husband's wife I have tried to cultivate an appreciation for the beauty of plain facts. But I have been in Borneo only four years as against his fourteen years, and my statements sometimes shatter him. When he looks at me dispassionately and says 'Look up the facts!' I feel as chilled as a fish on ice, but I do look up the facts.

Without my husband my story of Borneo might have been more what people think Borneo ought to be, and less what it is. But when I see a shudder shaking him I quickly reduce my adjectives and multiply my qualifying clauses. In fact we have almost collaborated—I to enthuse, and he to refuse.

And so I acknowledge with gratitude his criticism, which, while it distresses me, does me good.

Like most Californians I wasn't born in that state, but was carried in at an early age. I grew up in Southern California, in fact in Hollywood, and this may be one of the reasons why the actions of the natives of other continents

have neither surprised nor alarmed me. I spent four years at the University of California at Berkeley during the flapper decade. There I acquired a certain amount of scholastic knowledge in spite of the fact that I belonged to various organizations whose social activities required attention. It was collegiate in those days to be sophisticated, and to sigh aloud that life was futile, even while we whispered to ourselves that life was thrilling. I spent four very happy years there, sighing and thrilling; such happy years that I came to believe that happiness was a common state of affairs, and not, as I now know, an occasion for comment.

After I received a university degree, I decided to be a newspaper woman. For days I sat perseveringly in the outer office of the *San Francisco Examiner* until I finally wore down the resistance of the editor and was hired for one month's trial. There was at that time in the city room a very beautiful young blonde woman who was nicknamed Kissy-wissy. She ran the Beautiful Baby contests and the Thought Symposiums, and irate parents and persons who thought their characters had been maligned were turned over to her to be placated because she was fluffy and sweet. Her body was moulded in beautiful curves, and mine was not, and we were known in the city room as 'Spare-ribs and Gravy.'

At that time Annie Laurie Bonfils — or Winifred Black, as she was known in the East — was a significant voice on the Hearst newspapers, especially the *San Francisco Examiner*. She said to me once, 'Kissy-wissy is too beautiful for the newspaper business. But I think you'll do very well, Agnes.' I did not mind the inference about my beauty at all, I was so intoxicated at the suggestion that I should make a newspaper woman.

That year I made out my first income-tax report, and was perhaps the only person in the United States who was really grateful to do so. And then, just

as I felt the world at my fingertips, I became involved in a violent scene which nearly destroyed me. At noontime one spring day I stepped out of the revolving doors of the Examiner Building in San Francisco to be met by a temporarily crazed drug addict. He smashed my skull in with a two-foot length of iron pipe which he wielded like a baseball bat, and then continued to beat my head until he was literally pulled away by the traffic policeman. He didn't kill me, but during some of the ensuing years I almost wished that he had.

After the case had been dealt with in the courts and the man had been committed to prison, I left San Francisco to go south to my home in Venice, and recuperate. It was not a triumphant return. As a result of the injuries to my head I suffered a partial loss of memory. Then as I began gradually to remember again I had constantly to fight the belief that I was losing my mind. Owing to the severity of the skull fractures I had lost all power to concentrate and my thoughts shifted about like a kaleidoscope, and trying to grasp an idea was like trying to pick up a piece of wet soap. During those years when my mind was distracted and my nerves were broken I learned that happiness is never to be taken for granted.

I must have had a naturally thick skull and a strong constitution, because in time I began to recuperate, and my father sent me to Europe with my brother. The plan was that I should go to the French Riviera to rest and grow strong, while my brother, a civil engineer, engaged in a more exciting project of skipping about southern Europe while he tried to persuade the Albanian Government to build a railroad.

By the time we returned to America I was beginning to have trouble with my eyes, a trouble which in diagnosis proved to be a result of the old frontal skull fracture. For two years then I lost the use of my eyes, and was unable to read even a page in a magazine. With my

temporary handicap, which the doctors told me would only be remedied with a gradual healing of my nerves and a return to strength and health, I could do none of the things I wished to do. Only the wisdom of my family and the tolerance of my friends made that fruitless period endurable.

Those were the early years of the depression. The one stable feature that I knew in that fast-moving, high-pressure America was my home, of which my father and mother were the body and soul. I have never met any other persons like them. They proved to me what love can make of human beings. Against the dignity and beauty of their relationship the marital dissatisfaction of my generation was pathetic. Their love was the same, yesterday, today, and forever. But my generation was not only married — it was divorced and remarried to each other's husbands. That was 1934.

Then a young Englishman, a friend of my brother's who had been for a time at school in the United States, and whom I had first met when I was eight years old, came to visit us on his leave from Government service in British North Borneo. Several times in the past we had almost married each other, but each time events which I thought at the time were more important had occurred to prevent us. But as soon as we met again in 1934 we both knew that nothing more important than marrying each other could occur to us.

We decided to be married immediately. We could and would see no obstacles. We procured a license, waited the necessary three days, and were married.

I had three months then to prepare for Borneo. I first found a doctor who agreed to perform an operation on my head which might prove a final cure for my eyes, and for the injuries from which I still suffered. I believed, because I had made up my mind to believe, that it would cure me. It did.



The life, as my husband described it to me, of the British inhabitants of North Borneo seemed to have little to do with the Wild Man from Borneo as advertised by Barnum and Bailey. I decided that I should need more dinner gowns than safari clothes, for if there were only twenty European women in Sandakan, where we were to be stationed, what those women wore must be noticeable.

'What do the Englishwomen wear in Sandakan?' I asked Harry.

'I never noticed. Frilly things, I suppose.'

'I don't like frilly things on myself.'

'Oh, women always wear frills. And take several garden-party dresses and big hats for Government House teas.'

'I look ridiculous in big hats.'

'Well, everybody in Sandakan wears them. Take things like that dress you have on now. I like that.'

'This isn't a dress — it's a negligee.'

I ended by taking everything I had, as no European dresses may be purchased in Borneo. In the four and a quarter years since, I have made and remade, copied and created, on the basis of that wardrobe. I am far from the mode of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, but here in Borneo where we dress from leave to leave we have standards of our own which enable us to look with an understanding eye upon rejuvenated clothing.

Before we left the United States I discovered that most people didn't know much about Borneo. The advice of my friends was confusing. Although no one knew about Borneo, everyone knew about The Tropics. I was advised not to

take silk underwear as it would rot in the tropics. This I did not find to be so. I was advised to take many pairs of silk stockings, as I could not purchase them in the Far East. Later I discovered that American silk stockings may be purchased more cheaply in Hong Kong than in the United States. When sold in the United States the minimum price is protected, whereas in Hong Kong the article is unprotected and also duty-free. However, I took a bathtubful of stockings with me, soaking them all overnight in a tub of cold water before leaving. I still have them, as I have never worn stockings in Borneo.

Friends advised me to take beach costumes and shorts, saying that in the tropics I should live in such things. But I discovered the answer to that was — *not* in conservative Sandakan!

I was advised to dispose of jerseys and knit goods. However, in the wet season I still huddle gratefully into a jersey, and when traveling in the mountains of Borneo I have sometimes slept in all of my clothes under five blankets, and shivered still, so penetrating is the perpetual dampness.

My mother advised me to take her electric heating pad. I humored her and took it, not really expecting to find a use for it. But that pad has since visited all about Sandakan comforting people who have sciatica or rheumatism, ailments which are aggravated by the dampness here.

I was advised to have inoculations against smallpox, typhoid, cholera and plague, and anything else anyone could think of. It was better, people said, to Get It All Over With Now. But when I consulted the list of things that my friends thought I should get over with before I left the United States, the program left time for nothing but recuperation. I disregarded advice and sailed without inoculations. I do not advise others to do so.

One friend suggested that I should have my appendix out before venturing

in the wilds, as a prophylactic measure. Never having had any unpleasant relations with it, I hesitated. My husband saved me by saying that I must keep my appendix, as an attack of appendicitis in Borneo meant a trip to Hong Kong for the operation, a pleasant break in a four-year Borneo tour. He had had his own appendix removed in Hong Kong several years before, and had enjoyed the holiday. However, my chance for a Hong Kong appendectomy has since vanished, as North Borneo has advanced in medical efficiency.

The problem of how I should occupy myself during the long indolent hours of being a white woman in the tropics was worried about by my friends. They advised me to take fancywork, embroidery, knitting, anagrams, puzzles, art materials, learn hooked-rug making, and study French. I should like to do all of those things, and perhaps when I am home on leave I may have time for them, but my life in Borneo has so far been too busy.

The last night before we left the United States I stayed up all night packing. At intervals my husband awoke to ask me why I did not come to bed. The answer was in our twenty-three pieces of luggage. Not until the shore line was out of sight the next day and the agony of saying good-bye was over did I look about me on the ship. The other passengers apparently saw nothing extraordinary in us; they did not know that there stood before them the phenomenon of two perfectly happy people. It was surprising to me that they didn't point at me and whisper, 'She's been dead for years, but look at her now!'

I turned to my husband and said, 'I will never forget this moment. I am doing what I would rather be doing than anything else in the world, with the person I want to do it with. Some people may live a lifetime and never have a perfect moment like this.'

'I hope you still feel that way after

four years in Borneo,' my husband said soberly.

That was almost five years ago, and I still feel that way today.

II

If we are to believe the poets, the Empire Builders of today, when compared to those of Victoria's day, are only as men among gods; but the gods are gone and the men still live.

If I were a British-born wife I should not write the following paragraphs. Not because, although the quality of despotism is inferred to be common among British husbands, I had been silenced or intimidated by Harry. But I should keep silent for a better reason, one for which Britons do keep silent: I should keep silent because I should wish neither to condemn nor to compliment my own family to strangers. But I am an American, and I was a stranger in North Borneo. These Britons are mine by acquisition, and I have the right to plead for or boast of them.

There are now about seventy men in the North Borneo Civil Service. In Kipling's time they would have been called Empire Builders. Mud, blood, guts, and boots they had then, with a white man's burden on every page, an old tradition in every line, and an old school tie to mark the place where the body lay. Men with a magnificent gesture then, a magnificent gesture which will not come again until another Kipling finds the words to make of our husbands heroes, where to-day we make of our heroes husbands. Empire Builders then; 'men in the Stud Book' we call them now. (Look him up in the Stud Book! Name, age, qualifications, years of service, salary, allowance, and class.)

For four years now we have studied each other's idiosyncrasies. We know each other well, and I speak truly when I say that the honesty and integrity of purpose of this group of men are beyond question, their ability and manner of life

are above average, and their kindness and hospitality are such as I shall remember all my life.

I think if after four years of a similarly close scrutiny of those who administer government in the United States the same conclusion is arrived at, then no subject of the United States will feel himself any more ill-governed, oppressed, or abused than do the subjects of North Borneo.

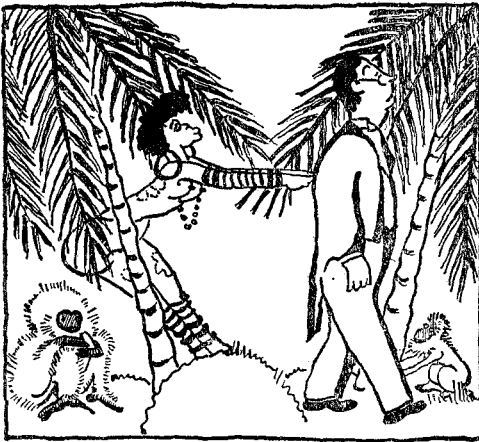
Around-the-world journalists often pass through Sandakan. They seldom stop, because the matter may be dealt with in passing through. There are only seventeen miles of paved road and this may be driven around in three quarters of an hour, with a passing glimpse of the golf club, Paupers' Home, the wireless station, and the agricultural station. At one end of the road is the jungle, and a more sensational description of the jungle may be given by those who do not travel in it. At the other end of the road is the Sandakan Club, and bachelors may be located there who will tell good elephant stories, both in size and in subject. The local color, and the social characteristics of an Outpost of the Empire, may be picked up on the run by studying the characters of Somerset Maugham or Kipling, according to which public one writes for. A week-end is enough for the whole problem.

At a safe distance, and not, one imagines, expecting to be seen in Borneo again, the author sends his book to press. One chapter of compendious paragraphs covers the complete canvas of life in North Borneo, both wild and administrative. The authors have not been reticent in printing what they think about us. We, perhaps, are at a disadvantage inasmuch as our thoughts about the authors have so often been unprintable.

The unusual form of the government of North Borneo always excites these galloping geographers. The fact that we are administered by the appointees of a *chartered company*, under the pro-

tection of the Crown, would seem to suggest to them that the subjects of North Borneo punch time clocks like store clerks, only without benefit of trade-union hours. The shareholders in the Chartered Company are usually pictured as a group of coupon clippers bartering the souls and bodies of wild men for a 2 per cent dividend.

One writer has described North Borneo as the place 'Where There Ain't No Ten Commandments,' and attributed this blasphemous state of affairs to the 'iniquitous character of the administration of the country.' This author



WHITE MAN RESISTING LURE OF TROPICS

devoted two chapters and considerable emotion to describing the 'shocking' condition of North Borneo. A few months after publication this book was withdrawn from circulation by its publishers, with an apology to the British North Borneo Company for the 'grossly libelous and untrue statements' therein.

Less septic but no less remarkable are the experiences of our big-game hunters. One intrepid hunter recalls having shot a rhinoceros in the front garden of the Residency at Tawau. He explains that the Resident had sent for him to do this, but as he was unlicensed for shooting rhino the Resident confiscated the carcass. This so enraged the author that he almost shot the Resident, perhaps would

have done so had he been licensed for shooting Residents. People in North Borneo remember this doughty visitant well, and rumor has it that other details of his visit are in the official files, but no one has yet been found to recall the shooting of the rhino.

Another writer describes an elephant hunt in which a slim, steel-nerved young Englishman fearlessly pursued a rogue elephant and shot him through the ear and brain. The young Englishman assures me that he shot the elephant through the tail, because the elephant was running away. Possibly the author became confused by some similarity of appearance between the ends of the elephant.

In these bold stories of the Borneo wilds, it seems to me that the adventurers have passed over the most melodramatic scene of all, and the one which needs no exaggeration. Here is a jungle background almost as wild as our chroniclers picture it. Here are the aborigines, as fierce or as mild as they seem. Here is the tangled green of the jungle creepers which have constantly to be beaten back, and the wild which awaits to engulf again the clearing we call Sandakan. And here, living in astounding peace and security, following a social pattern as formal, as pleasant, as gently inflexible, and as uniform as the design on a set of teacups, are the European households of Sandakan.

A few miles out elephants may be seen upon the road, and orangutans and gibbon apes are one jump away in the jungle, and crocodiles are caught off the customs wharf, but at four o'clock in the afternoon we are drinking our afternoon tea.

Then, just as the rural pattern falls indelibly on us, and background and scene seem unalterably at odds, Sandakan is translated into terms of Graustark and played to an operetta score. There are medals and uniforms, and guns and saluting and feathers in hats, singing and dancing and native chiefs. There are Headmen and Orang Tuas, and Suluks

and Bajaus and Dusuns and Muruts, and Hajis and Imams, and Chinese and Filipinos and Japanese; there are the pagan tribes of Borneo and the *ladies of Sandakan*, drinking tea and eating cakes together on Government House lawn to celebrate the crowning of a British King. And there in that scene too fantastic for fiction breathes the real heart of a non-racial empire that mankind could, if he would, build today.

When I first arrived in Borneo we were assigned to the same small, well-preserved, pleasant, but very warm bungalow in which my husband had lived as a bachelor. It was a house which was popular with bachelors because of its secluded position behind tall bamboo hedges. This secluded position, however, made for warmth, and the bungalow was never popular with wives who had to spend the hot hours of the day in it.

Harry recklessly advised me to do what I wished with the house. I did. Partitions fell, hangings went into closets, weapons went into corners, and fringed lamp shades disappeared. I liked it, he exhibited admirable self-control, and apparently we were about to settle down. Just then we discovered that a Government house was about to be vacated on the hill. I had always wanted to live on a hilltop.

The people who were leaving the house invited us up to inspect it. When we sat in that house and looked out through its open doors the harbor of Sandakan, with the dark mangrove swamps in the distance, became a background to our entire world. I knew then that was where I wanted to live.

When the possibility of our moving was discussed everyone reminded me of the violence of the wind on that hilltop, of the age and enfeebled condition of the house there, of the superior condition of paint and polish in the house which we still occupied, of the hillside garden without topsoil where flowers would not

flourish, and of the difficulty of coercing a vigorous enough stream of water up the hill to gush through a water closet.

I worried about the last. Only people who have lived both with and without plumbing can appreciate it. Finally I decided that I would not allow the lack of a w.c. to keep me off the finest hilltop in Borneo.

First my husband had to be persuaded. He said he wanted me to have what I wanted to have, but . . . the house we were already in had just been painted, the partitions had just been taken out for us, the plumbing had just been put in, the garden was in bloom, the trees were coming on to flower, *and* it was the house that he had always found large enough, cool enough, and breezy enough as a bachelor. . . .

But women are very tenacious when it comes to the matter of moving. In time my husband was persuaded, the Government department which assigns houses was persuaded, our friends who thought we were foolish were persuaded.

Then moving day came, and went, but not with the ease which the words imply. It was a grievous revelation of the hidden frailties of our household goods. When we took the bed apart it disintegrated into predigested termite food, the cupboards had no backs when moved from the wall, and the tables that had crossed their legs at ease in corners toppled over. The whole was a sad exposure of clay feet. Only the Martin Johnsons' refrigerator, standing cold and efficient, a monument to man's conquest over decay, was all it had seemed to be. I was proud indeed to walk up the road behind it, while ten Chinese *kuli* women trundled it up the hill.

When the furniture had limped into the new house and lain down in new corners, when the dog had found a new divan, and the *wah wahs*¹ new trees, and the orangutan the new godown, I stood looking down at Sandakan Bay from the hilltop which now was ours.

¹ Dyak name for gibbon ape. — Автор

The harbor of Sandakan lay below me. It was morning, and the water of the bay was motionless and flat and chromo blue as on a picture postal card. The roofs of the Chinese town were very red in the sun, and the tree-covered cliffs of the coast very green, and in the distance the mass of the jungle was a deeper, duller green. The coconut trees, where they fringed the shore, were drawn in with meticulous attention to detail, and the mushroom islands which skimmed on the water were so small and perfect it seemed that I could capture one and send it home with 'Greetings from Borneo.'

Native boats took the wind and leaned with it, their colored sails abandoning themselves to it; launches cut pale scallops on the flat blue surface, and Chinese junks rocked restlessly. Only the Hong Kong steamer was dignified and discreet. Ponderously she lay in mid-harbor, with her only finery a crimson stomacher about her funnels.

And thus we came to live in a house with an amiable disposition but negligent manners. Every winter it grows shabbier and shabbier, and more resigned to be so. When the northeast monsoon blows from the Sulu Sea it comes to us over five miles of jungle, sweeping up the damp breath of the trees and hurling it on us till the skirts of the house whirl upwards, and she braces herself and screams. And when the southwest monsoon drives the black clouds up from the bay and the wet sheets fold over us, there's not a garment the poor house wears that isn't soaked in the rain.

But when the sun comes, how she steams and sweats, how her pores open while she stretches and relaxes, and then grows brisk again. Then I think with fright of the well-disciplined houses at home, with double doors and well-fitting windows, efficient radiators and tiled bathrooms, houses that are despots to be catered for. No cracks in them for the wind and the sun, no carved niche

for a favorite goddess, no bare beams for lizards to sleep on, and no place in the rafters for Georgie the musang.

I have recently read the statement of a journalist in the tropics that he could not bear the sight of another bougainvillea against a blue sky. I have sometimes felt that way about journalists but never about bougainvilleas. All day in the sun the sides of our house, the



VIEW FROM OUR HILLTOP

doors and windows, lie open to let the beauty in, to embrace and absorb the fecund warmth, the deep strong scent, and the lazy, lovely languor.

Royal Sulu sarongs hang at our doors, chrome yellow, cerise, and purple. They blow out into the color of the garden, and suck it in again with them in a deep exciting breath — yellow grapes of the *Cassia fistula*, cerise and copper of bougainvillea, lipstick lips of the African tulip, crimson petals of flame-of-the-forest, and the stealthy scents of frangipani, *chempaka*, *kenanga* tree, and *sundal malam*. The outdoors is our only adornment, the only one that can stand against the insects, the sun, and the rain.

Once we had a very nice woven-grass Shanghai mat. It was so large it covered the living-room floor of chipped cement, and so new it wasn't paid for. The white ants came up through a crack in the floor and ate their way across the mat from corner to corner. Between the hours of 8 P.M. and 8 A.M. they ate, digested, and excreted the mat. I remembered then the words of Government House Nanny, who had just come

out from England: 'The whole of Borneo is nothing but an anthill!'

But when the rain comes . . .

Barefoot activity runs through the house, while mats, tables, lamps, and chairs are hauled away from leaking doors and windows and unshutterable verandahs. Everything that will close is closed, but it is impossible to control the ventilation space between the top of the wall and the roof, and the rain blows in.

Charcoal braziers are lit in the bedroom to dry the bedding, and glow under the bed itself. My shoes in the wardrobe are wet, my clothes on their hangers wilt, the coughdrops melt in the corked bottle, and the envelopes in the desk all seal themselves.

Sandakan Harbor has vanished, and our house drifts alone in a cloud of rain. We have one place to go for comfort. Over a burning brazier we sit in the one dry room where we keep our books.

'Aren't we having more rain than usual this season?'

'No. We always have rain from September to March.'

'But perhaps we are having a record rainfall this year.' I always feel sure of this each rainy season.

'Don't be ridiculous. Our annual rainfall is only one hundred inches. Besides, we need rain for the garden.'

'I should think with a rainfall of a hundred inches we could live in a house that wouldn't leak.'

'Any house that is built to be cool is bound to leak.'

This book room is built inside an extra upstairs bedroom, with sealed walls and screened doors and windows. Cockroaches, mud wasps, silver fish, and bookworms are outlaws here. After the lights are lit in the evenings it is the only place where flying ants, beetles, mosquitoes, and cicadas do not make fun of you.

There is mental energy in this room, discharged and accumulated from the past, which seems to exhilarate you when you enter it. Not only is it a good place to work in, but it is a good place to stop while the bath water runs, or when dressing for dinner or waiting for breakfast, for there is always something unfinished to be gone on with there.

The bedroom is the next place of importance. Like a ship beached by a high tide, our bed stands in the middle of our bedroom floor. All the other pieces of furniture have washed away from it to the outer edges of the room, where they will not intercept any breeze. We made our bed and we certainly like to lie in it. Six-foot-six both ways it is, made of heavy Borneo timber, and constructed after a picture we drew. For coolness'



OUR HOUSE

sake it has a wooden bottom and a hard mattress. I hated such beds at first, and thought that I faced four years of sleepless nights on hard beds, panting for breath in the warm air, longing for home leave, and wondering why I left America.

The climate is like that — unbearable at first, then forgettable, then comfortable, and before leave comes you get chilly. My grandmother always told me that I couldn't change the weather, but perhaps that was because we lived in California then, and it wasn't necessary.

However, one soon becomes accustomed to the warmth, which is not extreme for a tropical country. The worst that can be said about the climate in Sandakan is that it is never invigorating and the warm, humid air seems to promote longevity in germs. Germs never die here; they are passed about from person to person like poor relations visiting; and colds and influenza, and various fevers carried by mosquitoes, are prevalent. But nobody gets run down by motorcars, or trampled to death in crowds, or beaten up by policemen, or falls out of skyscrapers, so perhaps it evens up in the end.

When I take my bath I stand by an open window and look through the tall bamboos past the European houses on the hillside, across the jungle, to a distant blue horizon. That is the Sulu Sea. There is an island there, which looks like a dog's head swimming in the water. Its name is Taganak, and it belongs to the Philippine Archipelago. My husband has explained to me that it has nothing to do with America, but I still look toward it with the sneaking feeling that it is a compatriot of mine.

Inside the bathroom the view is not so inspiring. There is one faucet in the side of the wall, and a small zinc tub for bathing. The accepted manner of bathing is to stand on the floor and dip water over yourself from the tub. However, I still feel there is nothing to take the place of reading in your bath, even if all you

can get in is your bottom, while your legs hang over the edge. The cement floor in the bathroom slopes to an open drain in one corner, and is always wet.

I soon learned that it requires five servants to take care of my husband and myself. Our household grows and dwindles with unemployment in Sandakan, but usually it consists of two Chinese amahs; Arusap, our Murut house-boy; one Dyak-Murut small-boy; a Javanese gardener; three to a dozen semi-Siamese cats, one dog, two gibbon apes, and sometimes an orangutan; jungle animals as they come and go; and my husband and myself.

The food for all of us is prepared in the cookhouse, which stands slightly apart from our bungalow. Half the floor of the cookhouse is occupied by a cement mausoleum which functions as a wood-burning stove. Here fish heads, buffalo stomach, pickling octopus, gamy wild pig, and barking-deer stew simmer in amity beside less gustful kettles which provide the food for Harry and me. A huge iron basin is always steaming with water for the baths, and two smaller kettles bubble with the drinking water. Tap water in Sandakan is safe, but as we frequently travel in districts where everything must be boiled as a precaution against dysentery, we continue to boil our water in order to establish an unbreakable habit with the servants.

I have cooked over our stove, and that is literally true, for I myself cooked more readily than the food did. I have turned omelets, and produced soufflés, and baked cakes in its oven, and they were good but I was miserable. Now I confine myself to cold desserts and advice.

The bread is what I marvel at. Made from tinned flour, raised with tinned dried yeast, kneaded by a Chinese girl who never tasted bread until she learned to make it for me, baked in an oven which a cook at home would scorn, eaten with cold-storage butter months removed from the cow which produced it,

it is the best bread that I have ever eaten.

The lower compartments of the stove are used by Wimbush, the Siamese cat, for her kittens, and by Thomas, the semi-Siamese, for voluptuous living, and the back of the stove is used to ripen the mangoes and to dry shrimp paste and tins of salt and red peppers and herbs and the skulls of the animals which Harry collects.

Scrambling down the hill about fifty yards distant from the house are the backquarters. Here live our Chinese amahs and Arusap. Ah King's room is first. It is the corner room, with two windows; a wardrobe is used to close one, and shutters are nailed over the other. Ah King has a large ironing board in her room, the symbol of her trade, and a small stretcher bed. From what I know of Ah King I imagine that she sleeps on the ironing board and irons on the bed.

Ah Yin's room is the place of discarded possessions. The old floor mat with the pink flowers, the dressing table with the fancy headdress, the broken mirror, the empty ginger jars, the dog-bitten sarongs, the faded cretonne curtains, the sea shells painted with the Woolworth Building, and the old wooden wardrobe that always smelled — we threw them out. Down the back stairs they were hurried, and now they crowd into Ah Yin's room. The wardrobe has ceased to smell, the ginger jars have flowers, and the Woolworth Building holds pins.

Arusap's room is the last. It will always be the abiding place of an aborigine whose people are accustomed to live in a house till the roof falls in, and then move on to another house. On the wall of Arusap's room there is a large photograph. This is a picture of Arusap, posed for in a store suit. One would not know to look at this stylish Arusap with the broad lapels and the striped tie that he is the brother of Mensaring, the Murut chief, whose naked likeness is on the picture postal cards that tourists send to

the folks at home to show them wildest Borneo.

Close by Arusap's mat sleeps Usit, youngest and most useless member of the household. His eyes are glued shut and his soft mouth is just open, as he sleeps the close, deep sleep of all small boys.

And last of all a little room connects with Arusap's room, and this is where the Muruts who visit Sandakan may stay. Six stayed with us for Coronation week.

Our furnished living quarters are supplied to us by Government and upkept by the Public Works Department. As is usual with landlords and tenants, our point of view is sometimes at variance. P.W.D. furniture in its natural state arouses uncontrollable impulses in me for surgery. Legs, fancy backs, flourishing arms, malignant growths, humps, and decorational deformities I deal with like a surgeon.

Our personal furniture is of Borneo timber made after our own design. There is something peculiarly your own about a piece of furniture which to begin with was a tree in your forest, then was a picture drawn on a sheet of paper, then was a log in a timber mill that you saw every day, then was a piece of smoothed timber that you told the Chinese workman what to do about, and now is the shining, flawless top of the long dining-room table.

The day relaxes into evening, with a warm deep breath. The grinding of an anchor chain at sea, the striking of a clock in town, the tap of wooden clogs upon the road, sound faintly. Arusap steps softly with the dinner plates, and small-boy steps precariously with the bowls, his eyes on us and not on what he carries. The tall emerald goblets sparkle on the table, the rose hibiscus floats in the celadon bowl, the candles burn like topaz eyes in the fat brass fish that hold them, the tall Malay lamps flicker behind my husband's head, and his bare feet touch mine under the table. All that is uncouth is hidden in dusk, and

now in the gentle evening the glowing candles tell the truth.

Before we arrived at Sandakan Harry had told me about Arusap, the Murut boy who had lived with him for ten years. Harry warned me that Arusap might not stay after we were married, for newly arrived wives had the reputation of installing unwelcome efficiency in bachelor households, and of expecting the native boys to work diligently, which is the last thing that a native is by nature equipped to do. Native servants will only work for the masters they are fond of, and if displeased with their employers they 'resign' and return to their villages to live on their relatives.

The first face that Harry picked out for me among those of the persons standing on the customs wharf to greet us when we arrived at Sandakan was that of the friendly and smiling Arusap. He was holding in his arms a large and very old porcelain jar which he had brought down from his village as a wedding present to us.

He presented it to Harry, and inside the jar was a note written in Malay. The note said:—

GREETINGS, TUAN,

I know that the Tuan likes such ancient and valuable things as this jar, but the Mem I do not know about. If she does not like the jar, please give it back to me, because I do like the jar.

ARUSAP

I did like the jar, and it has always been kept in a place of honor.

During the years since I first saw Arusap smiling on the wharf he has resigned many times, but never with any intention of leaving us, for he soon discovered that I did not install efficiency in the household, and I did not expect him to work too diligently. Although I should like him to work diligently I am a person who accepts facts, and I have accepted the fact that Arusap is Borneo's gift to us, and that he is subsidized by ourselves to represent one pure-blood

native survivor of a now vanishing Murut tribe.

When I do not know where Arusap is I can usually find him sitting quietly in the pantry smoking rank black Dusun tobacco. If he did nothing but sit and smoke, as he usually does, he would still be worth it, for Arusap is child and parent, philosopher and friend, but he is not a good housekeeper.

Ah Yin, our number-one amah, is known to us as the Pearl without Price, for among the local amahs of Borneo she is the jewel of the Orient set in the ear of the sow. Ah Yin is young, attractive-looking, scrupulously well-groomed, and she has two expressions; one is that of smiling very happily, and the other that of weeping sadly. Thus the impassive Oriental.



AH YIN

We first discovered her four years ago in Hong Kong when she was working for friends of my husband, and we asked her to come to Borneo with us then. She said that she would, but that she must go first to Canton to say good-bye to her mother and father. This she did. That farewell was, we now believe, a last good-bye. The small village near Canton in which her parents lived has since been destroyed by the Japanese, and when we telegraph for news of them there is no answer.

When Ah Yin arrived at our home in Sandakan, having followed us from Hong Kong one month later, she presented me with an attractively wrapped gift. The package had been addressed for her in English by a Chinese letter writer, and it said, 'Wedding gift for Mr. & Mrs. Keith. A happy wedding to you.' Inside was a pair of silk bloomers.

Coming down on the Hong Kong boat

Ah Yin established several invaluable contacts. One was with the Chinese pantry steward, and consequently we have always been able to purchase Hong Kong vegetables and meat from the ship's larder when the boat comes in port.

Contact in the East with European women so often becomes superficial that my contact with Ah Yin fills a need in my life. I prefer to have her speak Malay, so that I may use my vocabulary, but she prefers to speak English so that she may use her vocabulary. The result is intelligible to ourselves only. But the words of our lips hide nothing, because we know what is in our hearts.

Ah Yin is very feminine, very wily, very yielding, and very forceful. She is immaculate, she gives grace to each duty, and performs every service with a craftsman's hand. There is no job in the house which she does not have better ideas about than anyone else, which she cannot perform better than anyone else if given an opportunity to, and no job in the house which she does not sternly dictate.

Far behind Ah Yin in importance comes the number-two amah, Ah King from Canton, who is known to us as Elephant Foot. When the door bangs, the stairs creak, and the house shakes, they herald the slippered approach of the Silent-footed Oriental. Ah Yin said to me once about her, 'I think Ah King not very smart; he only very good.'

Ah King left Canton two years ago in answer to a letter from her friend Ah Yin, which cited the prosperity and the full stomachs of the Borneo Chinese. Ah King may not have been very smart, but she knew enough to catch the first Hong Kong steamer for Borneo after receiving that letter. She arrived in Sandakan to occupy the position of wash amah in our household. Before Ah Yin would allow Ah King to appear before me she first taught her to say 'Good morning, Missee' and 'Good night, Missee,' both of which Ah King obedi-

ently produced in one phrase, 'Good-morning-Missee-good-night-Missee,' when presented to me. She learned that two years ago, and she has not learned much since.

One thing only Ah King can do well. With her tar-black pigtail tied around her waist she squats on her haunches by the tubs, humming, tittering, sniffing, belching, stealing a puff on her cigarette, and sopping her arms in and out of the tubs till the dirtiest clothes emerge spotless. And then, standing barelegged in her underpants at the ironing board, with the loosened black pigtail spanking her bottom, she can iron perfection into them.

When Ah King is careless in the housework Ah Yin attacks her in such scathing Chinese that her thin form withers like seaweed on the sand. Five minutes later, wiping the tears from her eyes with her pigtail, Ah King titters with laughter as she steps on the cat, drops the thermos jug, and falls downstairs with the tea.

Ah Yin, with her quick, perceptive mind, performs the mental processes for both, banks Ah King's money for her, gives her salts and quinine, takes her to the dentist, and makes her clothes for her. And she has just now to our distress bobbed off the long black plait of hair which was Ah King's only beauty. Ah Yin says that Ah King spent too much time plaiting it.

There is also on our payroll small-boy Usit, the offspring of two Borneo natives. It is difficult to explain in sensible terms just why we employ Usit, or what his duties are. One duty, for instance, is to laugh very hilariously in a high, sweet baby voice, and another is to stand with his small bare feet apart and whistle fuzzily, and another is to cry and have to be comforted. I think in the first place we got Usit because we had a dog, and no one should ever own a dog without getting a small boy to go with it. This afternoon I see that Usit has affairs to attend to in Sandakan at the football field. He may return in time for tea, or

possibly dinner, or — well, whenever he is free.

Outside in the garden there works Husin, a Mohammedan with two wives lurking at home. Before him was Amat with three wives, one divorced and remarried to him three times. Strong, silent men of the fertile soil, these, men of the great outdoors!

Arusap has just laid a letter on my husband's desk.

GREETINGS, TUAN,

I know the Tuan does not like to lend money to the servants, and I hope the Tuan will not be angry with me, but I ask to borrow five dollars to send to my wife Kuta at Kampong Pau. I promised to send my wife five dollars in the seventh month, and five dollars in the eighth month, and five dollars in this month, the ninth month. I did not do so because the Mem has not yet paid the wages for the seventh month, the eighth month, and the ninth month. I hope the Tuan will not be angry with me, but I ask with many thanks if the Tuan will lend me five dollars to send my wife Kuta at Kampong Pau.

With greetings and salutes, Tuan
ARUSAP

'Agnes! Haven't you paid the servants their wages for three months?' Horrified voice of my husband.

'I *must* have paid them! . . . At least I suppose I paid them. I always do pay them at the end of the month when the salary check is credited. I don't actually remember paying them, but, well . . . Perhaps I didn't pay them. . . .'

I think backwards. This would explain the bank balance which I noted with smug approval the other day. I had thought it was because I had been too busy to do catalogue ordering from Singapore. My mind went back to the sixth month. Yes, I remembered paying them for June because we had just returned from a jungle trip and I remembered adding seven dollars extra to Arusap's wage for traveling allowance.

But the seventh month? A blank in my mind. What had I been doing at the

end of the seventh month when I should have been paying servants? July, that was . . . OH! It was in July that I started to write!

It was in July that I started to live in the book room surrounded by loose scraps of paper. My physical likeness came out to meals, and went for walks, and talked with people, and told Ah Yin what we wanted for dinner. But my mind remained in the book room, sniffing nervously, hopefully, disconsolately, excitedly, but persistently, among those fluttering papers.

'Arusap?'

'Mem?'

'Haven't I paid any of the servants their wages for three months?'

'That is right, Mem. Nobody has been paid *gaji* for three months.'

'Why didn't you tell me, Arusap? I forgot about it.'

'We saw that the Mem was busy writing her story. Never mind, Mem. It makes no difference, Mem. I only wish to borrow five dollars to send to Kuta.'

Shall we ever again be served like this?

And so we have the servant problem.

Life in the early days before I arrived in Borneo must have had a Gargantuan lustiness, or so it seems to me when I listen to the old-timers talk.

'Gone are the days when we rode to the races on buffaloes, and went out to dinner in sedan chairs,' says the Principal Medical Officer. 'It used to cost me and my wife eight dollars to go out to dinner. We had two sedan chairs and eight *kulis*, four to each chair because we were so heavy.'

'And twelve courses to each dinner,' says my husband.

'I remember,' says the Captain, 'when everybody in Sandakan drank a man off when he went on leave, and he still owed chits for the drinks when he went on next leave.'

'Men went down to office at ten, and

went to the Club at eleven. Some of them couldn't sign their names before ten in the morning, and they didn't know them after six in the evening.'

'What a book could be written about those days!'

Nostalgic silence. I wait hopefully.

'Most of the men were bachelors then. Ah, well, we're all domesticated now.'

How truly, I thought, may the decline of all glories be laid to women, either the presence or the absence thereof.

'Speaking of the old days, Keith, where are the Murut heads that used to hang in your living room when you were a bachelor?'

'We keep them in the hall now.'

'How about that big rice-beer jar that used to stand on the verandah?'

'My wife put the umbrellas in it, so I loaned it to the Museum.'

'What became of your game trophies?'

'They're on the verandah now.'

'This place doesn't look the way your old bachelor house used to. That was as good as the Museum. You must have had as many native weapons on your walls as there are in the whole of Borneo now.'

'I say, why did you move from that other house? Nice, cozy little place it was.'

'My wife liked the view from this hill.'

But now that wives have found their way in it is useless to listen longer. The Gargantuan lustiness of the old days is gone.

III

Bachelors say that bringing a wife out here is not even a gamble — the chances are ten to one against success. This may be a barricade behind which the eligibles crouch to avoid the onslaughts of the women, but the barricade is built upon some truth.

The men have their jobs to do, but the wives have to make theirs for themselves. If a woman does not adjust herself to the life here, to hours of solitude, and to isolation from the modern world, there

is nothing to take her mind off her own discontent, and no one to hear her complaint except her husband, who soon learns to say yes without listening. There is too little to do, and it is too easy to do it.

If a woman has children their care and responsibility are to a great extent taken over by Chinese amahs. And at the age of four or five they must, in any case, be sent home to England, as there are no European schools in North Borneo and the tropical climate is not a healthy one in which to raise a family.

There are seldom more than twenty European women here, and the only unmarried English woman resident is the Hospital Nurse Matron. The rest of us all belong in one group, So-and-Sos' Wives. Being one twentieth of the white female population, each one of us comes in for considerable comment.

As men in tropical service are not eligible to marry until after eight years of duty here, our husbands, before becoming our husbands, have had this period to observe the mistakes of So-and-Sos' Wives. They have had leisure and opportunity to observe the indiscreet, irrational, injudicious, and obtuse actions which So-and-Sos' Wives always commit. Our husbands, being kind men, are anxious that their wives shall not make these mistakes, and in addition there are some new ones that they have thought of themselves. They chart a course carefully for the wife to follow, with red lights on the danger spots.

'Don't play morning bridge — it's nothing but gossip. Don't visit the women in the morning — there's too much scandal talked. Don't get mixed up with the dramatics or the music crowd; they're always having split-ups, and you don't want to get mixed up in it.'

'Don't call people by their first names — there's too much quick intimacy. Don't accept invitations until you know people well; go slow at first. Don't let the women advise you about your household, or start managing your servants.'

Don't be motherly to young cadets or you'll be talked about. Don't go in the Club on Saturday or Sunday — the men don't like it. Don't play games in shorts. Mrs. So-and-So looks ridiculous in them.

'And don't' (this with great emphasis) 'ask Public Works Department for repairs to the house. The house is allocated to the Government servant, not to his wife, and P.W.D. has no authority to take orders from the wife.'

This last 'don't' alienates the wife from her place which she had just decided, by the process of elimination, must be in the home, and at the same time elevates household repairs to the realm of diplomatic relations with a foreign power. If you want a leaky water faucet fixed or an electric light repaired you ask your husband to ask P.W.D. Your husband forgets it the first day, and you ask him the second. He has a busy day at the office and forgets it again, and you ask him the third. By then it has developed into nagging, which is annoying and inexcusable in the face of the more important things which your husband has to do. You realize this also, and early the next morning you quietly employ private labor to repair the water faucet and the light, and by ten o'clock everything is in working order.

By noontime P.W.D. men arrive at your husband's suddenly remembered instigation, and you try to explain matters to them. It seems simple to you — you did want them and now you do not. But P.W.D. has been given an order, and supplied with materials, and it is down on an official form, and unless the men carry out the commission it may take months of official communications to arrange for an orderly retreat. The best solution is to supply them quietly with another water faucet and light fixture to work upon.

But this may not occur to you the first time. You continue to try to explain to P.W.D., and at tiffin time to your husband. He then has to explain to P.W.D.

that his wife changed her mind, which is embarrassing for the husband, as the wife had no place in the deal anyway but just wormed her way in.

The mystery of it is that despite the network of cause and effect, of Government minutes and official channels, if the water faucet continues to leak and the lights still refuse to function, somehow by some subtle course of deduction the wife seems to have been to blame.

In the beginning I found the pattern of Sandakan social life difficult to follow: the significance attached to doing and saying the right thing irked me. To wear tails when one should wear a dinner coat, or dinner coat when it should be a sack suit, was not one of the major problems in America when I left. The men here also dislike wearing coats, ties, tails, mess jackets, but nothing except death will prevent their being found in them at the proper times. In theory this chafes me, but the result is attractive to the eye.

In justice to the Empire Builder at home, let me draw another picture. It is dinnertime. My husband wears a Malay sarong and *baju* and I am wearing *kebaya* and sarong. The heat of the day has gone and the outdoor night creeps quietly in, while we sit with bare feet and relaxed bodies looking out on the black of the harbor and drinking Bols gin. There's not much at that moment that London or Paris, New York or Chicago, could offer to entice us from our outpost.

In the daytime the men use numberless white wash suits, for which there is no substitute in a tropical climate. Women rely exclusively on wash dresses for daytime wear, as materials demanding dry cleaning must be sent to Singapore, an expedition requiring three weeks' time, and export and import customs permits. At intervals some enterprising Chinese opens a dry-cleaning establishment in Sandakan, and I optimistically experiment by sending my husband's flannels, and consequently he has no more flannels.

For evening wear we preserve from the cockroaches, the moths, the mildew, and the rot, several silk gowns. These are known among us by the occasions they have celebrated, as 'the Coronation Day lace,' 'the Charter Day pink,' and 'the white I wore to the wedding.'

The second year of residence here a woman begins to wear her uniform. This is the dress the Chinese tailor copies for her after the style which she brought out from home. This uniform goes through various editions in local cottons, the editions corresponding to the number of years before her next home leave arrives. By that time she is so wedded to the style that it may endure for a lifetime. I started on culottes two years ago, and am now standardized in them. They are known here as 'Mrs. Keith's culottes,' and I imagine that my tailor issues licenses to other users. I doubt if my fashion sense ever advances now beyond the culotte era.

Styles of the season are nothing to us. By the time we have read in the magazines what the smart women are wearing, the smart women are not wearing it. But hats destroy complacency. It is unbelievable, seeing them in magazines, that human beings wear those things. And yet, after you see the new hats pictured, your own old hat looks like the kind that only Royalty can wear and get by with. Many a Borneo shelf hides a stylish hat, mail-ordered from home, that its owner has never had the temerity to wear.

Beauty culture occurs once a year when Mrs. Africa arrives from the Philippines with the permanent-wave machine. Three years ago on her first visit she had four curlers, and a permanent wave took all day, but now you can get it done in three rounds, if the electricity holds out.

The first Sandakan sitting blew out the lighting system, but the second attempt took place successfully at the rear of the specially wired Filipino barbershop, with myself as patient. It was like being operated on in a public clinic, as all the Chinese, Malay, and native chil-

dren of the town crowded into the open front of the shop to watch. All through the long hot hours the watchers kept their vigil, and when the time came for the patient to be wheeled out, they ran home and returned with parents and grandparents. We all came out of the anæsthetic together, and looked with mutual anxiety at the result. When my hair emerged in tight pigtailed a hush of disappointment swept the audience, and their eyes went in disparagement from me to the picture on the barbershop wall of the Filipina with the wavy coiffure.

I was slow at first about learning the Sandakan food regulations. I used to eat lamb without peas, roast beef without Yorkshire pudding, eggs without bacon, toast without marmalade, and I would sponsor without a shudder the mixed marriage of vegetables and fruits. I know the combinations now, can use the proper condiments, and no longer baste mutton with mustard or use Worcestershire sauce with scrambled eggs. I do not ask for sherry when I should have taken a long drink, or whiskey straight, or gin neat. But on my return to America I shall go and sit by the service door of a restaurant and watch the trays go by, where sausages mate with sauerkraut and baked beans furnish a meal and a half, where ice cream is a labor of love and lettuces have hearts and aren't ashamed to show them.

In Sandakan there is a game played with visiting cards. Every married woman has a small card box with her name lettered on it, planted at the entrance to her garden path. Spiders and lizards live in this box and in the wet season a very small snake, so care must be taken in opening the door not to snap off the end of the lizard's tail or flatten the snake in the hinge. At intervals, among the lizard's droppings, if you remember to open the box, various cards will appear. These you scrutinize, forget about, and some days later find under the ash tray. You then disinter your own and

husband's cards, stealthily approach the friend's card box, and offer a return sacrifice to his lizards. The rule as to who drops the first card is as mystifying and inexplicable as the use of a subjunctive clause, and I have never really understood either of them. The rule has something to do with the sex, length of domicile, and matrimonial alliances of the parties involved, but the whole thing is best enjoyed if regarded as a game. The really important rule to remember is that when calling on the person you should not meet him in the flesh.

Sometimes newcomers do not understand about this game, or play it with a different set of rules in the outer world from which they come. This creates an impasse in social relations, for not until after the first round of cards can people meet in person. The impasse continues until somebody quietly hands the newcomer a printed slip containing the laws of the Medes, the Persians, and the Game of Cards.

There is a growing tendency now to modify the rules of this game, and I believe that in the near future it may be played by tangible human beings whom one sees and greets, instead of unseen robots who drop cards silently and disappear on oiled wheels along greased grooves into the cosmic vacuum.

The men play another game in Sandakan. My husband is not an enthusiastic game player — in fact it was two years before I saw him come in contact with a game, and even then he seemed to be staying as far as possible away from any of the activity. On that occasion the married men were to play the bachelors in a cricket match. As I had never before seen cricket, or my husband playing it, I thought I should attend.

I went down to the *padang* at ten o'clock with my best hat on, as I knew the women would be there too, and we all sat under a canopy with cold drinks, and waited for the game to begin. At least I thought we were waiting for the game to begin. The men were on the field in

smart white flannels, moving about in such a leisurely manner and with such gentlemanly courtesy and good feeling, and such apparent desire for the opponent to make the best shots, and such well-modulated remarks of 'Well bowled, sir,' that I, accustomed to American football, thought they must still be practising.

My husband was sitting (he says he was standing, but he wasn't) in the extreme corner of the field looking at the sky. I thought he was a substitute and waiting for his turn to come.

Meanwhile the gentlemen on the field continued to exchange courtesies about the weather, and to applaud each other's plays, and occasionally one would trot good-naturedly off the field towards us, and we would pat-a-cake amiably. The trotting off the field was about the only violent movement there seemed to be. Every time someone retired I expected to see Harry flash nobly into the thick of the action, or what would have been the thick of the action if it hadn't been cricket. But he remained with dignity at the corner of the field looking at the sky.

As I had been warned that the game might continue all day I thought I would just walk over and ask Harry if he couldn't sit in the shade until his turn came to play. I strolled down the edge of the field to his corner, and although he seemed still to be looking at the sky he saw me out of the corner of his eye, and he looked around with disapproval at me for making myself conspicuous. Just then a ball got away from one of the quiet gentlemen who were talking about the weather in the middle of the field, and came towards Harry. But as he was looking with disapproval at me instead of the sky, the ball had the field to itself.

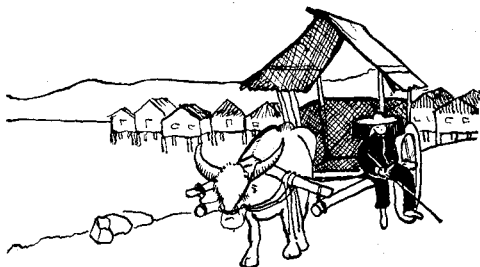
I went home then because apparently Harry had been playing cricket all the time, and that was what his job was, to sit in the corner of the field and look at the sky, and not, even with good cause, to turn and look with disapproval at his wife.

IV

One can pay back the loan of gold, but one dies forever in debt to those who are kind — so says a Malay proverb. In Borneo we must be both debtors and creditors, for there is much here which money cannot buy.

There is a hotel in Sandakan, and there is also a Government Civil Hospital. The hospital charges one dollar per day less than the hotel, furnishes better meals, offers the use of modern plumbing and the attention of nurses and doctors. It is my experience that people go to the hospital with less complaint than they go to the hotel.

When guests come to North Borneo not only their housing but their transportation usually becomes the responsibility of the people who are resident here. There are 124 miles of railroad track, including sidings and switches, in the en-



BUFFALO CART

tire state of North Borneo. This railroad connects Jesselton on the west coast with Melalap, towards the interior. There are 102 miles of metaled roads in the entire state, of which roadage Sandakan, the capital, boasts as its own about seventeen miles. Consequently we do not take buses and streetcars when we travel in North Borneo. We go in either launches or small native-manned boats up the rivers, or walk through the jungle, or if there is a bridle path, and there usually is not, we may ride small native ponies from the like of which my own feet dangle almost to the ground. These forms of travel not only are slow, but

require that we transport our living accommodations with us, which necessitates the employment of native *kulis* who carry the luggage on foot. The arrangements for these carrying *kulis* are best made through the auspices of the Government, as the natives are not enthusiastic about carrying luggage even although paid to do so. Consequently the travel of visitors in the state of North Borneo is almost entirely dependent upon the coöperation and personal assistance of the Government.

Borneo is frequently visited by expeditions both popular and scientific. Until recently little scientific work has been carried out here, and the island is of growing interest to students of anthropology, ethnology, zoölogy, and geology. These visiting expeditionaries fall into two groups — those who take care of themselves, and those whom we take care of. Osa and Martin Johnson were the shining examples of visitors who took care of themselves, and left many of us in debt to them for their kindness.

For some months whenever I opened an American pictorial I would come upon the picture of our refrigerator surrounded by Osa and seven Muruts eating ice cream. The text of the pictures would advise me that this well-known brand of kerosene-burning refrigerator had manufactured ice for the pagans of North Borneo, and added ice cream to the diet list of the head-hunters.

Retired from public life now, the refrigerator stands in our pantry and relaxes comfortably into middle-aged obscurity. It is a valued and respected member of the community, but its day for the headlines has passed. In our home it has never produced the same ice cream which it did under Osa's hand, for there isn't the same fine enthusiasm in my touch. Osa, who had a way with food, and whose camp pantry made my home godown look like scraps from the rich man's table, did things with a magnificent gesture. I have never forgotten the size of the soda biscuits from which

we ate caviar, sitting on campstools in the jungle camp at Abai.

Abai Camp (known as Johnsonville) was created by the Martin Johnsons in 1935 as a headquarters for the moving pictures they made of the Borneo jungle. The camp was on the Kinabatangan River, about fifty miles from Sandakan. They cleared the jungle there and built a small village, with its own electric-light plant, half a dozen bungalows, and vegetable and flower gardens planted by Osa. There the Johnsons, the film sound engineer, the airplane pilot, half the unemployed of Sandakan, and all the animals obtainable by capture or purchase in North Borneo or Malaya, spent almost a year.

The animals were everywhere, either in cages or loose, according to their supposed state of amiability. Osa was always being chewed up by various ones because she would embrace them without paying attention to the animals' moods. Osa, with her cheek against a large Siamese ape, tickling it and saying 'Koochi-koochi-itsy-bitsy-muvver's baby,' telling Martin what to do about a reel of film, shouting to the cook how to mix the butter in the cake, and telling me that she was going to buy a mink coat as soon as she arrived in New York, while the ape was obviously making up his distracted mind to wallop her one — Osa was an awesome sight. She was completely without fear of the animals, and sometimes, I thought, without discretion. However, she was the one to get bitten, and she never complained.

One day at Abai they were photographing five orangutans in an artificially erected tree in camp. A boy stood beneath the tree with the end of an electric cord which was wired to carry a slight charge of electricity. When the orangutans grew restless in the tree and started to climb down, the boy would reach up and shock them with the wire. At each success the boy gained confidence and the orangutans lost it.

Finally the largest and most influential

of them decided to be fooled with no longer, and began a determined descent. The boy climbed up the tree toward him, not realizing that the wire must be grounded on earth to carry the electrical charge. When he reached the orangutan he found he was tickling the angry beast with a powerless piece of wire. The orangutan pushed the boy out of the tree, and came angrily down.

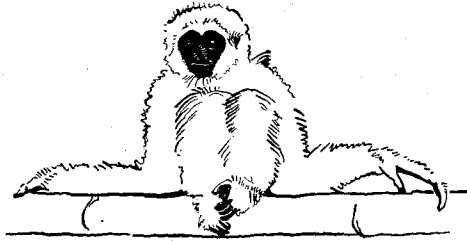
We all, with the exception of the airplane pilot, ran for one of the bungalows. For the pilot the orangutan had developed a demonstrative and somewhat maudlin affection. When the pilot stood his ground and reached a hand out for the ruffled beast, the orang meekly took the hand and walked beside him with a sheepish expression on his face which seemed to say, 'I just can't explain it, fellows! Love must be experienced to be understood.'

The last thing I heard that night as I walked down the path from the dining house to the sleeping bungalow was Mr. Johnson calling after me, 'Wait for the boy with the lantern! The hamadryads sometimes get out of their cages and sleep on the path at night.'

Before the Johnsons moved the animals from Sandakan to Abai, the reptiles were kept in small cages. Word went around town that the Johnsons were buying rats to feed to the hamadryads. That night a feast was brought in, and an especially fine Borneo rat was placed in the cage of the largest hamadryad. The next morning the hamadryad was found dead with a hole eaten through his back, and the rat was alive and hearty. The cage was so small that the reptile could not move freely enough to catch the rat.

The last afternoon the Johnsons were in Sandakan they came to our garden to try to make a sound record of the song of Anjibi, our large female ape. Martin said that he had had difficulty in obtaining a record of the song of the gibbon apes, as they will not sing in strange surroundings, or if they are terrified. Ordinarily with the coming of the first morn-

ing sun our Anjibi may be heard all over Sandakan. But that afternoon, with an opportunity to sing a song which would be heard all over the world, she sulked shyly and refused a note. I do not now know, as we have not seen Martin's film in Borneo, whether his sound track did ever produce that lovely jungle song which is so haunting and so wild.



ANJIBI

Osa was the most generous person I ever knew, and when she and Martin left Borneo our pantry was swollen with American delicacies of bottled watermelon pickle, maple syrup, popcorn, corn meal, California ripe olives, and Boston clam chowder, and my dressing table had Fifth Avenue beauty creams and lotions such as it had never seen before.

Martin's words were, 'My time is money; I pay for speed,' which is an iconoclastic idea in the tropics. Naturally they upset all Borneo standards for the treatment of servants and helpers. Martin would swear at them and threaten to beat them up at one moment, and write gift checks for them the next. When in Sandakan Osa showered clothing on the female servants; she let the amah iron in the living room and hang the washing on the front verandah; she wore a zebra-striped silk dress to Government House and stood in the middle of the drawing room there and brayed like a zebra, and everybody liked it.

The Johnsons' plane was the first to fly regularly in North Borneo. They were fearless in its use themselves, and generous in giving guest flights to the rest of us. Everything about the two of them

was big, except Osa's physical stature. They were two rare and real human beings; I think they would be recognized as such anywhere, and certainly they were so recognized in Sandakan.

When the word came by radio that Martin Johnson had been killed in an airplane accident his old servants came to us for verification of the news. No written tribute could have said more for him than their repeated words, 'He was so good to us.'

V

When I left home one bright autumn day and traveled across the waters for six weeks to a land on the other side of the world, I cut loose from many affections. At first I dwelt on returning to those affections, but after living in the new land for four years I came to know that some of the dearest of those attachments would not be there to return to, and that nothing returned to is ever the same. And in the new land I learned also that the bones of affection are slow to form, and, in any case, human attachments are numbered.

Perhaps the reason that our animals have never been kept in their place is because their place in our lives has ceased to be that of animals. For true it is that every living thing that has wandered up to our hilltop has come in time to be joined by almost consanguine ties to the kindred life of our household.

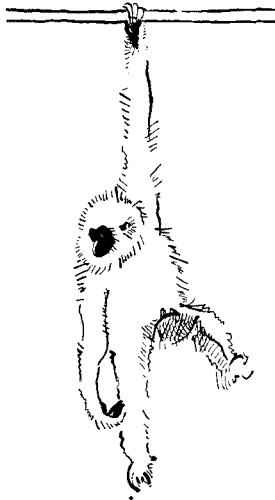
The capture of gibbon apes is forbidden by law in North Borneo, as the mother is usually killed in the capture of the baby, and the possession of such apes in captivity must be licensed by Government. When apes are illegally captured they are confiscated by Government and sometimes placed in the custody of my husband, who is a game warden. These baby apes, when once separated from their mothers, cannot be turned back to the jungle until grown to a size to take care of themselves, and when ours are grown they will not leave us. For apes who live with people come

to show an intense craving for human affection and companionship, and seem quite happy in captivity when they receive these.

That love may only be experienced between human beings was once my pedantic conviction. Jojo changed my mind about this.

He was my first ape in Borneo. Whether it was love or lust with which his being thrilled, I never challenged, for it created in him some great rapturous sensation which made the world a very desirable place in which to live, and one peopled by extraordinarily pleasant creatures who were, in his mind, all there to make him happy. Jojo's capacity for affection was such that not to give it to him would have been as brutal as to beat him.

He lived in freedom in and out of our house, spending his lesser moments in the tops of mango trees, but always ready to come when I called. When I stood on the top verandah and called 'Ooooooh? Ooooooh?' he would come from far trees, swinging and dropping from mango to jack fruit to *chiku*, and then through the burning crest of the flame-of-the-forest, his black face pushing through the crimson flowers like a Golliwogg lost in the garden of Proserpine. As he neared me he would make small answering noises of infinite delight until, in that last moment before he flung himself into my arms, he was the very soul of ecstasy embodied in the fur coat of an ape.



JOJO

When I would read upstairs in the afternoon he would lie for hours on the bed with me, on his back with one leg cocked over the other, and one arm tucked under his head, and the other reaching out and plucking gently at my hand if I stopped stroking him.

As he was my first ape, our wedding presents were still intact. With a human curiosity Jojo would surreptitiously pick them up and look on the bottom for the price marks, and if what he found was not to his satisfaction, as apparently it frequently was not, he dropped the gifts scornfully, thus clearing the house of surplus ornamentation. Table lamps with trailing cords were his idea of indoor trapezes. Jojo would swing his way through the house on the artistic effects, and the indirect lighting system which I had installed suffered in consequence.

There were other things he could not learn in one ape's lifetime, and one day he had a very sad experience. He tore up some of Harry's Murut vocabulary. It was the sort of thing that might have happened to him, or to me, new as we both were to the sanctity of scraps of paper, but an ape can be thrown out of the window, and a wife cannot. While Jojo was describing that graceful sweeping arc in the air from the library window to the garden below, Ah Yin and I were racing to catch him. While in the air he nipped his little tongue between his teeth and when he lit in Ah Yin's arms one small drop of blood came on his lip. We wiped this blood away on Ah Yin's blouse, and then we three mutually indignant creatures retired from the esoteric sight of learning to grumble at intolerant man. At teatime that day, when Jojo would take his cake from my hand only, it was cutting rebuke to all angry writers of Murut vocabularies.

There was also the sad case of the lipstick, a new one, poppy-red, ordered from the United States and waited three months for, and expected to make of me what nature failed to make. I left it uncapped in my open drawer while I went

down to answer the telephone. That lipstick could not possibly have been to Jojo's stomach what it was to have been to me. And when he ran to meet me with the lipstick clotted in his fur and oozing thickly from his lips, facetious comment on the well-groomed woman, I almost beat him. But of the many mean, unkind, and unjust actions that there are in my life to be ashamed of, that, I am glad to say, was not one.

When I studied Jawi, which is Malay written in Arabic characters, with old Ismail, Jojo always sat on the arm of my chair with his arms wound around my neck like a feather boa. Ismail, who did not like our animals and thought them unseemly in the household of a European, dropped many hints which we all disregarded. But Jojo knew that Ismail did not like him, and at intervals Jojo would arise and stand on the desk with his back to Ismail, then bend over with his bottom in the air towards him, twist his head and catch his eye and say 'Oooh! Oooh!' and then sit down again.

This was known among *wah waks* as the Retort Discourteous, a Borneo edition of the Bronx cheer, and was reserved by them as a sign of disapproval.

At that time we were keeping four apes for Martin Johnson in a wire house in the garden, and Jojo would sit on the lawn outside their cage and tell them the household gossip. His attitude was that of the eldest son who owns the manor, but is being condescendingly gracious to transient guests of uncertain status.

One of the visiting apes wore a threadbare flaxen union suit of fur, from which his long black hands and wrists came reaching out as from the shrunken sleeves of winter underwoolens. His black elbows protruded through the light fur as if they needed patching, and his black neck and face above the fuzzy underwear had the vulnerable look of a man without his collar. He was impressed with Jojo and sat close to the wire to listen, but the two rose-beige male Siamese apes known as Wilde-and-

Friend were interested only in themselves, and sat all day entwined in each other's arms, picking at each other's fur and other less mentionable things. The smallest, blackest, youngest, and wisest ape pretended that he didn't give a damn for anyone, and would swing and swing and swing, then suddenly drop down by the flaxen one and make a blasphemous comment on the situation which would tell you that he had been listening to the whole conversation.

Although Jojo took food from a basin in the kitchen, he always sat on the arm of my chair at mealtimes, and accepted selected dainties. He was careful in his manners and took tiny bites with a discriminating air, and if I gave him quickly what he was eyeing he would not snatch for it. The quietest mealtime solution was to involve him with a chewy caramel at the beginning of the meal.

Once a day we fed him cod-liver oil, and combed his silky fur, and bathed him in warm-water suds. And as his belly grew round, his actions grew precocious, his body throbbed with love and well-being, and we all came to recognize that he was indeed the young scion of the household.

And then most embarrassingly one day he developed diarrhea. Of all ailments for a house-proud ape to have, that is the most humiliating. For three days we dieted him, fed him castor oil, tried to assist nature in every way we knew, while Jojo grew weaker and weaker. All he could do was to lie on a chair with a rubber sheet under him and ask us to Please Excuse.

He could retain nothing in his stomach. I tried him with milk, Ovaltine, Bovril, beef tea, chicken broth, and the gruel from rice which Arusap made, and then brandy to help his heart, which scarcely seemed to throb. At first he opened his mouth for my tiny spoon; and then he could not swallow and the liquid ran from his mouth on to his silky fur; then he could no longer open his mouth, and his round potbelly was

shrunk in, and his black hands fell on his chest, and his shiny face was cold, and his eyes said Don't Bother Please. And Jojo was dead.

I had not known, before having Jojo, that people felt like that about animals. I had not known that the tissue-paper relationships of society were transparent and thin, but the feeling of man for animal was body and bone and pain.

I did not go out to the visiting *wah wahs* for some time after Jojo died. When I went again he of the thread-bare flaxen union suit still needed an elbow patching, the rose-beige Wilde-and-Friend still twined in each other's arms, were still doing nasty things in a nice way, and the smallest, blackest, youngest, and wisest *wah wah* continued to swing and swing and swing.

But there was a subtle change. Gone was the air of polite subservience. The scion of the house was dead. Had Jojo worn shoes and left them behind him, the visiting *wah wahs* now seemed to say that there was no reason for waiting longer before they stepped into them.

Anjibi and I have not much longer now to be dear friends, for an ape walks alone when humans begin to fear her.

For a long time now in her increasing power and wildness she has been too much for everyone except myself, but she and I have always had an understanding which allows us to see only virtue and comeliness in each other. We bring out such fine qualities in one another that the devilry that may be found in either of us with unwise treatment is a surprise even to ourselves.

Three years ago when I first saw her she had no friend in all the world, or so she thought. She was cowering in the corner of our room and waiting for the blows to fall. As I approached her there she made herself smaller and smaller as one who would by very will power disappear before my eyes, and when at last I gently stroked her, she bared her teeth in a soundless extremity of terror.

Slowly I touched her, slowly I picked her up, and slowly I made her know that, whatever the terror was that she had known, it was no longer there. I kept her with me all that day, carrying her about, letting her sit with me, bathing her, combing her fur, and talking to her of the things we seemed to understand. I did that several days, and ever after that she knew me as her friend. It was as if she had found just one thing in the world in which she could believe.

When she first came to us, it was obvious that she had been badly treated by the Chinese *kulis*, in her former captivity in a timber camp. The fur was rubbed off her neck from the tight rope that had chafed it and the skin was raw and bleeding, her hands were cut and sore, the fur of her body was patchy and sparse, and her emaciated stomach caved in beneath her ribs. For all of this we knew what to do, and the ills of her body we happily remedied. But the scars of her mind, and the memories that whispered to her of fear and of flight, she could never forget. She never knew the ecstasies of our Jojo, or any tender affection for persons other than myself. She knew instead that she was woman and born to weep and cry. She snatched her favors hurriedly and never looked for more.

She would have nothing to do with any man, or with the Chinese amahs in their trousers. Harry wooed her most assiduously, but her flight in terror from him to me was a slap in the face of the suitor who pleaded for a smile. To me she came for everything — to protect her from the cruelty there was not, to understand her for the female that she was.

It was flattering to me to have Anjibi thus, but it entailed responsibility as she grew up. I was the only one who could keep her off the dinner table spread for guests, who could lead her to the godown where she slept, who could entice her away from our shelves of Sung celadon, who could remove her from the guest's bathroom, who could distract her from

the new bougainvillea shoots, who could keep her from tearing the amahs' trousers and biting their legs when they worked. Anjibi and I could have had a full life together, had I been ready to give up my husband and friends.

Finally we built a large wire-covered enclosure at the foot of the garden around the great mango tree, and there Anjibi went to live with the tree squirrels. At first she expected that I was going to live with her in the cage, and every time I left her there and disappeared into the house it was a new betrayal. And then she came to know that the wire house was hers against the outside world, and she grew tempestuous and vehement and deliriously active, and wilder every day. I would go out to her each morning, and some days she would pull open her door and come out to me, and the longer she lived in the wire house the wilder she was when she went free. She would not leave our premises and go back to the jungle, but neither would she be one of our family and bow to conventions that make for peaceful community living.

When Anjibi got loose from her house Arusap would not touch her, Husin let her pass him by, and little Usit ran from her. Straight for the house she would come, tiptoeing silently up the stairs, and then like a gray simian shadow she would drift through my bedroom door. I would look up and see her, our eyes meeting, and hers so melancholy. It was a proud moment for me when she came softly in and put her great arms about me, placed her brooding face gently by mine and touched her lips to my cheek, and sang the yearning jungle *wah wah* song. The haunting cry would echo so deeply that it seemed to come from the lungs of us both. It was our song, the only one either of us could sing, and when the clear strong notes ceased she was ready to go.

I would take her hand and lead her back to the garden. She was tall, and moved beside me like a mortal married

to the grace of winds. Under the *chem-paka* tree at the gate of the wire house, where the subtle sunlight fragrance welcomed her musky female scent, we would stop. I would thank her then for coming, tell her she should come again soon, and tell her that her song was the loveliest in all the jungle world. Then slowly I would turn to go, while she pressed her satin black face against the wire in a submissive but eternal melancholy.

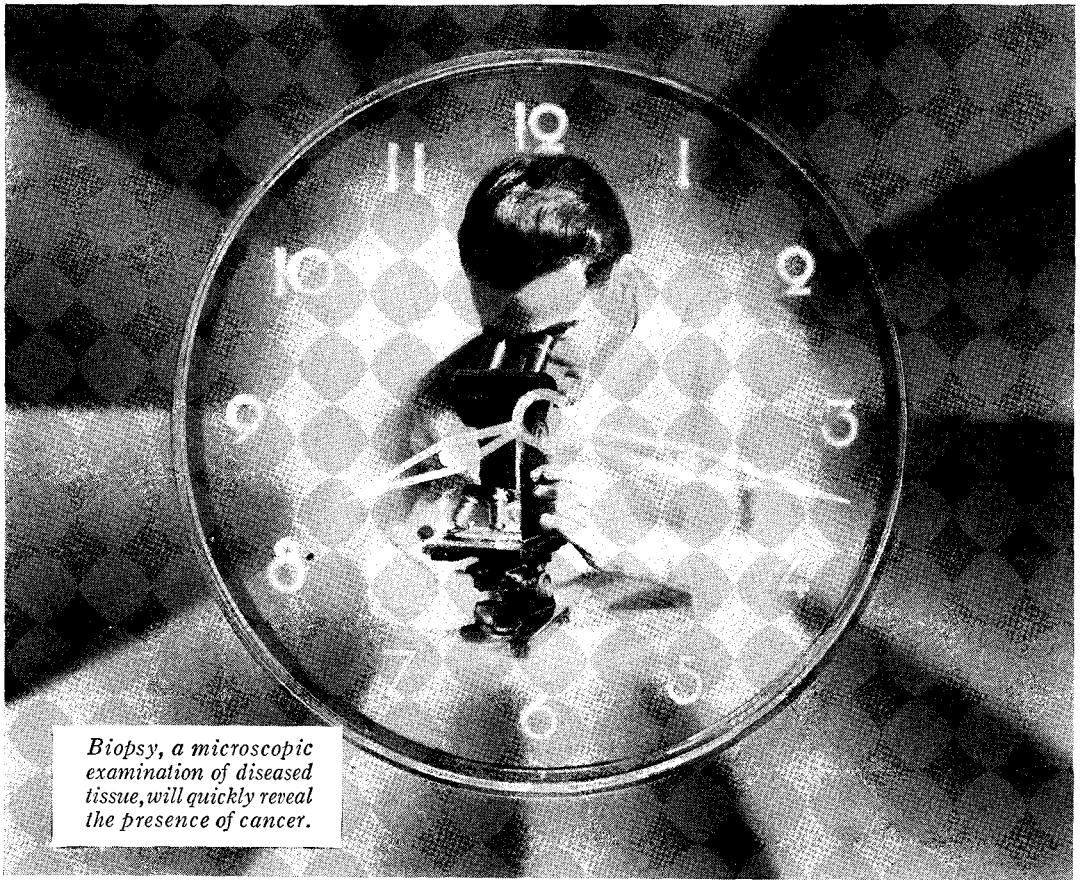
That is the way that it used to be, when I was the benevolent mistress, and she the suppliant one.

But Anjibi got out of her wire house this morning, and she did not come to me.

Perhaps if it had not been for the two small new apes who arrived last week, she might have come. But they have been living innocently enough on the verandah among bananas, basins of water, and small piles of ordure. Anjibi came to the house looking for me, and she found them. Their only offense was being there on the verandah, which in Anjibi's mind is either mine or hers, but never in any case the verandah of two small, strange, interloping, upstart apes. She swept upon them in a sudden crazy rage, and battered them on the floor, hooting and screaming and crying, and in the excitement, the heartburn and blood lust and shrieking, she forgot that she had ever been tame.

I chased her away from the babies, but she would not come to me or let me catch her. I tried all my wiles on her, — I called to her like a lovesick ape, I crouched on the lawn and wept, I sat and squinted my eyes shut and pretended I didn't see her, I lay on the grass and waited for her to examine me, I used all those pretty artifices which she has in the past given me to understand are pleasing to her, — but she would not come.

I would have left her alone then to follow her own pleasure, except for the baby apes, but with them exposed to her anger I did not dare to do so. I called



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Self-treatment may be dangerous. A delay of even two or three weeks in caring properly for cancer

of the mouth may cause another unnecessary death.

Mouth cleanliness is especially important in the prevention of cancer fatalities. Bad teeth should be cared for or removed. Jagged edges of teeth should be smoothed. Dental plates and bridges should fit comfortably. Some persons have a mouth condition known as leukoplakia—"white spot disease"—which, if untreated, may develop later into cancer. In these cases particularly the excessive use of tobacco and sharp condiments should be avoided.

Do not be misled by false claims that cancer germs have been discovered and special "cures" for cancer are available. The true and encouraging story about mouth cancer is that because of its accessibility it can be removed or destroyed when discovered in early stages.

Send for the Metropolitan free leaflet "A Message of Hope" which gives information that everyone should have about cancer. Address Booklet Department 1039-T.



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to Arusap, and together we played a game which alternated strategy with pursuit, with Anjibi outwitting us at both of them.

A strange chase that. The running, leaping ape going from bush to bush and snatching a flower, an orchid, a frangipani bloom, a crimson hibiscus, and carrying it in her mouth like a Carmen, almost waiting for Arusap, and then flying before him like the shadow of a bird; the rushing barefoot Murut boy, now running, now crouching in ambush, pouncing and missing and running again — and before them the cats scattering in flight, the baby apes trembling and hooting in the rafters, Ah Yin running from the kitchen, Husin coming from the valley, two hawks crying and swooping above, the Hakka women staring up from the road, and all the time Anjibi knowing more and more her strength and her swiftness, Anjibi knowing that she need not ask favors again.

And all the time I thinking, 'Oh, God, what beauty! What glory of movement and form! If this is animal, why can't we all be so? If this grace is only mortal, who asks to be immortal?'

But none could catch her. So I told them to go away and to let quietness come, while I sat down on the verandah at the far end from the baby apes, and waited.

Some time I waited, and then Anjibi went up the mango tree. I called to Arusap quietly, and he climbed up it after her, and she went out a small high limb till it bent over with her weight, and then dropped down from limb to limb until I could reach up from the ground and grasp hold of her arm. She would not come, she held tightly to the limb; I pulled with all my weight, and still I pulled; and then she came away with her teeth bared, and a leap upon me, and a savage bitter cry, and she turned on me and put her teeth on my arm to bite.

When I had pulled at her against her will I had been frightened to do so, and

when she leaped on me I knew that she would bite. The teeth were sinking into my arm, the jaw was closing, and she was desperately fighting me, and then — she was Anjibi, my dear friend. She did not bite. Her jaw relaxed, she rested in my arms, she shook her fluffy fur, she put her face near mine, her cheek against my cheek, and waited, and remembered.

I called to Arusap then to go away. I put her down and held her hand, and we walked quietly back to the wire house. She entered compliantly. But we both knew that she had come with me by the grace of Anjibi, that she had spared me from harm by her generous will, and that she and not I was now the gracious lady.

Herman was to be Anjibi's husband.

To match her growing passions, her changing female whims, her frustrated desires, and her moody despairs, the Great Ape Herman was coming. And a new chapter of jungle history was to be written in the welcoming garden and under the fascinated eyes of one who had never lived out of the cities before. In my mind Black Beauty and Beautiful Jo, and Mowgli and Kaa, and little furred brothers and four-footed friends, and Tarzan of the Apes and Rin-Tin-Tin, and all the animal heroes of book and of screen, were already making place for the legend of Herman the Bridegroom.

When we heard there was a new male ape coming to us from Keningau, we felt so certain that he was going to be Anjibi's mate that we enlarged the *wah wah* house into two connubial compartments, and installed a double sleeping house, double trapezes, double rope swings, and double perches.

And then came Herman! Herman, who was of a size which allowed him to arrive in the orderly's pocket with a banana, and if the pocket had been smaller, and Herman had had two bananas, there would still have been space in the pocket. Herman was obviously not of the age of consent, and although he showed himself from the

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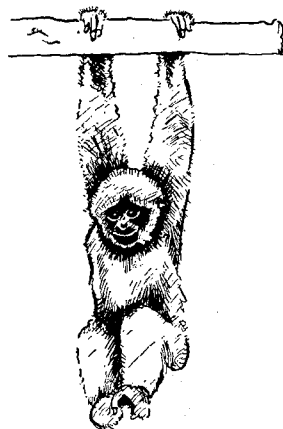
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first anxious to oblige, anxiety alone was not sufficient.

Oh well, we thought, he'll grow; meanwhile he shall be the beloved son. But Anjibi's maternal instinct was as



HERMAN

undeveloped as Herman's sex appeal. When Herman was placed in the conubial apartment she chased him from corner to corner, nipping, biting, smacking, pommeling him until he was a teeth-bared spectre of his former

carefree self. We thought that in a day or two they would become accustomed to each other, but after twenty-four hours Herman's tender black hands and feet were raw from climbing on the wire in an effort to escape the rejected bride.

So we took him out to live with us as all the new pets do: a few days of clinging to us, a few nights in the bedroom, then downstairs to the godown, then the whole house for a circus, while there follows for me the picking up and feeling sad about, the becoming resigned to and sadly throwing away of, the broken remnants of more lamps and bowls and vases.

But Herman was worth it. My husband has always been as severe upon the subject of my talking baby talk to the animals as if he did not do so himself. But Herman's loving personality pleaded for an affectionate diminutive, so we called him the Little Lamb Chop. We could say Little Lamb, and then change it hastily to Lamb Chop if the other of us was listening.

And sometimes we called him Herman the Vermin. One day a young doctor of science from Harvard who had come to Borneo to study the behavior of apes

was fondling Herman on his lap. When the doctor arose he had received his first lesson in the behavior of apes.

Usit had a red box with a rope fastened to it, and in this he used to drag Herman about the garden. Herman would hang on to the sides of the box for dear life, his eyes popping in fascinated terror as his vehicle rocked and reeled over the turf. Exactly that expression must have been in the eyes of the first people who rode in automobiles. Scared to death, but they loved it! Vowed they'd never get in another one if they got home safe this time, but the next day there they'd be tearing down the road again! Herman would emit tiny terrified squeaks, and when the chariot slowed down for a corner, or perhaps tipped over, he would leap out and scuttle away. But in a few minutes he would be back again, hopping about the overturned vehicle, twitching at Usit's sarong, pleading for another ride.

One morning when Herman came in for his coffee he was dragging his leg behind him. We had it X-rayed and found it was broken, and the doctor set it in splints. Herman took the splints off, and the doctor set it again, and Herman took the splints off, and the doctor . . . and Herman . . . with Herman always having the last word. So then I trussed the leg up in a shiny leather appliance made from my best red patent-leather belt, which was lightweight and pliable. Hermie got about admirably with this, and would swing himself along using his two long arms like crutches, with the little red leg sticking out stiffly behind. The leg knitted quickly, but long after it was well Herman still insisted on going on crutches with the leg out stiff behind.

Meanwhile the bride tarried while the bridegroom grew. He grew until we thought he would no longer be ridiculous in the sight of Anjibi. Then we built a further addition to the wire house, this time leaving the screen in to separate the new compartment, and we sent Herman to live in the extension. At

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first he and Anjibi were antagonistic and would leap at the wire with their teeth bared. Then in time both came to cling to the wire, one on each side, and when they slept each sought the corner shelf, where, knees humped up to chins and silver arms folded on somnolent chests, their gray fur mingled through the wire.

Then section by section one day Harry took out the wire that separated them, and they were together. It was a big moment for Harry and me, but Herman and Anjibi were less sentimental. Herman, making the circle from wall to wall, found that the fourth wall was not there, and flew through on to Anjibi's trapeze, while Anjibi swung across to his basin of water and flung it to the ground. Then both swung together to the top trapeze, and there, with the excitement of apes which causes an illustration of the Biblical reference to bowels that turn to water, they made it unsafe for Harry to remain longer in the cage below them pulling out nails. So we left them then to what we hoped would be marital bliss.

Now if I go into the wire house I can no longer pet Herman because Anjibi becomes furious, and when I embrace Anjibi he does his amiable best to be indignant. Anjibi grows steadily wilder, more vigorous, more beautiful, and the Little Lamb Chop is now most anxious to please her.

Our *simpalili*, better known to us as Lili the Simp, was the best endurance flagpole sitter in all of North Borneo. He was brought in to us from the jungle clinging to a long stick, and his expression of strained affability, and his determination not to leave his stick, al-

ways reminded me of the expressions and actions of the human contestants in American endurance contests.

Scientifically speaking, this tarsier — or *simpalili*, as the natives call him — is an important link between lemur and monkey, and is popularly considered to be an ancestor and close relative of man. Our first *simpalili* was twelve inches long including his tail, and he would have been a pretty surprise to find in the top of a Christmas stocking. He had soft buff fur of the best-quality plush, and a hairless tail which was longer than his body. The tail extended stiffly below him along his stick, and he sat on top of it as the flagpole sitter rests on the top of his flagpole. The hairless underside of his tail helped him to cling to his stick and maintain this upright position.

He had attenuated fingers and toes, with diminutive nails like a human's, but with small adhesive pads at the ends of the fingers which he used like suckers to cling with. His head was large, with two round popping eyes and a perpetually surprised expression, an expression perhaps accounted for by the fact that in *Simpalili* each eye received a different picture, although his nerve cells very nearly provided for the stereoscopic vision of man. His capacity for vocal expression was limited, and *Simpalili* would open his mouth in terror while only a thin squeak came.

Our Lili could do just one thing well — he could sit indefinitely on his flagpole. We cut a stick for him five feet tall and leaned it against our wall, and then moved it from place to place, — into the dining room for dinner, on to the verandah for tea, up to the bedroom for sleeping, — with Lili always clinging to it.

We liked Lili, but he didn't have a responsive nature. His eyes were night-seeing, and his ways nocturnal, and his only warm interest in life was cockroaches. As soon as dark came we would hear a soft thud which was Lili jumping a yard or so from his flagpole to capture a cockroach. He ate them with epicurean



SIMPALILI

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Machines, Jobs, and Advertising

MACHINES have been in the limelight recently and there has been much misleading talk about them. A fallacious notion about machines is that they cut down employment — that greater use of machines in industry means a smaller number of jobs.

It is important that we know the truth; without question machines have deeply affected all industry and its individual wage earners. Besides making life easier for workingmen, machines create new opportunities for employment and actually increase the total number of jobs. In this process, advertising is a very important factor.

About the time of our Civil War industries began to change from neighborhood shops with hand labor to the modern factory system, equipped with machines run by power. From the very beginning of this movement there was the cry that machines put men out of work. But that has not happened, because machine-made goods are sold at lower prices, more people buy them, and more men are employed to make them.

Not long ago all window glass was manufactured through the lung power of human glass blowers. Now it is made by huge machines. The cost is far less and so much glass used that many more men are employed than formerly. At the last census, glass factories employed 98,000 persons.

After the Civil War the mechanical power used to

operate machines in American industries was only $1\frac{1}{10}$ horse power for every wage earner. Sixty years later there was $4\frac{9}{10}$ horse power per wage earner. As a result the amount of work turned out by each man rose so rapidly that the value added by manufacture increased from \$658 per wage earner to \$3,600. That is, the mechanical power used in industry increased more than four-fold per worker and the output per worker increased more than five-fold.

Meantime, what happened to employment? In the same period the population of our country increased $3\frac{1}{10}$ times and the number of persons gainfully occupied increased $3\frac{9}{10}$ times. As industry substituted machines and power for hand labor, the productivity of each worker increased, the number of jobs increasing faster than the population. During this same period the annual earnings per worker were multiplied by nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$.

However, it is well to remember that the greatly enlarged output of industry does not automatically find a market. One of the most important factors in distributing the ever-increasing volume of goods is advertising, without which mass distribution would be impossible. Advertising is really a key to our industrial progress. Many industries owe their growth directly to the power of advertising.

The machine age means more things for more people and advertising is its indispensable tool.

relish, first quieting the victim with a crunch of his jaw, then holding it in padded fingers and daintily nibbling around its wings and then mangling its vitals.

Lili lived with us contentedly until one night his perch was left outside on the verandah, and the next day there was no Lili. Well and good, we thought, the wilds have received again the wild, and other appropriate sentiments. Then the telephone rang, and a neighbor said, 'Our cat has just brought a peculiar animal into the house. Does it belong to you?'

So we brought Simpallili home uninjured, as the cat had been too surprised at his appearance to do him violence. Then we took him down to the jungle growth at the foot of the valley and bade him return to the freedom of the mammals of Borneo, out in the great outdoors. But the next day Lili had returned to our verandah and seemed to be searching for his flagpole. The following day we took him in a motorcar to Mile Fifteen, where the deep jungle begins, and there we planted his flagpole and left him, still intent on establishing the endurance record for flagpole sitting.

During the summer months in Sandakan we are companioned by the south-west monsoon, a wind of great precipitancy which arrives at our back doors like an invading army, and bangs its way through the house with inconsiderate tread. It leaves by the front door, proudly, and in the sudden silence that follows I look about at the marks of its arrogant boots.

But with the change of the monsoon in November the troops of more ruthless soldiery form in the glowering bay, and in the distance I can watch them come. Savagely they ride the black clouds up from the harbor, with the guns of their artillery detonating behind them and the flames from their rifles leaping in the sky. Before they leave they will deluge us with liquid bullets of rain and lash at the

garden with wind whips until the house animals cower in corners and the garden kind cry in the trees. The morning after such an attack we emerge cautiously to count our losses, and inspect broken telephone wires and cracked electric-light transformers.

It was just at the beginning of this riotous monsoon season that Niffles and Sniffles came to live in our drains.

Niffles and Sniffles were created in the image of otters, with one important difference — they didn't swim when all other otters did. Apparently they realized that this was their only claim to distinction, and when we tried to encourage them in aquatics by dropping them in the goldfish pond they immediately demonstrated that they would drown sooner than lose their individuality by swimming.

In appearance they were inconspicuous, being built so close to the ground that every time you lifted a foot they slid silently under it, and were there waiting to be stepped upon when you put the foot down again. They collected dirt on their white shirt fronts and wore their food on their chins and collars. They had rapacious appetites, but never learned to feed themselves, and always required to be fed with a medicine dropper at inconvenient times.

Harry and I, who frequently debated the perversities of the English pronunciation, named them Niagara Falls and Saint Niagara Falls in tribute to my country, and pronounced them Niffles and Sniffles in tribute to his.

Our house was surrounded by a cement gutter which in the dry season was irresistible to animals, but in the wet season was good only for aquatics, as it joined a larger drain whose waters spurted down the hill like a millstream. Niffles and Sniffles proved to have a natural aptitude for life in the gutter, and spent most of their time niffing and sniffing up and down ours.

Then precipitantly one day in November the northwest monsoon fell upon



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us, and in the downpour that followed the drain rose almost instantly to flood tide. It was typical of Niffles that he should fall in. Sniffles stood on the brink and waved warnings, as if shouting last-minute instructions for breast stroke and crawl. But for too long Niffles had neglected his normal function of swimming, and the last ever seen of him he was pouring helplessly down the drain on the crest of a foaming wave.

Sniffles, alone, was inconsolable. During the ensuing week of mourning he attempted suicide repeatedly, prostrating himself beneath people's feet like a sacrificial offering under a Juggernaut. But we had developed such agility at jumping over otters that Sniffles was unsuccessful. At the end of the week he gave up more sensational methods of suicide and quietly laid himself down in the gutter where Niffles had last been seen, and died, with no more apparent cause for demise than a broken heart.

Georgie the Musang was a very fine fellow even when four inches long. Although in the end he was outlawed from domestic living as a dangerous desperado, we knew in our hearts that it was never in Georgie's desire to be other than a loving friend.

Georgie came before I was accustomed to undomesticated animals, and when the forest ranger first sent him to us he was so bright-eyed, so infinitesimally perfect, with such a pounding heart and throbbing pulse of life in tiny body, that when I held him it was like feeling the heart of the jungle beat in the palm of my hand.

Georgie was a dark fawn color with darker markings down his back, and on his forehead in the pompadour of his hair there were bright streaks which made him look like one who has turned white too young. He had a winning expression on his catlike face, and a vigorous, not unpleasant scent of mouse-shampooed-with-fish-oil. His tail was almost prehensile, long and strong, and

in the use of it he was adroit. Favorite position of Georgie in play was being held up by the end of his tail while he arched his body upward almost, but never quite, to form a circle.

Small desk drawers and behind the books on shelves were Georgie's habitats in daytime. There he would sleep the sunlight out, emerging with the dark, the coolness, and the evening drinks, to have a bowl of milk and a raw egg.



GEORGIE THE MUSANG

That was the time for play and he was good at it, though it was difficult to guess whether we were giving Georgie a good time or he was giving us one.

When my red toenails charged across the floor like a platoon of dragons Georgie attacked them like a Giant Killer. His teeth were piercing sharp, but the tiny bulk of his jaw behind them could only tickle me. When I would dress for dinner at night, sitting barefoot at my dressing table, Georgie would rush madly back and forth from my bare feet to Harry's, nibbling and tickling and biting until we were frantic. He moved with lightning speed, and the only way to catch him if he didn't wish to be caught was to lie on the bed and pretend to be asleep, when Georgie would bite us awake again. One night when we were going out and did not wish to leave him in the screened room, I lay enticingly on the bed pretending slumber, while Georgie bit hysterics into me and then eluded me, and we were late for dinner and Georgie was not caught.

He made a little noise in the back of his throat which sounded to me like 'neh-neh-neh-neh,' and if I made a noise like that he always had the courtesy to answer me, for he was a most obliging fellow in the little things that count.

When he was so little, held in my hand,



MEMORANDUM

Date: 9/20/39

TO: THE ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR in HIGH SCHOOLS and PRIVATE SCHOOLS

This is the memorandum you requested for September-October 1939.

Yes, the ATLANTIC will continue to sponsor ESSAY, STORY, and POETRY CONTESTS for High School and Private School students. The contests for 1939-1940 are open to all students using the Atlantic in a course during any part of the 1939-1940 school year. The June 1940 Atlantic will announce the winners. The Prizes: -

HIGH SCHOOL CONTESTS (Closing date: April 8, 1940) PRIVATE SCHOOL CONTESTS

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"I have a bias toward the literary essay, to which the Atlantic gives more space than does any other magazine I know. We use the Atlantic in the 12th grade for six or eight months. The results? I think they are good. I have a feeling that we do our work better because we see something of the continuity of the literary tradition.

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he had seemed like the heart of the jungle. And growing and strengthening and lengthening out he became truly the heart of the jungle, and no longer suited to hold in our hands.

During one monsoon season Georgie grew so fast that when he stretched along the rafters where he lived he measured full three feet from nose to tail. He no longer wanted milk or egg when he came down at dark, but lived on insects and cockroaches, and snakes and small prey which he stalked in the jungle at night. He no longer wanted anything that we could give him, but dutifully, like a grown son who humors his parents, he still came with our evening drinks to give us a little play. But the bulk behind Georgie's sharp teeth then, and the clasp of his jaw, were too innocently destructive to allow for our bare feet, and well-slipped we would sit while Georgie led the game.

He would whisk about us in a perfunctorily light mood for a moment, his mind on something else, then suddenly retreat under the stair, from where his eyes burned sternly, while he looked at us as if to say, 'That's enough for tonight. I, at least, am no longer a child.'

As our bungalow could be entered or retired from by animals via the ventilation space between the roof and walls, Georgie had free run of the house, the garden, and the bamboos and jungle at the foot of the valley. Harry and I were away for some weeks, and when we returned Ah Yin had cleaned house extensively, not even sparing Georgie's rafters where he hoarded cockroaches, and Georgie had not been seen for some time.

I hoped then that when the lights came on he might return again, but he did not.

I thought when we went up to bed that night he might be in the rafters there above us; I hoped to see his footprints on the verandah roof, or the tip of his long tail hanging over the bathroom partition, or the shining globes of his eyes in the dark, but there was nothing.

Some weeks passed, and still no Georgie. Then one night I smelled the familiar mouse-shampooed-with-fish-oil scent. There above the centre beam of the ceiling I saw Georgie's night eyes glowing.

I shouted joyfully, 'It's Georgie!' jumped up, stood on my chair, and reached my hand up for him. Georgie recoiled with a bristling defiance, spat out and clawed at me, just as Harry called, 'Don't touch him! He's dangerous!'

Georgie crouched on his beam then with his teeth bared, like a fugitive defending his life. I stood uncertainly below, rebuffed and disappointed, while slowly my scent went up to him. Then I think he began to remember, for he relaxed and lay out easily again, but would not come to me. Perhaps if I had waited before making my first move we might have met again. But now it was too late. With Harry's words, 'He's dangerous!' Georgie the Musang was branded, and joined forever the society of outlaws from men.

He came often after that to look down at us from the rafters, and I knew again that he liked us, but we never attempted to touch each other. Beautiful, swift, wild thing that Georgie was now become, powerful and dangerous, he would look down with glowing eyes that seemed to say, 'Not that I ask anything of you now, you understand. But I want you to know that I think of you sometimes.'

(To be continued)

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